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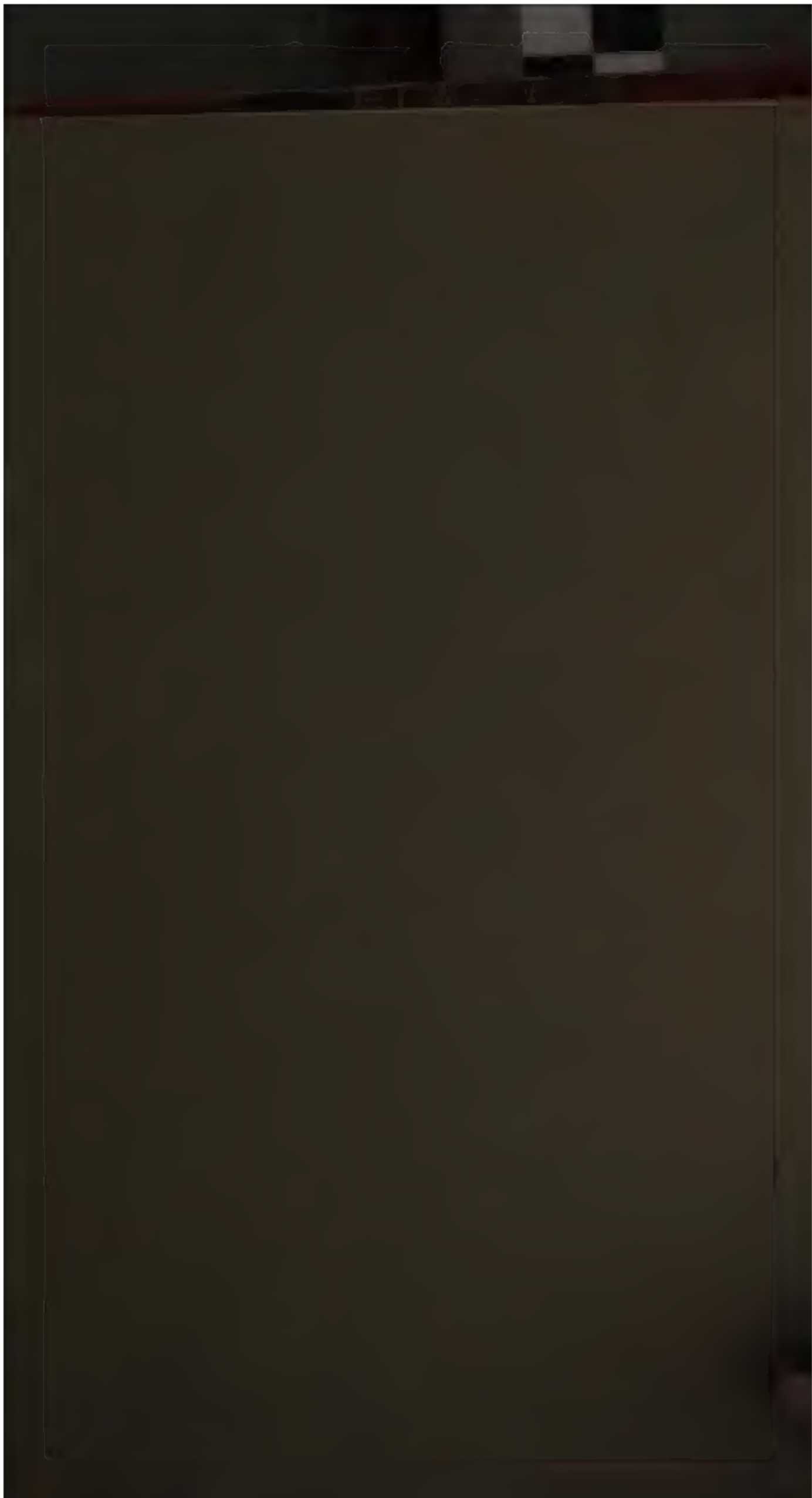
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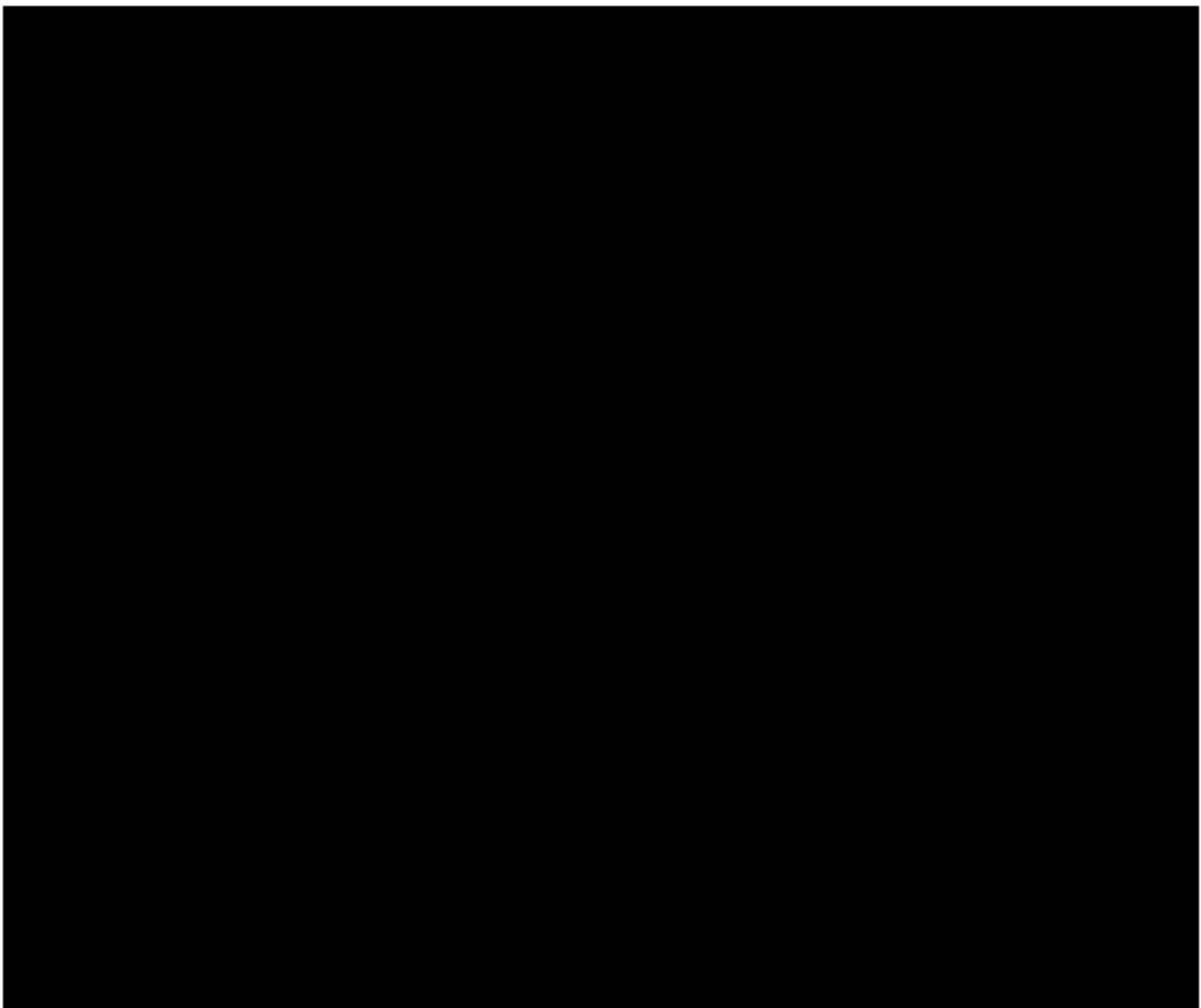




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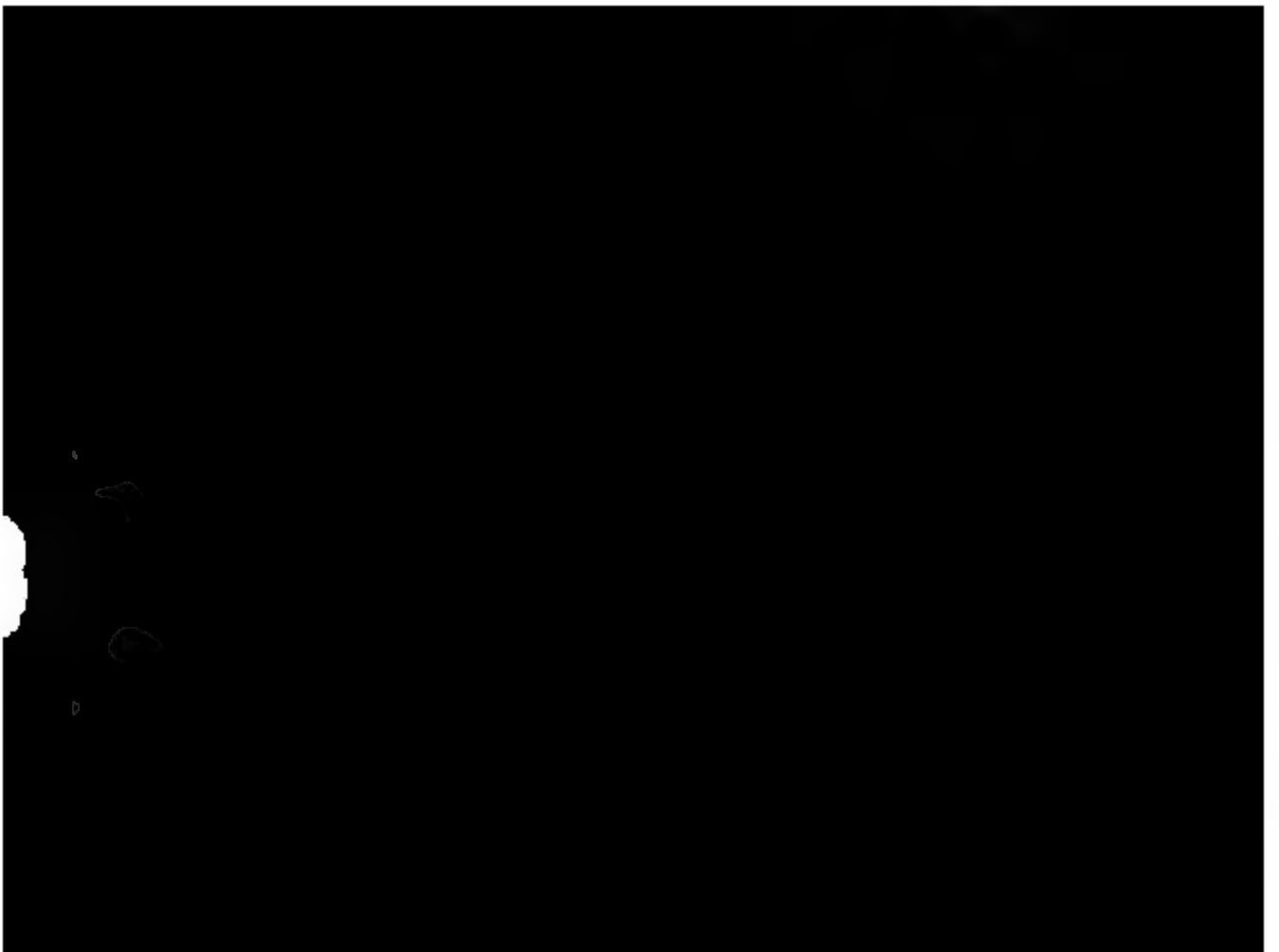
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Wm E. Horn



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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1891.

TWO PICTURES.

By LYNN C. D'OYLE.

THEN.

SOCIETY in Slush Street was mixed. It had its one clergyman, its one (reputed) "gentleman," its one (palpable) idiot; one farmer, one baker, one cobbler, one shop, and one besetting sin; a church, a chapel, and a *Chequers*. What it had beside these did not (as our cousins say) amount to much.

The majority of the inhabitants were stricken with the worst of all evils that this frail flesh of ours is heir to; the hardest of all things to get out of one's system, and, worse still, an hereditary evil—handed down frequently to the third and fourth generation (and more); it has a knack, too, of running in families, like consumption—and in a multitude of cases the diagnosis is one and the same. Yes, they were a poverty-stricken community.

As this particular October evening wore drearily on, the slipshod (and some entirely unshod) children returned from school (and from what not), all sense of fun drenched out of their ill-clad bodies, the greasy lamplighter lit up the scanty lamps, a few children watching him as though they would give a kingdom (three buttons and a "jumble") to hold such a responsible position; and then the street became deserted—those in legitimate business had ceased to traverse it, and it was as yet too early for those whose traffic is less legitimate.

The wind tried hard to sweep the dirty street, and, although it was not raining, the high-pressure of a great city seemed to condense upon the roofs of the smoke-cured houses, and descended, drip, drip, dripping to the areas—there to breed all manner of ills.

Such, without, was the strange contrast to the purity of the moral atmosphere within, in which Cicely Major and her little brother had been brought up and still continued to live.

One of the first windows to be lighted up was that of a front second floor of 21. No. 21 was evidently a more pretentious house than its fellows by a few degrees (bricks). Here it was that John Major had lived in practice for a quarter of a century, not perhaps in a very aristocratic practice, but still living comfortably upon his well-earned income. Here it was that Mrs. Major had died a week after the birth of their son Cecil—more commonly called "Brud," probably because his father had been accustomed to call his sister "Cis" for some nine years prior to his advent.

From here also John Major had followed in the same certain trail, leaving (as is common in *M.D.s*) little behind him but his two children. And here Cis and Brud had learnt the grand lesson (only to be learnt here on earth, and by misfortunes) of trust and patience. By the strange irony of fate, perhaps none are so really content as they who have had great trouble: tried in the furnace of calamity, one either goes to the father of all evil or comes out cleansed to some extent from a superfluity of dross.

Shortly prior to his death Mr. Major had taken in, as assistant, a young fellow fresh from Guy's, who now succeeded him, but who did *not* succeed as well as had been anticipated of him in the business.

Frank Caultett, during his three years at the hospital, had acquitted himself with some credit: in fact, it was said with some authority that he would make his mark in the profession. But (the case is very common) money was not allied to brains; consequently, being unable to buy himself into a fashionable practice, in which no doubt he would soon have risen to prominence, he had started his medical career as assistant to Major. And (a sad drawback to most modest professional beginners) he was blessed with a sound liver; so that a day on the river, and Saturdays wholly devoted to cricket, football, or what not, meant more to him (as perhaps they should to all young fellows possessed of manliness) than half-a-dozen fresh patients. It is to be feared, therefore, that he sometimes neglected his business; certain it was that, brought up in the country, he disliked many phases of town life, and was trying to effect a change of practice with a country practitioner in Surrey.

It was he who now, enveloped in mackintosh and trousers turned up, knocked at 21 Slush Street. Since the death of Mr. Major the house had been let, Cis retaining only three rooms for *herself* and Cecil.

Cicely met him on the stairs.

“What a beggarly night !” he said, as they mounted the stairs together. “Why, when I left Anne’s Dene the smoke was going straight up, instead of coming down. The old beggar won’t come to terms.” He had been down to Surrey that day.

“Perhaps it is as well,” returned Cicely ; she did not like the idea of his going away—he had been very kind. “You know father always said that you would work this into a fine practice. I’m afraid you don’t stick to it enough.”

Frank took the slight admonition kindly ; they were very good friends, these two.

“Well, perhaps not,” was all he said. “But how is Brud to-night ?”

“I’m afraid he is no better.”—Words simple enough.

He needed no invitation, and together they entered the bright room in which Brud lay upon a sofa drawn up to the fire. Pale, refined, and bright-eyed, he stretched out a delicate hand to the young doctor, who took a seat beside him.

By degrees, their quiet conversation turned upon the doctor’s visit. He told them of the falling beech-mast, the dying bracken, and the changing woods, and presently, being drawn away by a theme dear to his heart, he went back to his own boyhood amongst the beauties of the Surrey hills, and told of their summer glories in glowing terms.

Presently, the tired, listening boy lifted his head, and said, abstractedly :

“I shall go into the country soon, shan’t I? God lives in the country.” Poor child, he had never seen it.

Something in the tone seemed to touch his hearers as a prophetic allusion. Cis bent away her head, and Frank coming over to her, they spoke earnestly together.

Yes, few indeed are the things one sees in a great city to remind one of one’s Maker. The few scanty trees seem powdered over with a fine coal-dust, and would no doubt be looked down upon as a “coloured” race by the same species in the country. The sky, if not entirely blotted out, is at least veiled in crape, and its full beauty hidden. The sun rises and the sun sets upon a great city—but there is no trace of glory in either. All things tend to remind one rather of the greatness of man. Does one see fine pictures—men painted them ; fine monuments, fine buildings—men built them ; fine sculpture—it is the work of man’s hand.

But the wandering Arab standing upon the terrace
the lost backwoodsman guided by the v

guacho at last brought safe to camp by consulting the compass-plant, the shipwrecked sailor directed by a star, the humble dweller in some quiet rural district, and they "who go down to the sea," these come daily face to face with Nature, and are *forced* to see the prominent features.

Yes, Brud, my child, the city is the home of great men—but God is to be seen in the country.

NOW.

Where the Californian Coast Range makes a bold sweep, almost corresponding with a broad deep indentation of the Pacific shore, a few miles distant, there is a small highly favoured plateau nestled beneath the foot hills, which from a height of about eight hundred feet overlooks the bay.

Looking down from off the mountains, this little settlement has the appearance of an ordinary large market-garden, studded here and there with out houses ; but as one comes nearer one is lost in a maze of fruit groves, intersected here and there by patches of garden, grain, or clover ; everything is beautifully green ; fruits of many varieties and some of immense size hang ripening in all directions ; lines of well-trained grape-vines ; orchards of peaches ; groves of olives, lemons, oranges ; plantations of smaller fruits ; all look young and vigorous and well cared for.

Those that are in bearing (the small fruits are over now) are loaded with fruit, and beside these are many younger ones coming on nicely. What from the heights had appeared to be merely a patch of cabbages are rows of healthy "stocks" of bees.

And those out-houses ! here they are : the sweetest little habitations, each having its verandah looking out towards the bay, overgrown with roses and handsome creepers—in this favoured spot the coarser creepers will overrun a house in a month, and shortly become as Max Adeler's century plant.

Although the day is nearly spent it is still quite oppressively hot, for there is not a breath of wind.

Not far from one of the prettiest and rosiest of the houses, the broad figure of a man is straddling a row of strawberries, slowly working his way along, pinching off the young shoots ; as he looks up a slim boy comes running towards him through the grove.

"You're to come in," cries the lad, stooping over a root and pinching off several shoots.

"Who says so?"

"Cis."

"Well, I suppose that settles it," with a hearty laugh. "These strawberries are a regular weed, ain't they? I think I shall do away with them altogether"—there is nothing new in this remark—"why, it's half an hour yet to sundown!" he had ascertained this by holding out his hand horizontally to judge the distance between the sun and the horizon: it was just two fingers—the whole hand is an hour, each finger a quarter of an hour. "Go and set the windmill on, Brud, and I'll come."

Brud lets go the lever of the windmill; the fan swings round and stands at a right angle to the wheel—it is the dearest calm (if one calm can be said to be deader than another).

Frank and Brud go hand in hand towards the house; they are met by Cis—a little rounder and more matronly perhaps, but the same Cis as of old.

Frank passes his arm around her waist, and so for a few minutes they walk up and down beside the house, talking pleasantly together.

Brud goes indoors, probably to see to his fishing tackle, for he and some other boys are just now much taken up with that pastime.

Presently Frank, leading his wife to an easy chair on the lawn, sits down, and merely tapping his right knee, to indicate that that is the one for her to sit upon, takes her in his arms.

"Dearest," she says, "I didn't think it was possible to be so happy."

"Nor I, Cis."

For a minute it would have been well-nigh impossible for a stranger to have told which face the moustache grew upon; then laying her head back upon his shoulder, together they watch the evening close.

Looking towards the mountains, they see the mountain fog gradually descending. First only the tips of the redwoods and other gigantic pines are obscured; then the oaks and madronas; now it lingers in the chaparral with a fonder embrace, as though loth to descend lower and become contaminated with the baser atmosphere; lastly, with an apparent effort, it reaches down to the manganitas, and kisses the parched pink petals of the rhododendrons, which so refreshed seem to raise their heads and ask for more—
"Just one more," they seem to say, "and then we will go"
Here its sweet mission is ended; it will descend r

Nature will see that the other fruits and flowers are not neglected: the heavy dew of California will of a certainty rise to where the fog descended, fulfilling the same mission of love for them also.

A shrill baby-cry reaches them from within. Cis kisses her husband and runs to the house.

Frank gets up languidly and stretches himself. Two lazy old turkey-buzzards circle overhead, then, stretching their wings, steer for the mountains and to their nest, apparently too lazy to even take the trouble of flapping their wings. They too have a mission to fulfil upon the morrow.

As Frank watches them, until they are lost to view in the fog, a lazy loose-jointed clacking tells him that the windmill has started upon its night's mission of irrigation, and that, like everything else here, it does not intend to be hurried.

There comes to him the soft cool zephyr of eventide—the refreshing Sierra (and Heaven) born evening breeze of lotus-land.

And the sun sinks in the sea.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

ACCORDING to the old saying attributed to Sir Henry Wotton, and sometimes held by the profane to be a pun, ambassadors are said to "lie abroad for the good of their country." I must protest that our present ambassador at Paris did us great wrong when he wrote :

He may do without friends,
He may do without books,
But civilised man cannot do without cooks.

What sort of thing is this life, or rather existence, below the diaphragm? Do we not all exclaim, "Away with books if it must be, but at least allow that civilised man cannot do without friends."

Society, in truth, is one of the highest wants of the healthy mind. But a society of silence, or in which human intercourse was carried on by signs, were indeed, for us, scarcely society at all. Therefore conversation is involved in the very idea of society. Hence, he who writes on conversation starts with a subject admittedly of the greatest interest. He has not, like the vegetarian, or the anti-tobaccoist, or the believer in "Anglo-Israel Identity," to begin by showing that his topic is really one of high concern. Hence, too, he has an advantage over those who treat of almost any other fine art (for we may claim this rank for conversation). The claims of this art over society are of the widest possible kind, and, indeed, are less imperfectly understood than those of other arts. To know great works of painting or sculpture, and to distinguish them from the false and trivial, is almost the business of a lifetime. The mere light of nature carries us but a little way, and that often in a wrong direction. To see the plain man toiling through a picture gallery, catalogue in hand, and trying to admire what he would at least neglect if he dared to be honest, is no doubt enough to make a painter or a student of painting despair of any popular capacity to enjoy great pictures.

The artist in words, the man of letters, is not much better off. He has a larger public; but in the last resort we neglect him too. We then remember Plato's saying that books can neither ^a ^b

Wordsworth wrote three sonnets entitled "

talk seems to have been rather narrow and dreary, and from these poems we learn that he did not think much of the talk of other people. Better than such discourse, he tells us is "long barren silence"; and he consoles himself with dreams and books, especially books. We have all had moods in which we say, in our haste, that all men are foolish except Wordsworth, and that he was right. But with years that bring us nearer what he himself calls the "philosophic mind," we tend, unless our experience is very unfortunate, to reject Wordsworth's opinion. A greater poet even than Wordsworth has in one of the most famous passages of the *Inferno* told us how Francesca da Rimini "read no more that day." The dialogue form gives a special life to certain forms of literature because it seems to bring us nearer to a representation of the discourse of the living. Great novelists, from Fielding to Thackeray, and even the analytic Henry James, always, in their finest passages, abandon narration, and give us the dialogue. Mark Pattison, a scholar and a lover of books, if ever there were one, looking back on life wrote, in the later pages of his *Memoirs*, that after years of extrication of thought he rose to the conception that "the highest life is the art to live, and that both men, women, and books are equally essential ingredients of such a life." In small sorrows we resort to books; but in the last resort we may come to hate books. Not literature, but talk with living men and women, is found the great recreation in health and consolation in sorrow.

Relish for conversation has always been shown amongst the Greeks and the French—that is to say, amongst the races which have produced the most refined society. Aristotle, when writing on morals, found it necessary to describe even the voice and speech of his ideal "high-minded man." It is indeed almost droll to read how far the Greeks in their best age, carried it. They appear to have expected a doctor first to persuade and then to prescribe for the patient. Nay, we are told of one most persuasive rhetorician who was taken round by the physicians to persuade the patients to adopt the prescriptions. As to France, if Madame de Staël is to be believed, conversation exists only there. De Quincey, who is one of the few who have written upon conversation, says truly enough that the French, by temperament and qualities of their language, are prompt to rapid and vivacious exchanges of thought. Montaigne, the most gossiping of Frenchmen, confesses to his love of the society of "sincere and able men." "The conversation also of beautiful and well-bred women," says he, "is for me a sweet commerce." He adds a quotation from Cicero to the effect that he (Montaigne) has a large experience in this matter. Montaigne must have had a pleasant

time, for if he were put to it, he would, as he tells us, sooner lose his sight than his hearing and speech. The study of books he holds a "languishing and feeble motion that heats not, whereas conversation teaches and exercises at once." Who, too, that has read Mr. John Morley's brilliant sketch of the social life of Diderot and the Encyclopedists, doubts the high place that conversation held in France in the last century? "All is lost," said one, when Roland appeared at the Court of Louis XVI. without buckles in his shoes. Yet such recent pictures as Mr. Orchardson's *Salon de Madame Récamier*, and such recent books as the "Life of Madame Mohl" show that these social traditions were not lost with the shoebuckles. French literature and life, in truth, from the time of Montaigne to our own day are full of proofs of the large place which conversation held, and still holds, in their ideas of enjoyment.

Nor need we be so humble as to put in no claim for ourselves. We are, no doubt, too serious a race. But amongst Englishmen of vigorous understanding there would always be short shrift for the Scotch gentleman who said that "the great bane of all society is conversation." When that famous company, which included Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, used to meet at the "Mermaid" Tavern, the talk must have been a thing to remember. "What things we have seen done at the 'Mermaid'"—

Heard words that have been so nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit into a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

In a later generation Milton, who was but half a Puritan, was far too much of an artist to make his angels slavish nuisances, ever kneeling before a throne or playing on harps. No, "they eat, they drink, and *in communion sweet* quaff immortality and joy." What a picture of refined enjoyment occurs in Clarendon's well-known character of Falkland! After saying that the Lord Viscount Falkland was "a great cherisher of wit and fancy and good parts in any man," he relates that Falkland had "resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue," and so Falkland went to his house in the country. And this is how Clarendon describes life there:—

In this time, his house being within ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that University, who found such an immenseness of wit and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humilit^y he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt

a college situated in a purer air; that his house was a university bound in a less volume; whither they came, not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

But even this is not the classical illustration of English conversation. *The book is "Boswell's Life of Johnson."* Belief in this book is, for many, not a literary opinion, but a pious conviction. It is superfluous to praise it or quote from it. When various people were lately called upon by a newspaper to state their notions of the best books, Mr. H. M. Stanley told how he took "Boswell" with him into the heart of Africa; and Professor Mahaffy, in the only systematic treatise we have on conversation, rightly asks, "What book has ever acquired more deserved and lasting reputation than 'Boswell's Life of Johnson'?"

In Johnson's case there was both the hour and the man for conversation. They have both gone. Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his novels, says that the high style of conversation ceased in this country with Johnson and Burke. The famous circle of "Boswell's Life" and Goldsmith's "Retaliation" was one in which a man could "fold his legs and have his talk out"; and there were men ready for it in that quieter eighteenth century.

Talleyrand, looking back, declared that he who had not lived before the French Revolution knew nothing of the charm of living. Now, however, in England at least, conversation, like letter-writing and a hundred other social joys of a quiet and leisurely age, is fled, and in their place we have telegrams, slang, and slovenliness. There seems to be a general agreement that, in our time, conversation is in a bad way. Without repose, without a certain strain of old-world courtesy, without manners, in short, conversation is impossible. Many will agree with M. Renan, who finds this to be a pushing, selfish, democratic age, of which "first come first served" is the rule, and which has ceased to pay any heed to civility. Nor is this a question only of manners. When the philosopher Schopenhauer used to dine in tail coat and white tie at the table d'hôte in Frankfort, he used daily to place a gold piece beside his plate. "That," he explained when asked, "is to go to the poor whenever I hear the officers discuss anything more serious than women, dogs, and horses." The gold piece always reappeared, and I fear it would do so in places nearer than Frankfort. Forty years ago Sir Arthur Helps, in "Friends in Council," pronounced the "main current of society dreary and dull." It has not improved since. A *Fortnightly* Reviewer recently referred to the decay of the art of conversation. The men of the "Mermaid," or the friends of Falkland, or of Johnson, would be dis-

gusted with the "wealthy curled darlings of our nation." A society journal speaks of the "thin smart, bald talk of the present day"; and Mr. Mallock, in that rather impudent but clever book, the *New Republic*, says "that men are just as immoral as in the time of Charles II., and much more stupid. Instead of decking their immorality with the jewels of wit, they clumsily try to cover it with the tarpaulin of respectability. The fop of Charles's time aimed at being a wit and a scholar. The fop of ours aims at being a fool and a dunce."

To discuss the remedies for these evils might lead us far. The disgust of the Scotch farmers who bought Mr. Ruskin's "Notes on Sheepfolds" only to find a treatise on the pastoral office, would perhaps hardly be greater than would be that of the readers of this article if it were converted into a dissertation on Christianity, or Socialism, or popular culture; and yet it were quite possible to do this, and show the connection with conversation. For this subject as a social art has relation to all other matters affecting human society. However, it is not intended to branch so wide. We cannot here debate the whole environment of talkers and everybody else. Reforms, social, political, and moral, the desirability of plain living and high thinking—these are great and attractive themes, but we must pass them by. Here let us consider some of the conditions of good conversation, so far as immediately concerns the talkers and the listeners, and some of the remedies for poverty in talk.

Some may say that the talker, like the poet, is born, and not made. But, after all the "warbling-his-native-woodnotes-wild" theory is a very doubtful one. Nature must do much, but art must add thereto. Ben Jonson, in his lines to the memory of Shakespeare, debates this question and concludes that "a good poet's made as well as born." The same may be said of a good talker. He is in part born and in part made. There are, of course, some people without the proper mental qualifications. But even where such natural qualifications exist they do not suffice. A very little social experience makes us shudder at the idea of the untutored talker. We are sometimes tempted to believe that men of the Polonius stamp are sent to remind us that the curse is not yet removed. But there is a greater nuisance than Polonius. There is the bore of another species—who is brutal and calls it sincerity, or impertinent and calls it anxiety for your soul. Let us have art, then, as well as nature. Distinction in conversation is a very rare thing, more rare even oratorical power. One great reason for this is that those who would desire it, many do not find the re-

ditions ; and of those who do, not one in a thousand possesses the requisite combination of physical, mental, and moral qualities. Some have powder and no ball, others ball and no powder. Some have great command of language and little of thought. With others the conditions are reversed. I have referred to our modern feverish life as being unfavourable to conversation. There are other social conditions to be considered. Just as a certain combination of gases, which we call the atmosphere, around us is necessary for human life, so a certain social atmosphere is requisite for good talk, and the greater or less amount of social oxygen makes all the difference between languid or commonplace exchange of words and brilliant conversation.

Amongst the chief social conditions are these. The members of any social group must neither be too intimate, too numerous, nor too unequal. In family life, men and women, long familiar, are apt to know too much and to hope too little. Few indeed are the strictly domestic circles in which mental energy would be found for much sustained or animated conversation of the right sort. Some may be too selfish to exert themselves there. Others are chilled by their surroundings. They find themselves under-estimated ; or, worse, they know everyone there so well—again and again have they travelled over each other's minds ; or they perhaps remember the desolating saying that "there is in every man or woman something which, if you knew it, would make you hate them." For purposes of conversation a man will often find himself more at home when away from home, and amongst those who, as distinguished from relatives on the one hand and acquaintances on the other, are to be called friends.

Nor must the circle be too large. I say nothing of public banquets of strangers. They are a contradiction in terms. Big dinner-parties of ill-assorted guests also are failures from a conversationalist point of view. A fireside, or a table, round if possible, and, say, four or half-a-dozen guests, are sufficient. More will break up into separate knots, and fewer mean a *tête-à-tête*. "I had," says Thoreau, "at Walden, three chairs in my house ; one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society." The hermit Thoreau in his hut at Walden was wiser than the man who looks for society in a crush. An unhappy husband, living in Portland Place, whose wife inflicted huge parties upon him, was standing in a very forlorn condition leaning against the chimney-piece. A gentleman came up to him and said, "Sir, as neither of us are acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home." Social crowds must not

expect the great men amongst them to talk well. She must have been a most unreasonable person who was disappointed with Napoleon because, when a lot of ladies were presented to him, he only remarked to each of them how hot it was.

Nor for conversation, must society be very unequal. By inequality, I do not refer to the doubtful distinctions of banking accounts or family trees. So far as these are concerned, there is nothing so democratic as conversation. But it does demand some approach to a similarity—not in opinions : with good temper these may very widely differ—but in manners and taste, and above all, in intellectual capacity. When people are brought together without care for these similarities we know what happens. If their number be large enough, they involuntarily split up, not by cold exclusiveness, but by natural selection, into mutually appreciative groups, of which each member has some affinity for the rest. Where this instinctive distribution is through smallness of numbers or the fussiness of a host, impossible, we may expect a dull time. All know Bret Harte's tale of a man who had never heard of Adam before, and asked "What was his other name?" But there have been talkers in real life also who had to endure much at the hands of the ignorant. Sir Walter Scott had a clever friend who was once utterly baffled by a stranger in a stage coach. The friend, who wished to converse, assailed the stranger on all hands, and at last expostulated, "I have talked to you, my friend," said he, "on all the ordinary subjects—literature, farming, merchandise, gaming, game-laws, horse-races, suits at law, politics and swindling, blasphemy and philosophy ; is there any *one* subject that you will favour me by opening upon?" "Sir," said he in reply, "can you say anything clever about bend leather?" Most people, like Sir Walter, would confess they would have been as much nonplussed as his acquaintance. Perhaps the man who was only interested in "bend leather" was past hope for conversational purposes. Conversational art alone cannot cure ignorance, but even it is less fatal than intellectual feebleness. Men such as the Mr. Brook of George Eliot's "Middlemarch" would exasperate an Archbishop and depress an Archangel. Nor is another form of mental inequality less injurious to conversation. There are some people's wits which serve to remind us of the stars so remote that it takes their light thousands of years to reach us. They are like the "warranted genuine snark," which shows

Slowness in taking a jest ;
Should he happen to venture on one,
Will sigh like a thing which is deeply di-
And it always looks grave at a pr

All that can be said of such very slow people is that it is their duty to avoid conversation and get through life as inoffensively as possible.

There is, however, another form of mental inequality most injurious to society in many ways, including conversation, and which is more within control. If from conversation women are excluded, it is a sign of the moral inferiority of the men or the mental inferiority of the women. Sir Robert Walpole excused or justified the obscenity of his talk because it was the one topic that everyone could understand. When we remember how, in the last century, the chaplain retired from the table with the ladies, we blame the men; and when, in our own time, women are excluded, we may also often blame the men. But sometimes, the women, or to speak more correctly, those who have had the control of their education, are to blame. "A handsome woman," says La Bruyère, "who possesses also the qualities of a man of culture, is the most agreeable acquaintance a man can have, for she unites the merits of both sexes." Unfortunately, this combination is rare. The inequality here is a very serious one for conversational purposes. There are stale old jokes about women talking too much. The misfortune of modern society is that in conversation, worthy of the name, they talk too little. A woman who differs is better than the one who is mute. Why is it so often observed that men will talk together on some subject worthy of human interest, but directly ladies join them they feel it necessary to be polite. But how? By bringing the new-

Catherine's frankness. In our time, anyone who seeks to improve conversation will soon find himself in the dilemma of modern painters and novelists. Burning to fill their works with a moral purpose, and desiring to deal frankly with the problems of our time, they find themselves confronted with the "British matron" and the American "young person." Now, these are the most devout worshippers at Mrs. Grundy's shrine. On the education of women they impose their superstitions. Hence men are apt to think that the presence of the average woman imposes a restraint, not really moral, but mental, and which tends to make conversation thin or unreal. Mrs. Wynne Finch asked of Madame Mohl (French in everything but birth) permission to bring a friend. "My dear," said Madame Mohl, "if your friend is a man, bring him without thinking twice about it; but if she is a woman think well before you bring her, for of all the creatures God ever created, none does spoil society like an English lady."

But these inequalities relate chiefly to the exterior or objective side of the case. What are the personal qualities required in the good talker? In these days the Colossus of physical science bestrides us, and demands attention to its methods in every problem. Perhaps, therefore, I ought, logically, here to deal with physical conditions. A cheerful spirit is, in truth, a prime factor of good conversation; and it is probable that the condition, if not the secret, of happiness is largely physical. It certainly does not seem to be the assured reward of any system of philosophy or of morals. Much of the power of the cheerful inspiring talker must therefore defy analysis. But all which is so much beyond human control, even in the shape of liver-pills or black draughts, we may here leave alone, and turn rather to things of the mind.

Conversation of course demands knowledge, and to say it could never have been carried very far without books, is but to say it could not have flourished without a record of the best, and, it must be said, the worst, which men have done, thought, and imagined. For us, of course, it is impossible to imagine life without such a record. Society has been called "a strong solution of books." Science and letters agree in representations of life without literature as life in which, not conversation, but coarser pleasures played the chief part. What conversation would be possible amongst the degraded Australian savages, referred to by Darwin, who use very few abstract words, and cannot count above four? Even the early Greeks themselves preferred good living. Feasting with music is declared by Ulysses the "fairest thing in the world." Conversation and liter-

have grown up together, and like the "love birds," we cannot have one without the other. No sustained conversation goes far without some aid from books, no witty conversation would be intelligible without knowledge of them. Miss Lydia White, a brilliant Irish-woman and a Tory, used to give famous parties in those days, at the beginning of this century, when the Whigs were for a generation or more in a hopeless minority. At one of these parties all the guests were Whigs, and they were complaining of the sorry plight of their party. "Yes," said Sydney Smith, "we *are* in a most desperate condition—we must do something to help ourselves; I think we had better sacrifice a Tory virgin." Lydia White at once caught and applied the allusion to Iphigenia. "I believe," said she, "there is nothing the Whigs would not do to raise the wind."

But civilised society is always in danger of reading too much and thinking too little. There are lots of men in the world who have read more than is good for them. Literary seed sown in the best ground may spring up and bring forth men of whom Erasmus or Goethe are the most famous types, men in whom culture has produced that almost irritating absence of dogmatism, which Mr. Matthew Arnold called "sweet reasonableness." Books too may aid in producing clear intellects, like John Stuart Mill, whose mind has been compared to a perfect and exact machine into which one put a question and out came the right answer. Books will aid still more

at it under the table and "refresh." It is easy to credit the assurance that this was "regarded as far the best joke" about the don, and that the "laughter before he spoke was always greater than when he had sped his shaft." How much more fortunate was the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table! He met and delighted in a gentleman who said, sweetly and honestly, "I hate books." "I did not recognise in him," says Dr. O. W. Holmes, "inferiority of literary taste half so distinctly as I did simplicity of character, and fearless acknowledgment of his inaptitude for scholarship."

We find most vigorous talkers have a much wider outlook than their library window. Praed, in one of his best poems, describes the discursiveness of the Vicar :

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses :
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

To come from poetry to fact, Burke and Samuel Johnson are good illustrations of this width of range. Burke could talk, it is said, on every subject except gaming and music. Johnson, of whom we know more, was an enormous, even a greedy, reader. Yet there was nothing of a prig about him. His recorded conversation displays a vast store of knowledge which books could never have given him. "They call me a scholar," said he, "and yet how very little literature there is in my conversation!" The knowledge he shows of trades is as remarkable as the similar knowledge which has puzzled commentators on Shakespeare's plays. Brewing and threshing, thatching and ditching, tanning, milk and the various operations upon it, gunpowder and "military topics," all were discussed by Johnson. Boswell once tried to sound the depth of Johnson's knowledge by enticing him to talk of the trade of a butcher. Boswell began in an artful way by referring to the practice in Otaheite, where, he said, they strangled dogs for food, but did not bleed them to death. The trap failed. Johnson immediately took up the subject; soon he was explaining how and why different animals are killed in different ways; finally, he went on to discourse on London slaughter-houses, and generally on the trade of a butcher. But this is no isolated case. Open Boswell's book anywhere and it will always prove the variety of Johnson's topics. Take, for
Friday, the 7th of May, 1773, Johnson being then six

record is plainly only of part of what was said, but even that falls on many things ; on Lady Di Beauclerk, on the exuberant talk of old Mr. Langton, on the possibility of conversation by signs with Esquimaux, on Hawkesworth's compilation of voyages, on etymology, on the migration of birds, on the advantages of civilised life, on the differences between instinct and reason, on toleration, on suicide, on the invocation of the saints, and, of course, on the eternal question of Ireland. Boswell has justly concluded that Johnson's variety of information is "surprising."

Next to quickness and knowledge, if not first, come the moral qualifications for conversation, and of these the first, and about the last, is sympathy—feeling along with others in pleasure as well as in pain. We all know how essential this is between the actor and his audience. It is equally so on the world's larger stage. Sympathy is the cord which binds society together and renders conversation really pleasant and stimulating. Inequalities of taste and of intelligence render sympathy difficult and often impossible. Women are more sympathetic than men, and hence men delight to have in hand an innocent flirtation, or perhaps two ; and when a clever man meets a clever woman, he is apt to declare, as Steele did of a noble woman of his acquaintance, "To know her is a liberal education."

If we knew enough about them, Aspasia and Cleopatra ought to be amongst the greatest instances of the power of sympathy in conversation.

attentive hearer and a kindly adviser. Her sympathy seemed without limit. So it came to pass that, without great intellectual attainments, in youth and in age, in health and in sickness, sorrow, and blindness, in Parisian salons and in a garret, she had around her the best talk of her day.

If women afford the classic instances of sympathy, men, it must be admitted, show how the lack of it alone will render conversation difficult or impossible. What is to be the punishment of the great living historian who, after some one had addressed him in earnest words, replied "Your collar is undone"? What shall we say as to Coleridge, who according to the universal testimony of candid friends, forgot that conversation is talking *with*, rather than *to* the company, and would hold forth by the hour in eloquent transcendental monologue? When Isaac Barrow, whose sermons would occupy over three hours, preached so long at Westminster Abbey that he took up part of the time used by the vergers for "lionising the church," they caused the organ to play till they had "blowed him down." Society possesses no such violent antidote to the talking monopolist; and many a party of friends has been marred by his unsympathetic performances. Good conversation, indeed, demands some self-effacement, and too many clever men are unwilling to make the sacrifice. They are much more willing to lead up to their good things, as Diogenes is said to have led up to his bitter ones and Sheridan to his smart ones. It is not everyone who could follow the example of Montaigne and put his company on those subjects they were best able to speak of. The rule of silence is still harder, yet listening is half the art of conversation. "The honourablest part of talk," says Bacon, "is to give the occasion." Macaulay forgot it. We have all heard Sydney Smith's definition of Macaulay's talk, which afforded "splendid flashes of silence." John Stuart Mill had a less-known tale of two French monologists pitted against each other. "One was in full possession, but so intent was the other upon striking in that a third person, watching the contest, exclaimed, 'If he spits, he's done.'"

Tact may be the result of calculating prudence, or it may be instinctive, and a sort of lesser sympathy. It is not to be expressed by rules, and is above all rules. The good or learned, aspiring to succeed in conversation, may well remember the question :

What boots it thy virtue,
What profit thy parts,
While one thing thou lackest—
The art of all arts?

Rogers, the poet, is credited with some very bitter things, but he had a kindly heart, as his poorer friends knew, and his manner of varying one of his tales shows much tact. An Englishman and a Frenchman (he used to say) who were to fight a duel, agreed, in order that they might have a better chance of missing one another, that they would fight in a room perfectly dark. The Englishman groped his way to the hearth, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman. In France the tact came in. "Whenever I tell this story in Paris," adds Rogers, "I make the Frenchman fire up the chimney."

Sometimes conversation is spoilt by a lack not merely of tact, but of tolerance. It is not everyone who can see that "all religions are the same wine in different-coloured glasses," or that the State will take a great deal of killing. Hence, so imperfect is the average temper that, to keep the peace, religion and politics are often tabooed, and thus conversation is deprived of two of the greatest topics which can ever interest humanity. A more liberal rule is needed in these things. That must have been an interesting company which was described by Emerson. "There," says he, "were broached life, love, marriage, sex, hatred, suicide, magic, theism, art, poetry, religion, myself, thyself, all selves, and whatever else, with a security and vivacity which belonged to the nobility of the parties, and to their brave truth. The life of these persons was conducted in the same

Street, where before business began, they debated economic problems. There is also the conversation in which, after a hard day's work, we are glad to throw off the dominion of logic and remember that it is also necessary sometimes to play the fool. The improvement of either sort helps the other. But this latter sort of conversation, the conversation of recreation, will always hold by far the larger space in men's thoughts. Knowledge we may get from books, but wit and humour—what are these at second hand? Often but funeral baked meats. We may, so far as conversation is concerned, be righteous overmuch. There has been a recent lamentation over the "decay of lying." Let us all protest against any person's right to exclude imagination from our talk. It is an outrage to ask whether a good story is true. Those severe persons who always feel it their duty to be very accurate, and to demand accuracy, those who sit down by the fireside, with the ten commandments written on their faces, and are conscientious at any cost, are no doubt pillars of society, but they are simply nuisances so far as conversation is concerned, and ought to have homes, or rather asylums, for themselves.

Let no one think this topic too trivial. It is really an important one, and I have endeavoured to justify its serious consideration. In the eagerness of existence, we are apt to forget that learning or riches may become a burden, and virtue alone almost odious.

But something whispers to my heart
That as we downward tend,
Lycoris! *life* requires an *art*
To which our souls must bend.

And in this greatest of all arts, the art of living—so much greater than any special art—conversation must always play a large part. When it is regarded by all as a fine art, in which they would excel, the charms of society will be increased a hundredfold.

GEORGE WHALE

*THE PARACHUTE OF THE
DANDELION.*

THE velocity of a falling body is determined in accordance with a well-known law. During the first second it passes through a space of sixteen feet, and acquires a velocity of thirty-two feet. Its speed goes on increasing uniformly, an additional velocity of thirty-two feet being imparted each second the body continues to fall. This law holds good for all bodies, large or small, light or heavy, but applies strictly, only when the descent occurs in a vacuum. Under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump a guinea and a feather liberated simultaneously reach the bottom of the receiver at the same instant. If the atmosphere were removed, a pound of lead and a pound of feathers would fall to the earth in the same time. In the atmosphere, dense, solid bodies approximate closely to the velocity they would acquire in a vacuum. If however the form of the falling body be such

body, and a parachute is merely a contrivance for diminishing this velocity.

In the seeds and fruits of many plants we find interesting applications of this principle. Plants differ from animals in this respect, that while the latter are free to move about from place to place, plants, as a rule, are fixed to one spot. The egg of a bird or reptile is in many ways analogous to a vegetable seed; but while an animal, in virtue of its locomotive power, can deposit its eggs where it pleases, a plant is unable to do so with its seeds. Moreover, young birds or reptiles after they are hatched, having power to move about, can disperse themselves in search of food and other requirements. When a seed, on the other hand, germinates, the young seedling, unless in one or two very exceptional cases, has no power to change its place. For this reason seeds are furnished with appliances for securing their dispersion unnecessary in the case of an egg. Were a plant to let its ripe seeds fall straight to the earth, the resulting seedlings would be so crowded that hardly any of them could attain maturity.

The natural agency of which plants most frequently avail themselves for the dissemination of their seeds is the wind. Now, the distance to which a seed will be carried depends on two things: first, the extent of surface exposed to the lateral force of the wind; secondly, the length of time during which the wind can act on that surface. The second of these, all things considered, is the more important factor. A slowly-falling seed has a better chance of being blown away than one which falls more rapidly, for the latter, even if it should present a larger surface to the wind, runs more risk of falling while there is no wind. The longer a seed takes to fall the less likelihood is there that the air will continue motionless until it reaches the earth. Although, then, we do very often meet with fruits and seeds which expose an expanded lateral surface to the wind, contrivances which act by retarding the rapidity of their fall are equally common. Both provisions frequently occur together. Thus the fruits of the ash, maple, and plane have expanded membranous wings, and in well-developed specimens the wings are seen to be obliquely twisted. The fruit of the sycamore strongly resembles the screw-propeller of a steamship, and in descending it acquires a rotatory motion. The membranous wing attached to the fruit of the lime acts in a similar manner. The object of this oblique twisting of the wing is to diminish the velocity of the descending fruit. Again, there are seeds so shaped that when dropped from the hand they rarely fall straight to the earth, but fall in a slanting direction. This may be seen in the seeds of the

arrow-grass are slowly let fall. Winged seeds flutter in their descent, and, like the falling leaves described by Wordsworth,

Eddying round and round, they sink,
Softly, slowly, one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To his lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In this wavering parachute.

In a variety of ways the velocity of a falling seed may be lessened, and of these we have a curious and interesting example in the parachute of hairs attached to the fruit of the dandelion.

Like the daisy, sunflower, and thistle, the dandelion belongs to the great order compositæ. The members of this order are distinguished by their peculiar inflorescence. What most people call the flower in the daisy and dandelion is not a single flower, but an inflorescence or collection of florets, seated on the flattened summit of the stalk, and surrounded by a circle of green scales or bracts. This contracted inflorescence is called a capitulum, and the bracts surrounding it constitute the involucre. On account of this crowding together of small flowers, whereby the inflorescence is made to resemble a single large flower, the sepals of the individual florets are not counted. These in ordinary flowers form the calyx or outer

resemblance between a fruit of this description and a seed is so close, however, that for our present purpose the distinction may be neglected.

That the pappus plays an important part in the life-history of the dandelion, might be inferred from the precautions taken by nature to secure its perfect development. While the fruit is maturing, the bracts close up and cover in the florets, just as they did before the flowers expanded ; the capitulum, in fact, re-assumes the appearance it had in the bud. Opening the quiver-like involucre at this stage, we find it full of fruits, crowded together on the receptacle. Each achene is tipped with a pencil of silky hairs, which becomes elevated as the apical beak of the fruit elongates. When the fruits are fully developed, the protecting bracts fold back, the receptacle, till now concave, becomes convex—the involucre cup is turned inside out in fact, causing the fruits to assume different inclinations, so that their beaks stand at an equal distance from one another. At the same time the vertical pappus hairs spread out till they almost stand at right angles to the beak. The brushes are thus converted into parachutes, and so arranged that they form a sphere. All these changes occur in co-ordination, and are executed with the utmost nicety and precision in an incredibly brief space of time. Thus there is evolved the beautiful feathery and symmetrical globe of fruit so familiar to everyone as the dandelion "clock." While these changes are in progress, the flower-stalk becomes erect, the better to expose the seeds to the action of the wind. Under its influence the hairs of the pappus are still further dried, and the connection of each fruit below with the receptacle is gradually weakened, until at last it gives way and the seeds are scattered on the breeze.

Without this provision the achenes of the dandelion would fall straight and quickly to the earth, forming a little heap at the base of the stem. So well, however, do these hairs serve their purpose that even in still air an achene falls very slowly, and the slightest current is sufficient to bear it a long distance away. The hairs on the top of the beak are not quite horizontal, but slope slightly in an upward direction ; they thus present a lateral surface which causes the fruit to be borne faster and farther before the wind. A stalked pappus is better exposed than a sessile tuft of hairs ; the slender beak therefore serves, like the straightening of the flower-stalk, to give the fruits a fair start. The arrangement in goat's-beard is very similar, but the achenes are larger, their beaks longer, and the feathery globe or "clock" is four or five times bigger than that of the dandelion.

It is

before they are

perfectly ripe. But this is hardly possible, since the weakening of the attachment is only brought about by the wind desiccating their tissues. Wind is also necessary to dry the pappus. The wind must therefore mature the fruits before it can detach them. There is very little chance of their ripening or falling off unless when there is some wind. The fruit thus attains maturity at a time most favourable to dispersion.

The parachute, by which the fall of the seed is retarded, is not, however, the only point in which the arrangements for the dispersion of the dandelion resemble those adopted by the balloonist. The seeds are so light that there is a possibility of their being carried too far. After carrying them a sufficient distance from the mother plant the wind, instead of dropping them to the earth, might bear them aloft again, and the seeds be thus driven about unnecessarily—

Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise
That float through Heaven, and cannot light.

An aeronaut as he nears the earth must let go his grappling iron or his balloon is in danger of being blown about and perhaps carried out to sea. For similar reasons it is of advantage to a wind-driven seed if, when nearing the earth, it has some provision by which it can anchor itself and come to rest. This, without doubt, is the meaning of the little projections or prickles with which the lower solid portion of the dandelion achene is crowned. When the seed alights from its

to the soil. The pappus hairs are also slightly raised from the horizontal direction, and form an inverted cone. In this condition the achene has an astonishing power of penetration, and readily makes its way through tangled grass or other vegetation to the earth. Winged seeds are open to the objection that when carried along by the wind a short distance above the ground, their expanded surface is almost certain to encounter some obstacle, with the result that their flight is arrested and they fall to the earth. They are not, therefore, well adapted for low-growing plants. Hairs have the advantage that they give the required buoyancy, and do not offer so much resistance to the passage of the seed among other plants. Broad wings are unobjectionable in seeds blown from a height, but hairs are decidedly better where the seed is launched from a lower level. Hence winged fruits are most characteristic of lofty trees, while plumed seeds occur for the most part on herbs and shrubs. Another objection to wings is, that they prevent the seed from readily reaching the soil if it happens to be covered with withered grass, and this objection applies to a pappus which persists after the fruit has alighted. In the dandelion this difficulty seems to have been overcome, for the penetrating power of its fruit is truly remarkable. This was impressed on the writer by the behaviour of a seed that had alighted on a heap of dry grass. The seed, kept in its perpendicular position by the hairy parachute, when the air was still for a moment, sunk into an opening among the grass-stems and hung swinging by its hairs for a time. When the next gust shook the mass of hay the seed slipped, but was caught by another grass-stem lower down, where it hung suspended until a second gust shook the grass, when it slipped off and fell down till the pappus hairs were caught once more. This process was continued, every gust sending the seed farther and farther down until it was out of sight. To discover it then would have been as hard a matter as looking for a needle in a hay-stack.

The passage of the dandelion seed through a mass of hay in the manner described reminds one of a bird hopping among the thick branches of a tree - perching now here, and now there, but never striking against any of the boughs or twigs.

The slender stalk which supports the pappus contributes to the penetrating power of the seed. Its primary use is no doubt to expose the pappus to the wind, but it would appear to play an equally important rôle in relation to this power of penetration. The little barbs on the body of the achene are also of service in this connection. They not only anchor the seed and prevent its being lifted when once

it begins to penetrate, but they enable it to keep every inch gained, and insure that progress shall always be in one direction.

The seeds of grasses possess to some extent the same penetrating power, as is proved by the fact that in a hay-loft the seeds invariably accumulate towards the floor. Their spindle shapes and roughened surfaces account for this peculiarity. Barley and other bearded grains have a long, slender, bristle-like appendage called an awn. Its edges are rough with minute barbs directed towards the apex. If a grain of barley, having the awn attached to it, be placed in one's sleeve, the movements of the arm cause the seed to move gradually upwards towards the shoulder. Or again, if it be gently shaken in a blanket, the grain will move along in one direction only, as the scabrid awn prevents any backward movement.

The penetrating power of seeds is still better exemplified in the stork's-bill (*Erodium*). In this case the seed, or rather carpel, when it springs away from the mother-plant, is seen to possess a slender filament at its apex which is in the act of curling upon itself. The motion continues for a minute or two, when the seed comes to rest with its awn twisted like a corkscrew. As long as the weather is dry it does not change, but if rain comes a tuft of slender hairs spread themselves out and poise the seed on end with its sharp point directed into the soil. The top of the awn, which in some species is feathered, is so placed that it readily presses against any neighbouring object likely to afford a point of resistance. The moisture of the soil now begins

the expanded wings give great breadth. This shape is convenient enough for a creature which moves through a medium like air, that offers but little resistance. The narrow, elongated body of a snake, eel, or worm, on the other hand, is more convenient for an animal which has to make its way between the stems of reeds or through a much-resisting medium like the soil. It is a simple enough matter to keep a bird in a cage, but an adder or a worm would easily effect its escape. Elongated and especially aristate seeds have the same advantage as a snake in a cage; they can easily effect a passage through narrow openings, and will therefore be able to reach the earth through a network of matted grass-stems, such as would prove an impenetrable barrier to a winged seed.

Contemplating the seed of the dandelion in relation to this function there emerges a new analogy. Its sharp, barbed point, its elongated shaft and plumed extremity, impart to this seed the strongest possible resemblance to an arrow. The gossamer sphere of the dandelion is, in fact, a fairy quiver from which the plant shoots forth its dart-like seeds. As near as may be, these combine the advantages of both bird and snake. In the pappus hairs we have a contrivance in every way admirably fitted to promote flight, and yet not seriously interfering with the power of penetration for which provision is made in the barbs and slender, elongated beak. The structure of the seed, in short, is such that with equal facility it can float along on the breeze or pierce a blockade of matted vegetation to reach the soil. Although, then, the seed of the dandelion presents a most obvious likeness to a parachute, with the properties of this contrivance it combines those of the arrow and the grapple. Thus thoroughly equipped to run the blockade of life, with mast, sail, and anchor complete, the fruit of the dandelion starts on its airy voyage—a minute but marvellous example of the resource and ingenuity which are everywhere apparent in the realm of Nature.

ALEX. S. WILSON.

SPA.

ONE of the most engaging little corners of Europe is assuredly the well-wooded, umbrageous dell, in which nestles pleasantly the antique and old-fashioned watering-place of the Spa—"the Spaw," as it used to be styled by old writers. No place of the kind can show such a pedigree, or boast such interesting associations. Even now, though much changed, it preserves much of its old-world air, and the builders and speculators have, to some extent, spared it. Those who visit it find it dull; but there is something attractive in its unpretending, inviting ways: and its chief charm seems to lie in its tranquillity and rustic, unspoiled air. Above all, it is easily accessible, and can be reached from London in about thirteen or fourteen hours. On the well-crowded road to Cologne the trains halt at a well-wooded, sylvan junction called Pepinster, where a few passengers are set down, and whence a sort of rural train sets off, skimming along through the hills, as it were, now gliding through leafy woods, skirting winding lanes, actually brushing against the

the Place for their return. Here, too, come galloping by the wonderful little Ardennes nags, mostly roan-coloured, compact, vigorous little animals like small cobs, and which are reputed to have been crossed with the Arab steed.

After being a few hours in the place the sense of old fashion affects one strongly. The Redoute is one of the old dancing- and gambling-rooms, the pattern of which is common over Europe, and dates from the middle of the last century, an elegant and florid piece of work. There are special features in all gambling watering-places, but one strikes the traveller at his first visit. Each Grand Duke or King, to whom the property belongs, has taken care to make a kind of sylvan railway which leads off from the broad main line and winds away up the hills through lovely woods and velvet dells, round sylvan corners and green lanes, until we reach the little romantic spot. Such is the introduction to Baden Baden, Soden, Homburg, and others. The day fine, the air soft, the sensation of thus speeding on in a holiday train, the leafy branches of trees flying past, is truly delightful, and nothing can be more inviting than the first glimpse of, say, Homburg or Spa, as you come from the train, and pass the Kiosk where the band is playing, the houses seeming like side-scenes with a background of wooded hills, the company promenading or clattering home from their mountain drive. Indeed, that entry always gives the idea of the first scene in an opera, when the curtain has gone up. Everything is irregular and straggling, the ground lies up-hill and down-hill ; the houses thrust now their corners now their sides forward, or their backs towards us ; the streets—there are only half-a-dozen—have the true picturesque narrowness, and are painted in gay colours, and each house has its sign. Thus, we live at “the town of Madrid,” “the town of Moscow,” or “the town of Paris,” or at “the Hotel of Spain,” as the case may be ; though a well-meant, but awkward, bit of sympathy is the labelling one establishment “at the sign of the French Emigrants.” The “Hotel of Flanders” is painted a warm green, and has its courtyard, with orange-trees in tubs, which, somehow, impart a festive air to all foreign hotels. In England we shall always sigh in vain for those bright rooms with the enamelled white folding doors, the muslin curtains, the handsome bedstead, and very often the glass door opening on the garden. The worthy Sury family who used to keep this establishment were well known to, and better remembered by, many an English family : as well for their obliging, friendly attentions to their guests as for their excellent *cuisine*.

As a matter of course we have our “Strangers’ List,” which,

though printed for more than a century, still "boggles" at the name "Smith," and at its best is never astray more than a letter or two in each English name. There may the awe-stricken Briton read with delight of the strings of Royal Highnesses—sometimes of a queen or two—who usually descend at our banker Heymal's. This unassuming Spa is highly popular with certain of the English nobility, many of whom come to be "quiet," after the flash or glare and hurly-burly of Homburg. The shopkeeping and merchant element is very strong; and from Verviers and Louvain and other "contagious" towns, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, the Belgian traders arrive for their little holiday in new hats and queerly-cut coats, plenty of straps and travelling bags, not forgetting those queer little carpet-bags with a box tacked on the bottom, which always seems on the verge of bursting away from the upper portion. These honest folk occupy thin little queer rooms in what seem pasteboard houses, and are very happy in their way, and in their own set, with the balls, promenades, concerts, illuminations, and other little toys with which the Administration amuses its grown-up children.

All the determined valetudinarians are abroad betimes, at six o'clock; but it is between seven and eight that our little mall begins to fill. No place could be imagined which has prettier alleys and promenades, which we have the satisfaction of knowing are not new, or fashioned by a greedy company of speculators, but formed of fine old trees, under which the "great Czar Peter" himself

the unhappy hack beneath them in pieces. Away they go, working and churning almost at their horses' mouths, forcing them to trot up the steep paved hills, so that it is amazing how the poor beasts keep their feet. But they are as sure-footed as mules, otherwise there would be a long catalogue of broken collar-bones and arms, and possibly necks. To see a Frenchman or Belgian on horseback is at no time an edifying spectacle, but when he is *en voyage*, and in rampant equestrian spirits, he is more objectionable than one of our own "Arrys" on a donkey at Hampstead Heath. More pleasant is it to see our English ladies driving their little carriages out in long procession, to make "the tour of the Springs." For a mile or so away, in different directions, are these romantic little wells, each of various healing powers, situated in the most shaded dells and groves, each with its little temple or colonnade; and here every morning we see a little bivouac, a halt for a glass, the roans and greys browsing, while a light breakfast of delicious butter and *café-au-lait* is served beneath the spreading trees. There is the "Sauvenière," the "Barisart," the "Géronstère," and others, each of which has its little history of old fashion and gaiety, a hundred or fifty years old. Lords and dukes and seigneurs of Louis XIV.'s day even have come out here and junketed, and given their *fêtes* and made the "tour of the Springs," as we are doing now. There is no vulgarity in the associations of this place.

Pleasant reminders of the past are the old assembly rooms of various kinds, such as the Salle Levoz, the "Wauxhall"—which it would be heresy here to spell with a "V." We must, like old Weller, put it down a Wee. On a rare occasion, once perhaps in the year, these antique chambers are thrown open, and it is hard not to be affected as we look round at the faded gilding and ragged hangings, and their noble proportions. We can thus call up the old "quality" of the last century who came and danced their minuets here. Now a school is held in one room and the Protestant "culte" in another. These survivals must soon be pulled down, or allowed to decay, as the expense of keeping such vast rambling saloons in repair is considerable.

After the morning's driving and drinking the Spa day languishes apace. Our English set themselves bravely to writing home those profuse epistles which seem a necessity, once we go abroad; or they invade the reading-room to enter on those unseemly contests for the *Times* and *Morning Post*, supplied gratuitously by the Administration, which would go to fortify a professional cynic in his meanest view of human nature. There do we see benevolent eyes now glaring rage

and defiance at the reader who has been lucky enough to secure the journals of the day, and who, in his turn, feels a fiendish satisfaction in irritating the expectants by his thorough and leisurely mode of mastering the contents. Sometimes the more malignant make feints of rising, or of laying down the coveted newspaper, fluttering it from its wooden flagstaff, which produces a simultaneous rush from the greedy ones. But he abstractedly turns over the next pages and travels down a new column. The Administration kindly supplies note-paper and envelopes, so we can conduct our correspondence cheaply. In the old days, we could hear in the next room the tick-tick or clack-clack of the revolving ball, and the Delphic utterances of the priests—an irritating, provocative sound, which drew people restlessly from their seats, and tempted them in "just to have a look." Then we saw the old story repeated once more, and so often described. Enough has been said of the damp foreheads and the clutching fingers; but perhaps a more disagreeable feature used to be the low enjoyment, the unconcealed exultation at winning, exhibited by a gentleman or lady having, say, a couple of thousand a year, when they "collar" a piece of the value, say, of one-and-eightpence.

About every hour or so trains arrive or go away from the pretty little station, which is far down at the entrance of the avenue which leads to the town, and this we are made aware of by an hotel

instead of grunting and "snouting" their way through the mud. A herd of these amusing animals is sometimes driven round to the various hotels, the proprietors of which come out and select the most inviting; and during this delay it is curious to hear the piteous cries that break out, as though the survivors, from previous morning executions, had an instinct that their turn was now arrived. In fact, the only way to separate the victims is to drive the whole herd into the premises, and, detaining the selected ones, allow the balance to rush out wildly, which they do with extraordinary jumps of delight. The party then proceeds to another hostelry, where fresh hostages are chosen by the Commune of the kitchen. The shopkeepers and those who let apartments are simple, hard-working, and obliging; and it is gratifying to see that after this long probation they have nothing of our English landlady's greed. You can walk in, take what wares you please, and not pay till you go away, and not even then; and I am proud to say that our country-people enjoy the highest character for honourable dealing. Once there were some heavy losses from French families who found their means cut off owing to the disastrous events of "l'année terrible," but they were suffered to depart, their scores undischarged, with a promise that when better days came they should be cleared off. This in most cases has since been done. The towns-people delight in gossip, and will chatter by the hour over their "Spa," which they believe to be the finest place in the universe; and the greatest event is the way the "season" has gone, or what "strangers" have arrived or gone. These, by the way, seem very fond of the place, and linger on in a way that seems surprising, considering the meagre nature of the public attractions. But this may be the very reason of their preference. There is a charm in this rustic simplicity, after the glaring splendour of Homburg; though the presence of certain bankrupt noblemen is not so easily explained; the recent creditors of these gentlemen would be not a little amazed to see them "sporting their gold" on the green with surprising freedom.

These good people of Spa are entertaining from their love of talk, and still greater love of breaking into raptures on everything connected with their town. Is there to be some little *fête*, with those little coloured lamps "hung in chains" like felons, from tree to tree, they are in anticipatory ecstasies for a week concerning how "magnificent it is to be." "Tout ce qu'il y a de plus beau!" "Charmant!" "Magnifique!" are but the mildest terms of admiration. The Administration does not lag behind in flourishing its rather shabby treats. Occasionally, by a great exertion, some broken tenor from

Brussels, or some tenth-rate pianist, is secured ; and then the posters are out all over the walls proclaiming what a treat is " offered to the strangers," when " Home, Sweet Home," with variations by a composer known as " Thelberg," will be performed, and the " Air from Richard " will be sung by " Pincenez, ancient tenor at the Théâtre Royal of Marseilles." As this entertainment is given for nothing, we all exhibit another little mean corner of our poor human nature, by crowding in and fighting desperately for places, determined not to miss a single item ; whereas if but half a franc was charged we should be most contemptuous, and turn up our noses at poor Pincenez and his " Richard."

The same feeling makes our dowagers revel in the velvet arm-chairs which the Administration scatters about its rooms ; whereas we are highly indignant at the penny we have to pay for the wooden chairs of the promenade. Our Administration also cunningly appeals to the holy feelings of maternity and paternity by " offering," as it is called, " a children's ball" in the middle of the day, when all our little French and Belgian urchins and misses are dressed up in the fantastic *toilettes* most in fashion, and clustered for the dance. The spectacle is really amusing ; the orchestra solemnly performing its full *répertoire* of waltzes and quadrilles for this Lilliputian company, while the anxious and rival mammas sit round. The little belles ape the coquettishness of their seniors, and look out for juvenile *partis* with a precocious eye to business, and we can see a shade of anxiety

cavaliers are rather too "finished" in the style of performance, suggesting the artistic manner of the dancing-master who does all his steps. With these contrast favourably our English gentlemen, whose solid, business-like style, far removed from airy skipping, shows confidence and reserve. The true weakness of the English breaks out on their feeling that they are "all our own set," that is, when two or three strange families, acquaintances at home, meet on this ground, recruited by stragglers picked up at the *table d'hôte*. It is amazing what a transformation is thus effected in our retiring natures, which become eager, excited, and even rampant. There is dancing together, gambling together, and driving together—all "our own set, you know", and in this confidence we perform such antics as might not only make the gods weep, but, what is more to the purpose, their fellow-countrymen heartily ashamed. It is not pleasant to see "our set, you know," standing up—a small band—to show the foreigners how we dance Lancers at home, and falling into disorder, to the unconcealed amusement of those benighted creatures, and finally breaking down and breaking up in the midst of a figure, to a round of ironical applause and a chorus, "Qu'ils sont grotesques, ces messieurs!" "Que ces Anglaises sont drôles!" Our English repair valiantly to church, a small band every Sunday, and perform their devotions at the old ball- or supper-room in the disused Wauxhall. However, efforts are being made to get together money for a more suitable temple, and the Government has promised some assistance. It is impossible to pass by this quaint old structure late in the evening—its dark old trees clustered about it, its lanky old-fashioned railings, its long windows, dusty roof and deserted courtyard, the light little town twinkling far below—without thinking of the older glories of the balls, ridottos, and gambling that went on here, night after night, during the last century. We walk in through its torn courtyard, overgrown with weeds, its choked fountains in the centre, and find the door open, the spacious stair somewhat rickety, up which once rustled silks and hoops, and look through the glass door into the ball-room, with its floridly painted ceiling and panels.

One of the most interesting recollections was the seeing Meyerbeer at one of these "offered concerts" at the Wauxhall. The composer, as we know, was passionately fond of Spa, and rarely failed to come with his family every year. I see his little old shrivelled figure—the Jewish dried face—the shabby old clothes and well-worn umbrella. He walked in a very earnest, quaint way, his head thrown back, and evidently in a perpetual reverie. It was impossible not to follow him with interest, and the figure, old-fashioned and shabby as

was, might be called picturesque. He was fond of donkey-riding, and was partial to an animal which the simple natives, meaning a high compliment, called "Meyerbeer." I have a little sketch of him made at this season, which presents him faithfully. But to return to our "Wauxhall Concert." I could fancy how odious it must have been to him to attend, and it was only from his liking for the place that he yielded. What a sensation and delirious applause as he entered the old faded Salle, and was led to his place "encumbered with help" from "stewards" needlessly numerous! There were a tall, very stout basso and a rather screaming soprano, who, as a special compliment, were to give the famous Duo from the "Huguenots." This must have been torture to the sensitive nerves of the old man, who could not help wincing at each shriek. Worse, he had to compliment at the close. Still, there was something genuine in the whole thing, and he could not have been displeased.

Interesting as our little place is from its own personal attractions, it is almost more so from its extraordinary historical associations. Few places can boast such a pedigree or such a line of remarkable visitors. Having been in "high fashion" for a couple of centuries, it seems to have drawn to itself an almost unique collection of distinguished guests; and as its registers have been carefully preserved, we are enabled to follow their successors with perfect accuracy. One of the earliest was Guicciardini, and in 1545 the Venetian Augustini.

quaint air of originality to the buildings. A few are still left, such as the Hôtel d'Espagne, close to the church, where the exile has often stayed. To give a dramatic tone to the place, there came, in 1655, Queen Christina with the ill-fated Monaldeschi, and of the party was also Saumaise, or Salmasius, the scholar; another luckless visitor was Gustavus III. and his Minister Ankerstrom, and the Emperor Joseph II., who arrived with that "monkey in powder," the Abbé Raynal. At the same time there was the Marshal Richelieu, who gave the place the happy name of "Café de l'Europe"—the Emperor, however, to his annoyance, gave the Abbé precedence—Lauzun, who had found his way here, where he had a curious adventure, described in his memoirs, with Princess Czartoriska. In the present century we hear of Egalité, of his son Louis Philippe, the Count d'Artois, and others of distinction.

But all these personages pale their fires before one name—that of Peter the Great, who is the glory of the place, and whose memorable visit is suggested at every turn. As the visitor crossed the Place in the morning to quaff his glass of Pouhon, he used to see, on the pediment of the humble yet pretentious portico, an inscription in large characters, to the effect that all before him is "to the memory of the great Peter;" while under its shelter, fixed in the wall, is a large shield, of blue marble in a florid scroll of alabaster, and which offers this modest and patronising inscription, the tablet being a present and token of gratitude sent by the august Czar:—

Peter the First, by the Grace of God,
Emperor of Russia,
The pious, the successful, the invincible;
Who, having first established military discipline
Amongst his troops,
And taken care that the arts and sciences
Should flourish throughout his dominions;
Having armed, moreover, according to his own
Will and pleasure,
A very powerful fleet of men of war,
And augmented his armies beyond number;
Having secured, likewise, all his hereditary
Estates and conquests,
More completely than ever, even by the dint of war;
Determined to travel thro' all the
European countries;
And having apprized himself of their customs and manners,
He first visited France, Namur, and Liège,
And from thence steered his course to the Spa,
As to the haven of health,
Where having drunk, with surprising success,
Her salutary mineral waters,

More especially those which were administered
 By the advice of his physicians,
 At the celebrated fountain of Geronstère,
 He perfectly recovered his pristine strength, and
 state of health,

In the year 1717, on the 23rd of July;
 And before his return to his own empire, he went
 Into Holland, and from thence sent hither
 This his eternal monument of gratitude to
 Heaven

For his happy restoration, in the year
 MDCCLXVIII.

This inscription is engraved upon a large block or table of black marble. The characters, which were originally cut and covered with gold, were afterwards, upon their decay, painted only in white, that they might more easily and conspicuously be discerned upon a black ground. This monument, or table, is surmounted with a grand circular frame or escutcheon of alabaster, on which are carved in bas-relief the imperial arms of his czarian majesty, with their several quarters and proper attributes. "The upper part of the escutcheon is enriched with a cornish, or cornice, in tympane, composed of marble, diversified with various colours; the block, or table, is embellished on each side with two beautiful consoles, or shouldering pieces, of the finest alabaster; the whole, standing on a basis, or pedestal, of variegated marble, is fixed likewise on two consoles, or supporters, of alabaster, and the back is composed of black marble. The various

tion by galloping through the streets at full speed mounted on a little Spa hack, laughing and chattering immoderately. A notable form too was the Baron de Händel, a Strasbourg nobleman, who brought with him innumerable carriages, running footmen, and a negro, who were continually appearing in fresh fancy dresses—now like Turks, now arrayed in gold and satins—the black “carrying three watches.” There were English nobles in plenty: it was reported that the Duke of Chandos, “who had the privilege of saying anything to anybody without offence,” bluntly asked the Emperor of Austria “why he didn’t marry.” Another singular character was the Nuncio from Brussels.

The chief attraction of this *Café de l’Europe* has always been the gaming, which, up to a recent period, had gone on for a century and more. This drew to the place all the adventurers, the knights of industry, and “unclassed characters of Europe”; and there was something in this contrast between the innocent pastoral air of the retired valley, with its simple peasants, “Annette and Lubin,” and the rest, and the disorderly crew who filled the town. We may find in the vile chronicles of Casanova sketches of the sort of characters that resorted to the place, who could only live their life “on their wits,” as it was leniently called—that is, by swindling others. In this extraordinary book there are many scenes described of the life at Spa, which seems to have been the paradise of adventurers, owing to its demure air and retiring graces. A certain “Chevalier Hay,” a Scotch gentleman, is credited with being the first who introduced gambling, establishing regular “rooms” for the purpose, and also “an English club.” The magistrates, seeing that the taste for play drew so many strangers, wished to develop it as a permanent institution. There was one of those curious, long-abolished potentates—a Prince Bishop of Augsburg—who fancied the little town, and had repaired to it regularly for more than fifteen years. He had planted the pretty promenade known as that of the “Sept Heures,” one of the most attractive spots in the place. At his intercession the “Suzerain,” the Cardinal Prince Bishop of Liège, graciously accorded the town a privilege for holding gaming tables, and the magistrates set to work on the Redoute, which is still to be seen. Strange to say, however, the townsfolk were found to have more decency than their rulers; and, in the face of their pecuniary interests, they set up a vehement opposition to the new scheme. In May, 1763, they forwarded to their sovereign a formal protest against the demoralising benefit offered them. So hostile was their attitude that the magistrates were glad to dispose of their scheme—70,000 francs had already been

spent—to a regular company. The step taken to frustrate these designs, it must be said, somewhat impairs the high character of the motives which directed their conduct, for we find them setting up a rival company, and actually proceeding to build two splendid gaming houses, which still stand, viz., the "Wauxhall" and the "Salle Levoz." The struggle now became embittered, and the inhabitants were in revolt against their Prince Bishop, who maintained the privilege he had granted to the company.

Spa still remains pastoral enough, but is sadly changed. The mania for keeping abreast with the times has seized hold upon the people, and a prodigal wastefulness has crippled the little town. Large sums of money have been borrowed: magnificent baths, pump-rooms &c., have been erected—which the citizens have to pay for. Everyone groans under a load of taxation. We missed particularly the quaint pump-room, the first thing that used to greet us as we clattered into the town. The old church, too, with its bulbous belfry and "wobbly" roof, is gone, supplanted by an enormous new structure, that in fifty years or so may look picturesque enough. The old-fashioned rural alleys are cut up and actually fenced off, with gates where payment is demanded for admission! We recall the single ponderous yellow omnibus which used to lumber and clatter over the stones, calling at the hotels and collecting the guests for the railway. Now there is a range of a score or so. Still, with all these improve-

MACAULAY.

THE publication some years ago of the long-expected biography of Macaulay, with copious extracts from his letters and private papers, threw much additional light on the life and character of one of the most brilliant statesmen and writers of his time—one whose historical researches are not held in greater appreciation than they deserve. It is surprising, but may in part be accounted for by the natural reluctance of relatives and friends to allow private papers to be published, that although Macaulay's life was so active and eventful, and abundant material existed for the purpose, no really exhaustive biography appeared until the one by Sir George Trevelyan. It was high time for Macaulay's nephew to bestir himself, as it was generally felt that, well and carefully done, few biographies would be more interesting; Macaulay's life, unlike that of most literary men, having been passed in the most brilliant circles of his day, a faithful narrative would throw light on his career, and introduce readers to the leading men of his time and country, with most of whom he was on friendly terms, exercising over many of them great influence. Macaulay does not often seem to have kept the letters he received from private correspondents, so that in one important respect his biography is less interesting than it might be; it would have gained greatly had the correspondence been more complete. This biography fully came up to what was expected. Not long ago a charming *bijou* edition of his works and letters was published at a price so moderate as to place it within reach of all but the poorest, and a fifth volume gives the biography to which I have drawn attention.

His family was of Scotch origin, and through life, in everything he took in hand, he displayed the proverbial keenness and indomitable perseverance of his countrymen. He always spoke of the Scotch with admiration, and claimed for them qualities of which they have no reason to be ashamed. Only one of his ancestors achieved marked distinction; this was his father, Zachary Macaulay, honourably remembered for his energetic and conscientious anti-slavery crusade. Zachary Macaulay married the sister of Thomas Babington, of

Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, a wealthy merchant and member of Parliament, at whose house, in the first year of the century, the illustrious historian was born.

Traditions of the genius and tenacious memory of children who become conspicuous in later life for learning and ability must generally, unless shown by incontrovertible evidence to be authentic, and not the outcome of subsequent admiration, be dismissed as apocryphal. Making allowance for the natural exaggeration that would almost necessarily cling to the traditions and reports of Macaulay's childish exploits, there is reason to believe that he was a remarkable boy; and this without accepting everything that the partiality of relatives has handed down. He had a tenacious and accurate memory, trained and strengthened by long practice, and though a good memory is only a part of what is needed to constitute great abilities, it is a large part. His old friend Hannah More, who had every opportunity of judging, considered him studious, keen-witted, and clear-headed in a pre-eminent degree. Her testimony cannot be impugned.

Macaulay's attainments were generally appreciated by his contemporaries, and in later life he had no reason to complain that full justice was not done him. Even Mr. Greville writes of him: "Nothing is so wonderful as the *universal* knowledge of Macaulay. Lord Lansdowne asked him if it were likely that Sir Joshua had painted the Earl of Bath, because a portrait of him had been proposed to Lord L. Macaulay immediately said, 'Why not?' He died in a certain month,

accustomed him to the discussion and contemplation of public matters, to say nothing of the influence for good which the companionship in early life of master minds must have over a quick-witted lad. Perhaps some of the evidences of conspicuous ability which Macaulay is credited with giving were the result of circumstances; had his father been a humble Nonconformist minister in an obscure country town, he would have produced no History of England, no Critical Essays, and never have got into Parliament. To achieve success in life commanding abilities are undoubtedly necessary, but leisure for culture and favourable opportunities for coming before the world, especially in early life, are as important. Macaulay, though the contrary has sometimes been maintained, enjoyed signal opportunities, which he did not neglect, for culture and for compelling public attention.

At eighteen the future historian was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; and, although his relatives were disappointed by his devotion to general reading, of which his biographer gives curious and almost incredible instances, such as his passion for street ballads and devouring trashy novels; and, while they disapproved of his liberal, and, as they called them, latitudinarian views, he gave promise during his undergraduate career of that distinction which his after life fully realised. One of these street ballads, from its singular excellence, deserves reproduction. Macaulay was much pleased with it—it runs thus:

Although it is wrong, I must frankly confess,
To judge of the merits of folks by their dress,
I cannot but think that an ill-looking hat
Is a very bad sign of a man for all that:
Especially now, when James Johnson is willing
To touch up our old ones in style for a shilling,
And gives them a gloss of so silky a hue
As makes them look newer than when they were new.

In 1819 he obtained the Chancellor's gold medal for a poem on "Pompeii," and two years later was the author of a second prize poem. The subject of this was "Evening." We have his authority for believing that he did not think much of these honours, and subsequently he levelled his finest sarcasms at such compositions, and doubted the value of prize poem competitions. He soon afterwards obtained a less equivocal success in the Craven Scholarship; and this was followed at twenty four by the crowning distinction of a Fellowship at Trinity. Next year (1825) he proceeded to his Master's degree.

It is curious, although detracting from his fairness, that in one

or two essays, more particularly in the one on Bacon, he showed an almost blind infatuation for his Alma Mater, which he persistently and rather ungraciously exalted at the expense of her rival, the University of Oxford. This might partly account for the dislike with which, to this day, his works are often regarded by Oxford men, and for the charges of claptrap brought against him. Towards Oxford he had an apparently invincible hostility; his disparaging comparisons may not be entirely false, but some of them will not be received without a strong protest. He contended that Cambridge far surpassed her older and more aristocratic sister. Now, although the latter may display a somewhat blinder adherence to ancient traditions, and may foster keener hostility to freedom of thought, no steps are taken to restrict admission to the members of any school of thought—her doors are open to all who like to enter. Since Macaulay's diatribes against Oxford were first published, she has produced such unfettered thinkers as Frederick Temple, Professor Jowett, Mark Pattison, John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers—men not cramped by the fear of disturbing the time-honoured creeds of this or of any other age, and who, whatever may be thought of their orthodoxy and fairness, have kept well abreast of Seeley, Colenso, Farrar, and other Cambridge men. Some of his observations show an unfair partiality for Cambridge, and actual bad taste. With conscious superiority he reminds his readers that it

for discriminating between truth and falsehood, should commit to writing such sweeping charges and bitter sarcasms as the celebrated passage in which he observed that no man of sound common sense is ever at a loss to refute illogical reasoning and expose contradictory assertions, with both of which he will be brought in contact whenever he meets a Reverend Master of Arts brought up on Figure and Trope in the venerable cloisters of Oxford.

Although not an athlete, Macaulay was active and high-spirited. He used to amuse himself at Cambridge, and probably in later life, with such sports as horn-blowing, until his neighbours wished him far enough away. He was a good walker, and that, if it can be dignified by so pretentious a name, was his only bodily accomplishment. Ride he never could, and when, as Cabinet Minister in attendance on the Queen, he was informed that a horse was at his disposal, he replied that if he were to ride it must be on an elephant. In person he was not prepossessing. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," describes him as short, stout, and commonplace—indeed, thoroughly English, to quote her uncomplimentary language. Fat and rather ungainly, with a countenance that in repose was singularly wanting in animation and intellect, he might have been mistaken for an unlettered farmer; indeed, he was actually taken for a "cholera doctor," so, at least, Mr. Greville informs us, with exquisite good taste and very scant courtesy to the followers of Galen. That very accomplished gossip describes with some humour his first interview with Macaulay, and his consternation when he discovered that the fat, silent man at his side, who had been so busily absorbed getting through his dinner, was the famous Thomas Babington Macaulay. The model in Madame Tussaud's gallery is faithful enough, and is in no sense that of an imposing or particularly handsome man. He dressed expensively, but with want of taste, and he looked more like a good-humoured, country-bred tradesman of slender parts than a brilliant wit, distinguished statesman, and irrepressible talker. Talking, when he was in the humour, was his delight. He would talk for hours, no matter who was present, and he rarely gave his hearers those brilliant occasional flashes of silence, as Sydney Smith humorously and felicitously called them. The abstrusest and most unpopular subjects were brought up and discussed *con amore* until everything had been said. His prodigious memory did him good service, and whenever an opportunity offered he was able to repeat immensely long poems or give lengthy extracts from prose works. Some of the accounts of his feats of memory are positively incredible. He prided himself immensely on

his memory, and it is related that, on one occasion, when it played him false, he was so grievously chagrined as actually to leave the room in his distress with tears standing in his eyes. Great talkers are generally argumentative and dogmatic, and Macaulay was no exception. He was ready to talk about anything and to argue out every point, and he used to cling to his opinions with a tenacity that nothing could shake. All the same he was good-humoured, and wholly free from party and personal animosities ; and although that has been somewhat doubted of late, his criticisms were generally just, and he refrained from introducing and repeating the scandal of fashionable society, while the comments he published on men and books are characterised by good feeling and large-heartedness ; those he scribbled on the margins of the books he kept for his private use were the reverse, and some curious selections have been published. It was his habit to write comments on the margin as he went on, and these observations are generally distinguished for a slashing style that would not be entertaining to the writers of those works. Perhaps it never occurred to him that his own productions might one day be treated with equally scanty consideration.

While an undergraduate he contributed some interesting papers to one or two minor periodicals, and without achieving anything approaching a literary triumph, he contrived to alarm his father. Thus once more was exemplified the old proverb, that a prophet has

gained strength and depth, and were still more forcibly and uncompromisingly laid before his readers. A critical examination of his first essay shows that, in spite of obvious merit and great promise, he had not acquired that elegance of expression and cogency of argument which were subsequently displayed in every sentence of his more finished works. Yet even his earliest article displays accurate learning and a captivating felicity and vigour of style, and probably not ten men in England could have produced an article so rich in persuasive eloquence, splendid description, and accurate scholarship.

Early in 1826 he was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn, but never achieved eminence as a lawyer. He never held but one brief, and that was for the defence of a poacher on a charge of killing a rabbit, or something of that sort, and he never received the fee—half a sovereign—so that his legal career brought him no direct gain. He had a certain kind of eloquence—fluency would perhaps be the better word; his perseverance was remarkable, nor was his ambition small; and, having influence, he before long became a commissioner of bankruptcy, and was only thirty years old when he took his seat in the House as member for Calne, a borough which more recently was represented by Mr. Lowe. As a statesman Macaulay did not become a power. His support would not have kept a disunited party together, nor his opposition struck dismay into its enemies. He spoke often and with vigour, and his sound common sense and extraordinary command of language always received flattering attention. His manner was deficient in grace, his delivery was monotonous, and his language imposed too sustained a strain on his hearers to allow of his achieving marked success as an orator. He had not that irresistible power of carrying his audience with him, that marvellous faculty of stirring the hearts and souls of his hearers, that divine gift of directing the passions of his followers to any end he had, which have enabled Gladstone and Bright to rouse with ease what kings cannot command nor emperors control—the hopes and passions of a great party, with adherents in every town and village. Men listened to Macaulay with respect, weighed his arguments, reflected on what he had said, were often convinced, sometimes converted; but nowhere did crowds of eager listeners and ardent admirers bend beneath the music of his voice or the lightning glance of his eye. An old friend of mine, recently dead, who had often heard him and remembered him perfectly, assured me, however, that he *was* a great power fifty years ago, and he believed that his oratorical triumphs hardly received full credit in those days. Macaulay himself said that one of his chief defects as a public

speaker was his extraordinary rapidity of utterance, which spoilt the effect of his words. His speeches resembled carefully prepared essays, delivered with incredible rapidity and some want of impressiveness, rather than the spontaneous outburst of the orator's full heart. Fluency and great facility in finding the right words are not an unmixed gain to the speaker. Appropriate pauses and emphasis are even more important ; otherwise a torrent of words lacks impressiveness. Then the management of the voice counts for very much. A speech that flows on like a rope unwound from a cylinder is not a good one. Again, to be successful a speech must be enlivened with anecdotes or humour ; people can always read for solid instruction, but a platform speaker must amuse and please rather than teach.

He sat for Leeds from 1832 to 1834, when he went to India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council. While in the East he extended his accurate and exhaustive knowledge of India and its unhappy history, which bore golden fruit in two of his finest essays, and much of his subsequent fame was due to the lessons he learned in his brief but honourable exile at Calcutta.

In 1839, soon after returning from India, he became member for Edinburgh, an honour which he did not appreciate more highly than it deserved. He was soon made Secretary of State for War, and eight years later, during the administration of Lord John Russell, was

and untruthful scribblers write about them. As for *authentic anecdotes*, which go the round of society, especially of the so-called Society papers, they will seldom stand the rough test of five minutes' investigation. When it comes to inquiries into events that happened several centuries ago, matters are incomparably worse. Take, for instance, the recent correspondence in the *Times* relating to the fate of Thomas Becket's body - whether it was buried here, there, or somewhere else, whether it was subsequently burnt and not buried; whether again such and such passages in ancient records are trustworthy, or mean what they appear to signify - are questions that are puzzling the most acute antiquaries and scholars. And why? Because traditions are seldom trustworthy, but are often hopelessly conflicting. So little reliance can be placed on the best historians that most well informed men are of Sir Robert Walpole's opinion: "Do not read me history, for that I *know* to be false." While nothing would surpass in interest a perfectly faithful delineation of the habits and life of a remote age, nothing is less likely to be presented. What should we not give for a trustworthy narrative of Roman life in Cæsar's days; of the events connected with the Norman Conquest; of the condition of the peasantry in Elizabeth's days; and of the life and surroundings of Dante and Shakespeare? In spite of Macaulay's acumen, learning, and impartiality, his history, though not his picturesque essays, will year by year be less read by the general public, though his reputation will long continue to be treasured as one of the most brilliant of the nineteenth century. Histories are as perishable as novels, from no fault of the writers, but from the constant change of views going on, and the frequent removals of historical landmarks with the perpetual coming to light of fresh facts.

In 1852 he again received the suffrages of the electors of Edinburgh, and sat for the Northern Athens until 1856, when he resigned his seat. Mr. Greville comments as follows. "Sunday, January 27, 1856. Macaulay, owing to continued bad health, is obliged to retire from Parliament. He now says that he will not be able to continue the History of England beyond the death of Queen Anne. He enters into such minute details, I think it very doubtful if he will even get as far as that epoch." His incessant political and literary labours had been telling with fatal effect on his health, and for some years he had painful warnings that the end was not far distant. In 1857 Lord Palmerston was empowered by the Queen to offer him a peerage, and this dignity he gratefully accepted, and was raised to the Upper House as Baron Macaulay, of Rothley Temple. But the scholar was not long permitted to enjoy the dignified and

placid retirement of the House of Lords. His death occurred two years later, on December 28, 1859. He was verging on sixty. As he was unmarried the title died with him.

His death, though hardly unexpected, for he was known to be failing, was in a certain sense sudden. His nephew, the present distinguished statesman, Sir George Trevelyan, called just before he passed away, and found him sitting in his study, his head resting on his chest. It was difficult to arouse him, and the attempt, perhaps ill-judged, recalled some painful incidents of his career, and overcame his self-control, which he did not regain without an effort. He quietly passed away, just as he had always desired, preceding most of his friends and relatives, and leaving an honoured reputation and an irreproachable character. He shed lustre on the Upper House, and thoroughly deserved a peerage, although his acceptance of a title exposed him to a charge of inconsistency. One could not imagine John Bright or Joseph Chamberlain, even from political considerations, taking a peerage. He was not the first, and certainly he will not be the last, who has gratefully accepted a peer's coronet after expressing magnificent contempt for such a useless and foolish distinction. It is curious that though history has never, in Macaulay's own words, degraded Francis Bacon into Viscount St. Albans, no name is more often mentioned, with its title prefixed, than Lord Macaulay's, making one half suspect that though Bacon could receive no additional dignity from a title, Macaulay was not above such an

worst vices of men of rank as mere amiable weaknesses? The appellate functions of the Upper Chamber have now been abrogated in practice; while, as regards any real effective control over the destinies and government of the country, the Lower House, as it is styled with curious infelicity, has a thousand times more weight. Whenever the House of Lords ventures to exercise its nominal power and throws out a popular Bill, the storm of disapproval is menacing and unmistakable, while the fate of the measure is in no degree imperilled; a few weeks or months later, and the defeated Bill is a second time introduced and forced through the House, the Lords either reversing their former decision, or the majority, by withdrawing from the division, permitting the Bill to pass. The only function the Upper House can legitimately exercise is to criticise and amend Bills. At the same time the greater dignity and *éclat* of a peer over those of a member of the governing and all-powerful Chamber, are above question.

Macaulay was in early life far from affluent—that is, for an *habitué* of the gilded drawing-rooms of the West-end—and for some time he had not more than £600 a year. This, in the circles in which he moved, was little short of beggary, and he was compelled to dispose of his University gold medals to pay his debts. But debt he abominated, and as much as possible avoided; and, fortunately, he was still young when the proceeds of his works and his official salary secured him an ample income. In middle life he received in a single year, an exceptional one, £20,000 from literature, “pretty well,” as he remarks, “for a man who twenty years earlier had not a penny remaining after paying his debts, and who only inherited a slender legacy from his uncle the General.”

The remuneration which Macaulay received from the *Edinburgh Review* was large and useful. At first it looks as though his merits were fully appreciated, and that the money reward they secured very fairly gauged their worth. But when one remembers that the intellectual powers of Macaulay surpassed those of ordinary men in the ratio of hundreds to one, and that those brilliant and fascinating essays helped to give the *Edinburgh* the commanding position which it so long held at the head of national reviews, one is compelled to admit that the remuneration did not represent the literary worth of his contributions, though it might their market value. At the same time it is not easy to understand how in those times, when the difficulties of intercommunication were still considerable, and the circulation of the *Review* must have been confined to narrow limits, the proprietors could

single article. That is, however, the most convincing proof of Macaulay's popularity and reputation.

When fortune smiled on him, he, like Canon Liddon, gave lavishly and generously right and left, and bestowed in charity a large portion of his income. It is said on good authority that the last letter he ever dictated, just before he died, enclosed a cheque for £25 to a worthy but poor curate. All accounts repeat the same tale of generosity and disinterestedness. His affection for children, like that of Dean Burgon, was touching. He never married, perhaps all the better for him, as had he had the distractions of a wife and family, he might not have found leisure for his work. When his nephew was a lad Macaulay used, the fortunate recipient of his uncle's generosity tells us, to send him, in contravention of post-office regulations, sovereigns concealed in the huge masses of wax with which he fastened his letters.

It is hardly possible to speak with sufficient admiration of Macaulay's immense and accurate learning, or to find words in which to convey an idea of his care and untiring industry; *à propos* of his high sense of honour and of his ardour for work the following extract from Mr. Greville's diary will be of interest: "Panizzi came in the evening, and there was a great deal of pleasant conversation. He had breakfasted the day before with Macaulay, whose history, the two next volumes, will not be ready for another year. Panizzi said Macaulay was very conscientious as to his authorities, and spared no pains to get at the truth, and willingly re-wrote any part of his book when he had any reason to believe that he had been in error as to facts. Of all living English historians, Panizzi considered Hallam to be the most accurate, and that his book on the 'Constitutional History of England' was not to be surpassed."

What praise can be too warm for a man who read a volume to find material for a single sentence or to verify a single fact, and who would travel hundreds of miles to describe with greater vividness a single scene? Yet this he did, not once only, but repeatedly. In his scrupulous care to verify quotations he acted up to the dying advice of old Dr. Routh, the President of Magdalen, who, when asked to leave some precept for the guidance of his friends, exclaimed, "Verify your quotations, gentlemen." He passed weeks at Weston Zoyland filling in every detail in the narrative of the Battle of Sedgemoor. Such labour could not but be crowned with success. The lifelike interest of the work, the accuracy of every statement, and the clearness of language commanded universal admiration and silenced opposition; and though his conclusions are sometimes objected to, his facts are, with few exceptions, allowed to be beyond

the reach of criticism. Unfortunately, of late his History has been impugned and its accuracy and impartiality questioned, while its reputation is undoubtedly waning, but not from any fault of the author, rather from our new reading of history and the constant bringing to light of fresh facts.

In 1849 the first two volumes appeared, and were welcomed with a burst of enthusiasm similar to that which greeted Edward Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Six years later the third and fourth volumes were published, and were received with even louder applause. Thousands and tens of thousands of copies were sold, and they maintained, or rather added to, the illustrious author's fame. But death and disease were laying their hand on the overworked statesman, historian, and essayist, and before his great work was completed, England mourned Macaulay as she has seldom grieved for a writer. A fifth volume was in 1861 issued, containing fragments found in his study at Kensington, where, in the midst of his cherished books, his laborious life came to an end. The last passage which he lived to complete was the description of the death-bed of William of Orange, but breaks occur in the narrative immediately preceding that memorable event. These fragments, with a consideration that cannot be sufficiently praised, and which has not always in similar circumstances been imitated, it was decided to leave exactly as they were found. Had he lived, he proposed bringing down his History to the beginning of this century. It purports to commence with the accession of the Second James, but one or two preliminary chapters of exceeding beauty give a faithful and brilliant picture of earlier times.

No space remains to speak of Macaulay's poems, which would have made any other man famous; but he who claims the distinction of being England's greatest historian established a reputation on works even more imperishable and worthy of note than those spirit-stirring poems, "The Lays of Ancient Rome."

One is tempted to wonder whether the distinguished lawyer and author whom Macaulay takes to task in his essay on Bacon was the gentleman who figures in the following anecdote: "An amusing story is told of Charles Lamb (*à propos* of someone asking if his wit and that of Sydney Smith were alike). One day, when he was playing at whist with his friend Basil Montagu, he said to him, 'Basil, if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold!'"

It remains to add that when Macaulay passed away only one place was worthy to receive his body. In the glorious Abbey of Westminster by the side of heroes and scholars who have invested

their native land with unfading glory, amidst writers as brilliant, statesmen as illustrious, poets as memorable, generals as victorious, philanthropists as devoted, thinkers as profound, hearts as true and sterling as any he described, or the world has known in its most favoured climes, happiest ages, and most gorgeous scenes—in that proud sanctuary which only receives the noblest spirits of the day, was laid the illustrious historian and critic. Over for him, as for them, the harassing labour and wearing strife of existence, peacefully he and they sleep; though their work be done, their memory lives for evermore.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

IN AND AROUND A SCOTCH KIRK.

CARGLEN KIRK was, like Carglen School, a conspicuous object ; but its full lustre was obscured, while that of the school was apparent to all. The school stood with a white bare face and sides turned to three-quarters of the heavens, plain alike to dwellers in the upland and the lowland straths and to travellers on the long-winding toll-road. Behind the school-house was the snug little plantation full of "the oak and the ash and the bonnie rowan tree," with here and there an occasional spruce fir and stunted shrub. Ah ! many a time have I slid—but never again shall I slide—from the top of one of those great pine stems, legs astride on its wide-spreading branches. Never again shall the deep, torn pockets be filled to the utmost recesses of their many holes with a load of speckle stained cones to pepper the head of a schoolmate or a brother. Nor yet shall the hut, fit for a dweller in the heart of Africa, ever more be erected on the mossy turf, in the cooling shade, by mine or other hands ; for, alas ! the school of twenty years ago is the disused school now. Thus do outworn things pass quietly on the shelf. But the kirk, glorious still does it stand ! It is true it cannot be seen in its entirety from the upper and lower straths, or the long-winding toll-road ; but from most points you can catch at least a glimpse of its steeple and ancient belfry, peeping like an old-world symbol from their green, leafy framework. For the kirk is fully surrounded with foliage in summer, and in winter with ample tree stems—albeit then, bare, ruined quires, where late the sweet birds sang. Behind it the "Auld Wuid" rises in gently ascending undulations to the steep sides of heathery Ben Ulen, safely sheltering the sacred walls from the wild blasts that sweep with sleety chill through wide Carglen in the waning of the year. In January or February snow-wreaths may cover the dykes at the outskirts of the wood, completely effacing their existence, save for the presence in the powdery snow of an unconcealed shrub here and there, that in open weather feebly attempted to add grace to the rustic fence. But no wreath lifts its "

but cosy oot" was the verdict of a local rustic upon this centre of light and leading in the Highland parish.

The big house was twenty times more snug in its outward aspect, in contrast with the ruinous parish kirk of bygone days. The relics of this ancient building, consisting of two bare walls, a ghostly gable, and ghostlier vacant belfry, stood on a sloping bank in the midst of a miniature strath, pretty enough, when the warm sunbeams danced on the leaves and shimmered on the sparkling eddies of the bickering rill that ran close to the kirkyard wall ; but, in winter, exposed from the northwards, by its peculiar situation, to every gust sweeping over the stragglng lands. In winter it was always a "cauld nor' win'" in Carglen. Around the auld kirk was the auld and the only kirkyard, in which lay the unnumbered dead of all the Cargleners to remote generations. What a store for the delight of hunters of antiquarian tombstone lore was there ! I know that a great variety of inscriptions, serious, comic, and serio-comic, existed ; but, woe be to me, I cannot quote a single couplet, as there abides in my mind but a jumble of charnel-house rhymes and maxims, which remind too vividly of involuntary shudders caused by the legends and stories told in early days of kirkyard horrors. Right under the shadow of the rural burying-ground, though across the ivied bridge leading over the stream, and under the smile of high Ben Ulen, you might see the prettiest cottage in all the upland parish. I loved it as I loved my

Eddy, by the ferry of Boat o' Craig. John Geddes was his name. He had been on a journey to the county town of Edin in charge of his brother's best horse and gig. Returning at a late hour to the ferry of Boat o' Craig, he raised the usual North-country hail, a wild, sonorous shout, which rang through the keen air of the spring night, across the swift-rushing current of the river S——, and fairly startled the old boatman, Peter Lyon, from his nine-o'clock nap in the big arm-chair by the edge of his cosy hearthstone. Peter and his two youngsters were very soon on the opposite side of the stream with their floating bridge, and John Geddes, his horse, and gig were taken on board. The Carglen bank was reached in safety, and John at once began to lead his horse up the sandy incline, steep and soft, which led to this end of the long winding toll road. Just at the moment the sudden crack of a poacher's gun in the neighbouring woods of Boat o' Craig startled the timorous animal, and, causing it to rear with a sudden jerk, sent man, horse, and gig in a few seconds to the gravelly bed of the deep river. The body of John Geddes was speedily recovered, but life was totally extinct. It was a sad night, as it well might be, in the farmhouse of Linkerstown. Those were the times when "body-snatching" was rife in the Scotch Highlands, and a rumour speedily spread in this remote parish that certain dreaded, or suspected, body-snatchers were sure to desecrate the grave of the ill-fated farmer. My grandfather was a "douce," godly man, but he was prepared to adopt very stringent measures to avert this catastrophe. "An unce or twa o' cauld shot wud serve them richt," said he. And he took his measures somewhat in this spirit. He arranged for a strict watch to be kept on the grave by day and night for several weeks after the burial. He himself and a neighbour truded in the evening by turns with two other friends from the lower to the upper end of the parish for the nightly guard. A strict look out was maintained by the relatives dwelling in the lovely cottage which has been mentioned, and hospitality was shown to the visitors, who, when not engaged in their frequent "rounds" through the kirkyard, found shelter in the warm kitchen by a cheerful fire. One dark, moonless night, as I have been told, when the wind swept in the treetops, rumbled in the chimneys, and the rain fell in frequent squalls, when the "blast soughed like the wail o' a lost speent," as George Geddes said, two men were seen, in one of these rounds, lurking in a corner of the kirkyard. The watchers gave chase as fast as they could, running over the grave mounds, but with no avail, for the would be thieves, if such they were, had little difficulty in making their escape in the rain, and the wind, and the darkness.

ever, maintained with renewed care; and on the next Sunday the parish minister—staid old man I believe he was—delivered from the pulpit, which has long ceased to be, the grim announcement, which scarcely became his office, that if anyone broke the laws of God and man by interfering with the grave of John Geddes, who had been drowned at the ferry of Boat o' Craig, firearms would be used against the desecrators! Thereafter, George Geddes and his supporters went their rounds with loaded muskets. These must have been rusty old instruments, for I well remember the incident told to me by George Geddes' wife, according to which, some nights after this serious warning had been given, yet another interloper was espied near the grave. My grandfather's companion raised his musket and tried to shoot, but, alas! the trigger would not work, and the intruder escaped. The two good souls declared, however, that they identified him, and, ever afterwards a certain individual was a marked character in Carglen, a *thing* to be thought of with loathing and contempt. Yet he lived to a green old age, for even I remember him well.

But hitherto we have not been able to get inside the kirk, and I am afraid it will be some time yet before we enter the hallowed precincts. In sober reality and in the literal sense, it was a stiff job to pass, with due regard to circumspection and ceremony, through the various stereotyped preliminary forms previous to an entrance within the sacred walls, on a Sunday. I will begin with that which dwells most freshly in my own memory. The white, many-storeyed manse was situated in a low-lying grassy dell by the side of the purling stream which came from the up-parish, in the centre of a cosy nest of green trees, cool and pleasant in the sultry July, and snugly sheltered from the biting December and "Janiwar" winds. 'The manse' Again, I am off from the kirk, for the mere mention of the name will inevitably keep us outside for another while. It was like heaven itself, I recollect, to eat beefsteak (vegetables were our staple food, remember) with the minister, but though I shudder to say it—it was too suggestive of the atmosphere of "another place" to sit on the hard benches of the parish kirk listening to the prosy verbiage of an old-world homily. Seldom was I honoured with a seat at the great man's table, but, because of its infrequency, the distinction was all the more prized. O Elysian fields, on the clean shaven lawn in front of the manse, under the shading elms! O supper of the gods, in the corner room looking out on the burn and the woods of Bethiun Kart! Stolen joys are sweet, they say, and I know the truth of the adage. There never was, I verily believe, in all the northern Highlands a richer orch

than that known as the "auld gairden." It was there that we tasted the sweetness of ripe, plump, juicy fruit. It was there that the luscious strawberries, apples, pears, and plums seemed all the sweeter in our mouths because we—oh, tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the roads, the lanes, and the far-winding paths of Carglen; tell it not to anyone who is great on the Eighth Commandment!—had surreptitiously appropriated some of them. Sitting in church on the first day of the week, we trembled at the terrors of another world, in recollection of our escapades in the minister's "auld gairden." The other world had its terrors for the spirit, undoubtedly, but so had the present for the body, that more mundane part of the human animal. Here is a proof. On a certain Friday school was over at two P.M. The dominie was going to a wedding-party, and we were released. We made for the Carglen burn (to fish for trout, feeling below the stones and banks with our naked hands and arms), and for the "auld gairden" at the manse, as a sort of interlude in the entertainment of the afternoon. It was a period of interregnum at that time in the tenancy of the manse. The silver haired minister, Saunders Macdonald, had been gathered to his fathers, and all Carglen was anxiously awaiting the advent of the new spiritual teacher. It was a grand opportunity for plundering, with little fear of detection, the fruit-trees in the old garden. A cherry was the object of my personal depredations. Twenty feet from the ground, I sat legs astride on a branch which appeared perfectly strong and safe; but, lo! in a sad moment I saw it beginning to give at the stem, and almost before I realised what was happening I fell on the hard ground with a nasty thwack. I scrambled to my feet as best I could, but the world seemed to be spinning round like a big top, and there was an indescribable sound in my ears. My companions in transgression were more frightened even than I was, and the unclean spirit of cherry-stealing was for the time fairly driven out. I could not have been much hurt, for I felt no pain, only there was that curious whirl of solid things round about, and the hissing sing-song in my ears. It was some days before the brain returned to its normal state.

From all this it will be seen that the manse, with its surroundings, was a desirable place enough, especially when it is understood that it was the centre of a fat and fertile glebe of many acres. Indeed, the living of Carglen was a good one—how good I cannot say; for I never could (who can?) master the mysterious jargon of Scotch tenants, with values in quarters and bolls of oats, &c., &c. Nevertheless the incumbency was reputed to be valuable as compared with

neighbouring country parishes, and, so far as my recollection extends, had been filled by men of character. Two of them I knew; the other was but a sort of far-off memory. Yet he was the greatest of the three. Rev. Dr. Rothes was his name; he was a man of great piety and skill in dealing with his rustic flock, a leader in the local presbytery, and a powerful debater in the general assembly of the National Kirk. It was seldom that one small out-of-the-way presbytery in the Highlands could boast of having in its numbers two men who had within a short space filled the high post of moderator of that august body. Our presbytery of Aberkeith had, however, that honour, for Dr. Rothes of Carglen and Dr. Longbeard of Aberkeith were both ex-Moderators of the General Assembly. Mr. Saunders Macdonald was the successor of Dr. Rothes. His spiritual reign was uneventful. It was the good man's exit, if I may so say, which was startling. But as I have referred to that in another paper I will not repeat the reference here. He was a great scholar; "he can spaik seven langijs, fac as death," said the men of Carglen. When he died and went to his last bed in the upland kirkyard, there was a great "roup," or auction, at the manse. For three mortal days did it rage, and all the parish were there, either to see, buy, or *drink*, for there was a liberal supply of whisky, strong, fiery, undiluted, to be had free, gratis, and for nothing. Auld Robbie Jamieson from Kail, the auctioneer, was a busy man. His rough jokes, smart sayings, variety of intonations, which seemed exhaustless during one day's work, were fairly run out before the three days were over. It was a treat to witness and to hear Auld Robbie trying to dispose of the dead minister's books. Saunders Macdonald had an enormous library, consisting of works in many languages, particularly in Dutch, and these, more especially, the old auctioneer could not tackle with any proper assurance. "A jumble-tamble-quamble frae Rotherdam by a great man, a vera great man [here the spectacles were properly adjusted, and he gazed]; dash me gif I can tell ye wha he was, though; *buy it an' than ye'll see*; wha'il bid five shillins? Dirt cheap at that; *buy it an' than ye'll be wiser than mysel'*"; whereupon Robbie took a pinch of snuff and looked the throng defiantly in their faces, with a sly twinkle, as much as to say, "I'll quaisten if ye dae." The consequence of all this was that the dead man's valuable library went for a mere nothing. One single enterprising second-hand bookseller from Edinburgh would gladly have given twice or thrice the amount for the whole stock, on a private valuation. And yet they are said to be "lang-headit chiels" in the North! Perhaps they are; but then it is not every day they have to tackle queer heathenish

names in Dutch, and Greek, and Portuguese. I was but a youngster at the time, and the whole scene was a piece of the wildest frolic to me; yet I had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and been roundly upbraided for wasting my time on "thae van and freevilous trash," and I had even been bold enough to take an interest in the great Sir Walter.

"What's that ye've got behind the desk, sir?" cried Patrick Spens one day in the school.

"A dictionary," I was going to say, but the word stuck in my throat. "A book, sir," quoth I.

"Bring it here," roared the dominie. I took it up; it was "Guy Mannering; or, the Astrologer."

Patrick Spens glared with wrath, and his voice fairly choked with suppressed vexation and chagrin. "To think that a lad who may one day wag his head in the pu'pit should give his mind to such freevolity!" was no doubt the sort of reflection passing through the worthy man's mind.

"See here, lad," said he. Mr. Patrick Spens had a habit, when he was in a towering rage, either of speaking in English prose of startling precision and politeness, or of fairly and contrarily relapsing into homebred Scotch—it was the latter now—"the buik is noo bleezin' on the fiehr; nae mair will ye see it; an' what's gae true, the neist time ye gae yer attention inside o' these walls to trash like this (sic!) pack outside ye shall gae. No that I blame Sir Walter; it's you, sir!" he shrieked, and shook his hand at me with menacing gesture. My blood was up, but I went quietly to my place and betook myself to Virgil and a dictionary in grim earnest. That threat of expulsion was a terrible one in North-country ears. Of course a parent could generally make it all right with the dominie, but it involved a kind of social ostracism, all the same. I worked with a heart and a will for some time, but the net result of the honest man's threat was, I fear, to make me think more and more of Sir Walter and less and less of the Latin. It was all my fault, I make no doubt, but the persistence of the disease scarcely justifies the wisdom of the course of treatment. So that I wandered through the rooms in the grey manse, littered with all the bookish treasures of a man learned in "seeven langijs," ever thinking of a certain Dominic Sampson, who gloated over the printed riches of a learned defunct bishop; of an amateur librarian who stood for hours on the library steps engrossed in the contents of an ancient tome, and whose feelings, in the presence of unimagined literary treasures, could only find vent in the exclamation "prodigious." It was a sight to see the br-

Cargleners gazing on the many score volumes, and their remarks were highly characteristic.

"Eh, sirs, an' this is what learnin' brings a man tae," said Jock Watt from the Knowhead.

"I wadna gie ane o' auld Saunders's sermons for the hail trash," cried Belnabreich, douce, sober chief elder.

"Dang't gif they're warth a single mutchkin o' the critur," was the verdict of graceless George McQueben.

"He was aye a dry stick," said Mary Dey; "an' nae wonder, for wha cud hae preychit the real milk o' the Ward whase mind was pooshint by thae heethenish stuff?"

The books went, therefore, in the monetary sense, "like the sough o' an auld sang." And the auction, too, as a whole was a dismal financial failure. Conscience was at a discount among the Carglen farmers, and there seemed to be a tacit understanding that they would not bid against one another.

"Saunders Macdonald did mair guid dead nor alive," said Sandy from the Claypots, most of the late minister's valuable ploughs, harrows, cows, horses, and general agricultural stock having been knocked down under the hammer for a fraction of their real worth. It was the Cargleners' way, perhaps, of showing gratitude for years of spiritual consolation and advice.

The mention of spiritual matters brings us back to the Sunday and the kirk in the leafy shade. It brings us to where we were before we were tempted into a lengthy digression at the mere mention of the manse and its many attractions. Our position was, or ought to have been, a sitting one on the dyke surrounding the "little wuid"; the time about five minutes before the stroke of twelve, the hour of service in the parish kirk. We are watching for the first peep of the crown of the minister's capacious black hat as he slowly climbs the steep brae intervening between the manse and the kirk. If ever "Sunday" was written on anything in letters plain as a well printed book, the word was clear and distinct upon that broad-brimmed glossy hat. It fairly shone in honour of the hallowed day. And the countenance beneath it was a veritable sermon in itself.

"It maks ye guid even to look on't," said little Pat frae the mill. "It gars ye aye feel 'We're a' different men the day frae what we'll be the morn's mornin'."

Few people in Carglen were above the suspicion of liking a glass o' the critur ("oo, ay, at speecial times, an' what for no?") and the parson himself was not an exception ("no that he was ever seen the waur o't, ye ken"); but you may be sure Mr. Saunders Macdonald

would be guiltless of tasting strong drink on the holy Sabbath, at any rate until a decent interval had elapsed from the close of the religious exercises. He was the ambassador of heaven to sinful, worldly Cargleners, and every step told that he knew it, as he mounted the brae, and walked round by the school to the schoolmaster's house, where he was accustomed to robe himself in his wide-flowing Geneva gown. At this period of the history of my parish there was no vestry or retiring room in the big kirk, only two large, lumbering, draughty porches.

Meanwhile the country folks are arriving, and so have they been for the last half hour, though only a mere handful are as yet inside the building. Again we fly from the kirk, and this time to the very top of one of the biggest trees in all the "Auld Waid." That was my nest on a Sunday, times more than one, when I ought to have been in the Sabbath school. It was pleasant to be rocked in the tree-top, to feel the cool breeze, and to listen to the sound of its rush and rustle as it swept over the wood. It was a stolen pleasure, and it was sweet accordingly. But it was not the joy of swaying in the many-voiced tree-top, keen though that was, which brought me to the airy altitude. It was to escape the dreariness of a Sunday task, and to witness, with a youth's queer appreciation, the moving lines of a really wonderful picture. The country folks were setting out for the kirk from far and near, and the sombre animation which gave to the country-side a really interesting aspect was a sight worth beholding. I knew all the farms; I knew every field, dingle, and hosky dell of the scattered parish; I took a pride in knowing every individual, whether dwelling in the upland or the lowland strath. I even flattered myself that I could identify each person by his or her characteristic dress, and so my occupation on the summit of the ample fir, in the big wuid on the sides of Ben Ulen, was both to witness a spacious panorama, and to distinguish individuals like John Mill of the Tam from Souter Sandy o' the Gorbals, or Meg Lowrie o' the Craighead from Eppie Young o' the Calterneach. I have wild, weird sketches of these scenes in a greasy old penny exercise book to this very day—sketches, I shame to say, which would disgrace the talent of a very youthful scholar of tenth rate genius—but yet I would not part with them for a lump sum, for tree top winds seem to blow from them, sunny skies smile down upon their black faces, many-coloured quivering leaves are their framework, squirrels with long, sweeping, bushy tails peep from them, and, above all, a thousand indescribable memories, ever sweet and fair, of early days, full of manifold joys and scarce a sorrow,

awake at the very sight of their suggestive imbecility. It is a far cry to Loch Awe, they say ; it is a far cry from smoky London to that breezy tree-top ; but, oh ! to be there once more with the same heart and the same hope ! All loved things in this cold world vanish, fade into the unknown before they are really prized ; and I make no doubt that my stalwart tree-stem has long ago become a prey to some woodman's ruthless axe. What a time it would take to describe all that I saw from my coign of vantage ! It would occupy a chapter of ordinary length by itself. A keener eye than mine has seen it, or something like it, though not from a tree-top, and not in the far loved Highlands. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has written of "A Lowden Sabbath Morn" in a picture akin to mine, and of which he sings a great deal more than I may quote. But this I cannot pass by :—

The lasses clean frae tap to taes,
 Are busked in crumplin underclaes.
 The gartered hose, the weel-filled stays,
 The nakit shift,
 A' bleached on bonnie greens for days,
 An' white's the drift.

Our Marg'et aye sae keen to crack,
 Douce stappin' in the stoury track,
 Her emeralt gown a'kiltit back,
 Frae snawy coats.

things for a future occasion. In the same way the Sunday-school, of which I should like to tell one or two quaint stories, must await another opportunity. Slow and solemn—preternaturally solemn and slow—are the final vibrations which the ancient gust-swept bell gives out, under the impulse of Long Tam Robertson's hand—him, too, we leave for the present undescribed, and rush up the wide winding stairway as fast as our legs will carry us. If we do jostle uncannily old Mary Dey or bent John Wabster, from Windyhillock on the top o' the brae, it cannot be helped, and we are out of sight ere the vigorous though half-stifled imprecation reaches our ears. All through the ensuing service we are conscious, however, of a terrible pair, or more, of eyes glaring wild fury at us. Guilt sits near our hearts, but the spirit of waywardness maintains a stiff garrison. There is a thundering noise sounding through the dusty old kirk as the heavily-shod Cargleners scramble in and up, forgetting for the time the stereotyped solemn face, sleek gait, and serious conduct befitting the Lord's Day and the House o' God. The very last stroke of the bell is heard, as the minister, arrayed now in his awe-inspiring gown and bands, appears within the western doorway. It is the great man himself to-day, "douce honest chiel," and none of your unwelcome strangers from afar. A dead silence takes place as he sails along the passage, and then with measured, wary step ascends the steep pulpit stair. Tam Robertson follows at a quicker pace, having, as speedily as he could, made fast the bell rope to its large iron staple, and hurried after the minister to shut the door of the pulpit, which, of course, no mortal whose mind was charged with such a message as that of the preacher could shut for himself. Already the precentor is in the lectern; the man of music is our friend Willie Jenkins, who trudges eight long miles every Sunday from Bufton and eight back again to lead the benighted men and women of Carglen in singing the praises of their Creator. There is quite a scene in store with our little friend to day, but we are all unconscious of the impending unseemly episode as we watch his twinkling eye and admire the sleek rubicund countenance.

"Let us begin the public warship o' God by singing to His praise in the hun'ed and nineteenth *Psaalm*," cries good old Saunders Macdonald, pious, holy man. "The hun'ed and nineteenth *Psaalm*," he repeats in stentorian tones. Rustle of leaves follows all through the grim, gaunt building, and when everyone has found, or appears to have found, the place, Saunders again cries, "The hun'ed and nineteenth *Psaalm*, at the hun'ed and twenty-ninth varse." And then he reads:

Thy statutes, Lord, are wonderful,
My soul them keeps with care ;
The entrance of Thy Word gives light,
Makes wise who simple are.

Yonder is Jock Eunie, cowboy from Stonetown (and we make no doubt there are others like him—many of them), incapable of finding the correct page in the time-honoured Psalms of David ; but yet his and every eye throughout the kirk looks intelligence at the printed page. And lo ! now uprises the man of music. He strikes his tuning-fork on the side-board of the lectern, raises the tune, and sings with might and main.

He tuned his pipes and gar't them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl,—

says Burns of a certain gruesome piper in his "Tam o' Shanter" ; and, in a sense, the words are applicable to the leader of our praises in Carglen Kirk, for the roof and the rafters, and every poor sensitive human ear, without a doubt, shake and dirl, as our friend Jenkins raises, with lengthened sweetness long drawn out, the drawling notes of the old tune. It is a babel of sound ! He would be a bold man who hazarded the assertion that any two voices piped in unison. One man is there in particular (Farmer Begg, from the Upper Aultoun) who always makes himself heard in a wild, uncontrollable, zig-zag sort of a quaver—a quaver which it takes some time to bring to a stop, for

doggerel of Nahum Tate, are regarded amongst Scotch Presbyterians. They are sacred as yea, more sacred than the great Volume itself. The tune is raised once more, with loud gusto, by the energetic precentor, and once more our ears are invaded with the discordant notes—Francie Kemp the mole-catcher's, Farmer Begg's, and all. In order to explain fully what follows, it is necessary to impress upon the reader a due sense of the importance which was attached, in the minds of the good folks of Carglen, to the honourable office of leader of the psalmody in the parish kirk. It was a prize eagerly coveted by those who had, or supposed that they had, musical gifts, and it was secured in my day as a result of keen practical competition. Never did chanticleer, on his rightful dunghill, pipe a louder or prouder song than the contending singers for this ill paid but popular appointment. I suppose it was not worth more than ten or fifteen pounds a year; but ten or fifteen pounds, even when broken up into half-yearly or quarterly allowances, was a sum of no little importance in our northern parish. We were so poor, to all outward appearance, that one wag from the flats of Moray was reported to have said, "Dang it gif there's aughteenpence in the hail place." Well, we were not *quite* so poor as that; but we did feel the pinch, times and again. Twelve months before the period to which my story refers, there had been a hotly-contested trial of vocal skill, with the result that Willie Jenkins was "gazetted" as the new precentor. Jacob McWilliam, from the Stanes o' Baldearie, considered himself a wronged man from that moment. He was certain in his heart of hearts that he was the better man of the two, and the consequence was a deep, settled grudge against his successful rival; and in the bitterness of this grudge even the parson himself came in for a share. Jacob regaled the ears of many a crony with the story of his wrongs, but beyond these shall I call them subterranean growls? his vexation was not shown in any way, except by tremendous musical exertions in the kirk on Sunday. Jacob's face on these occasions was a sight to see. It was a cadaverous countenance at all times, but now it was "awsome." Here was a man, to all outward appearance, lustily singing divine praises, with laudable, albeit grotesque, zeal; but we all knew that, in reality, it was only an opposition pipe to the precentor's. "Beat that, my birkie, if ye can," plainly said every note. To do Jacob justice, he had not hitherto indulged in counter-singing to the precentor in a different tune, but had contented himself with shrill sound and portentously-lengthened quavers, but lo! to day we hear something different: the precentor is singing one tune and Jacob another! All Carglen,

in the parish kirk, is horror struck. In two minutes' time every voice is stilled, and Willie and Jacob alone sing praise. All at once Willie sinks down in his seat, and Jacob remains a triumphant conqueror. How long he would have continued to shout no one knows ; but Saunders Macdonald, scandalised beyond measure with this most unseemly episode, rises, and cries in saddened tones, "Let us pray." Thereupon Jacob stops, shuts his book, and gazes on the ceiling with the utmost complacency, his face plainly saying, if anything could, "I've dune ye noo, birkie, without ae doot."

Anger, however, very soon takes the place of this complacency on the countenance of the victorious singer. The minister, in the sorrow of his heart and the bitterness of his soul, pleads for the peace of Jerusalem, and for prosperity in its courts ; which, being impersonal in the import of its reference, is all very well ; but when he goes on to intercede for those people who have come into the sheepfold like devouring wolves, for those who are sure to go out from us because they are not of us, who desire to serve God for filthy lucre, who go about as roaring lions seeking whom they may devour, who seek the praise of men rather than the praise of God, &c., &c., it becomes very trying. There is evidently something amiss altogether, with Jacob ("Puir man, maybe it didna 'gree wi' him the nicht afore," compassionately said the sympathetic George McQueben), for he is terribly affronted, and moved to a heroic decision. The blood of all the McWilliams, represented in his veins, fairly tingles, and with one determined effort he seizes his steeple-crowned hat, casts a look of withering scorn upon the poor unconscious pleader in the pulpit, claps the hat upon his head, and, with heavy tread, marches down the passage and out of the kirk.

If we were able to follow him we should find that he hurries down the brae, along the toll-road, past Whiteydell, and straight to the Free Kirk by the side of the burn.

This was not the first time that Jacob had joined the ranks of dissent in Carglen ; hence the allusion in the minister's prayer to those who went out from us because they were not of us, and hence the keenness wherewith Jacob felt the sting. The invariable method of showing vengeful resentment against the parson or elders high in office was to shake the dust off one's feet and "gae down to the Frees." And, to tell the truth, the same practice obtained among the "Frees" themselves, who always came over, in like circumstances, to the "Aulds." The "Aulds" and the "Frees" were the only organised sects in our parish.

"Brethren, we will now resume our singing," cries Mr. B

donald, and the place having been purged of its misguided intruder, the exercise proceeds without unchristian interruption. We were always a feeble folk, musically, in Carglen, but we had a fair share of energy, if not talent, as has already been shown; but all nerve has now been shattered. We try to sing; we do our best; but our efforts might remind anyone of the old couplet—

Amen, amen, quoth the Earl Marischal,
And a frightened man was he.

Now comes the great event of the day—the delivery of the sermon. The text is a favourite one with the good preacher, and is as follows: “Hast thou found me, oh! mine enemy? Yea, I have found thee that I might declare the mind of the Lord against thee.” It was a favourite one, I say, with our spiritual teacher, for I am sure I have heard him preach upon it at least six times, in addition to discourses delivered in the old kirk on the same subject by Mr. Mungo Drab, of Radlin, and Mr. Derrison, of Quarrichty. It was a wonderful sermon, that—an eloquent and a heart-searching; and we Cargleners loved to hear it. “Auld sangs are aye the sweetest,” says honest Mary Dey, half forgetting the grudge which, like Juno of old, she nourished in her breast. In other circumstances the older heads of our parish would have been a little troubled and somewhat scandalised at this “dish o’ cauld sowens” as they might have called it, but to day they are full of wonder.

“It’s a real guidin’ o’ the Speerit,” said, afterwards, the farmer of Belnabreich, “let them wha dinna like sermons preychit mair nor aince, tak’ tent o’ what they say, for wha but Ane abunc cud hae led Saunders to tackle sic an’ enemy as we hae had the day?”

This makes it necessary to allude to a portion of our current gossip in Carglen, to the effect that the weekly lectures on Holy Writ, delivered by our minister, were not his own composition, but were the work of some anonymous scribe, and had been purchased in manuscript from an Edinburgh or London firm of publishers. It was even whispered by our antagonists of the Free Kirk that the parish minister of Carglen regularly exchanged manuscripts with his colleagues of Quarrichty and Radlin. Wat Simpson, of Maggethump, more bitter as a Dissenter than pious as a Christian, was very strong in his testimony. “He had taken an aith upo’ the matter, an’ he had dune it. He had gane himsel’ to the auld kirk o’ Radlin, efter warshippin’ ae Sunday in the kirk o’ Carglen (I wonder what he meant by ‘worshipping’) to hear gif the self same sermon was preychit, and it was dooms truth, though he said it, that it was the vera identikle words, fac as death.”

But this was the report of a bitter malcontent, and we of the orthodox persuasion at first flattered ourselves that the story was not true, but when its credibility was at length fairly well vouched for, we trembled for a time, till our antagonist was fairly floored by this poser from the mellow wisdom of Sandy of the Claypots: "True or nae true," said he, "seemilarity o' wards disna prove colloquiein an' barterin' o' the Ward o' God." That deliverance settled argument, but it did not stifle rumour.

The text now given out is, however, manifestly providential. The preacher raises his voice to its loudest pitch, smites the pulpit desk with might and main, while the precentor, proud man, looks for the life of him the very picture of one who longs to bellow

Up and waur them a', Willie,
Up and waur them a', ladie;
Up an' stak' your supple leg,
An' dance afore them a', Willie;

for has he not triumphed, as one may say, in the very face of gods and men? It is a stirring Sunday this, and a stirring sermon. In dim, benignant days, the locution of our grey haired pastor is sufficiently soporific. Quite a score of heads may be seen "nid-nid-noddin' ere the reader ("he aye stak ower far close to the paper," said honest Belnabreich) has reached his "And now, ma breethren, we wull conseeder this soobject under three heids," etc. etc. It was a wonderful sight that in Carglen Kirk, when the minister was fairly in the thick of his exhortation. The face of Francie Kemp the mole-catcher was a ghastly spectacle; I would not, as a youth, have seen it in the mirk night in that solemn building for half-a-crown, and that was a big sum in Carglen. It was elongated to an extent that could only be described as fearsome; the nose protruded like the beak of an eagle; the hair on his head, crisp as the quills on the back of a porcupine, stood upright; his eyes glared a ghastly stare, rolling as if they saw, whereas it was patent to all that no sight was there. And yet one of the great events in Smith Amos Gibbs' smiddy was to hear Francie the mole-catcher criticiise Maister Macdonald the parson. And he did with a vengeance, as if he had been as wideawake as the precentor himself. One night, from my place of privilege on the cinder-heap upon the top of the forge bench, I ventured, with much palpitation of heart, to say—"But, Francie, how can you say all this, when you were sound as a trooper, with a face like a hoodiecrow?" "Whist, whist," cried Francie. "Ye may be a' vera weel, ma callar at the Laytin an' that-like, but wait till ye are bigger afore ye con

dick them wha ken - WAIT TILL YE ARE BIGGER." Of course that settled it, and I sank deep among the black cinders, fairly abashed.

The laird's face, too, this day, as every day, is worth looking at. There he sits, far back in his pew, with his heels in the air, and the eternal cynical gleam, or twinkle, or scowl - I scarcely know which to call it - shining through his bright spectacles. The laird is the wonder of the parish, and the terror of the minister. A great scholar, an ex-M.P., an amateur lawyer, a misanthropist with *Cui bono?* ever on his tongue; a man who was said to have slapped his wife's face, shot in a passion the horse of a tenant, and had seen the inside of a cold prison - the laird was a character. The laird never slept; oh, not he; his countenance, always alert, was like that of grim death at the feast.

Meanwhile, around lie the vanquished and the dying; or, in other words, the dead asleep and the half-asleep. Young men gape, old men nod, lasses simper, and women bleat, as dear old Saunders gets to the "And now, breethren, in the second place." Ere long, too, the resounding snore of Sandy from Claypots is heard, varied at intervals by the martial grunt of auld Robbie Grant, the Cameron Highlander. Time fails to tell of the inglorious scene in all its picturesque details, but would that I were a painter to present it in ample outline as I have seen it. To-day, however, as I have explained, women are livelier, and some of the men are interested. The drawling words of the preacher sound through the cobwebbed building with something like the sound of a living voice. A human chord has been struck for at least this once. What was the general character of the good man's sermons? you may ask. Well, perhaps I can express it in this way. Imagine a discourse as orthodox and Evangelical as the writings of Baxter, Owen, Bridges, or any of the more noted Puritans, but divested of that glow, fervour, and emotion which breathe in every one of their lines - stripped, too, of anything like overheated or stern appeals to the saint or the sinner - and you will have a fairly approximate idea of these homilies.

"Saunders never disturbs ye, ye ken," quoth our friend George McQueben, who went to the Free Kirk because it was nearer, when he happened to rise late on Sunday morning, and to the Parish Kirk when legs would carry him in time for the outside palaver, in which he figured as a noted personage. "He never disturbs ye" that was very true of our minister, it took Donal Beg, the revival preacher, to do that, and he did it by terrific strength of language and volume of sound, in a message full of *Woe ' woe '*. We were a decent but scarcely a religious folk in Carleton. Above all we were conservative.

in matters of faith—and practice too—avoiding extremes as we tried to avoid the devil and his snares. As to Saunders—

We owned wi' gratitude an' wonder,
He was a pleasure to sit under.

His doctrine was a comfortable one, giving a lively sense of satisfaction with things in general, unless at times it might be the "mysterious ways o' Divine Providence in sendin' sic weather as this whaun a' the bonnie craps are still on the grund."

The happiest moment in the whole week is probably that which brings the close of the minister's sermon. He fairly scrambles through the prayer which follows, never forgetting the customary word about our gracious Sovereign; but if her Majesty, incognito, had been good enough to visit our auld kirk, I am afraid she would not have written in her diary about our minister that which she says in the "Leaves" about the late Dr. Norman Macleod. The "paraphrase" is now sung to a rather lively tune—people want to get away home, you know, and time is precious—the elders go round with the boxes (one day, I shame to say it, there was only tenpence-halfpenny taken!), the blessing is pronounced, and ere the Amen has been said, great thundering feet sound once more on the stairways. Everyone hurries. Old women seem young again; decrepit men try to step out with vigour; we youngsters race it with might and main, for the smell of the glorious Sunday dinner is in the air—at any rate in our imaginations. It may be sacrilegious, but I

ELVERS IN THE SEVERN.

VARYING in the exact date of arrival according to the temperature of the water and the prevalence of the winds, countless millions of elvers, or immature eels, swarm up the Severn annually, early in the spring of the year. Until quite recently a great deal of obscurity has existed relative to the propagation of the common eel; and, even now, the riverside fishermen often refuse to admit that the tiny, transparent bodies, with shining black eyes, ranging from two to four inches in length, known to them as elvers, can be the same species as a full-grown silver-bellied or yellow eel: for there are certainly two species of that fully developed and succulent fish.

Travelling chiefly at night, and running up stream on the flow of the strongest tides, immense quantities of elvers—many tons in a few days in the Gloucester district—are ladled out of the river in nets constructed for the purpose and used by the men from the shelving banks of the stream. At times they appear in such dense masses that a single fisherman working his net for a few hours by night has secured 5 cwt. of wriggling elvers, to be promptly sold in the surrounding populous district at the average rate of 4*d.* per pound. Made into the so-called "elver cake," or fried simply in flour and butter, they form an agreeable article of food, greatly relished by the poorer classes, and in steady demand while the season lasts. As the tide recedes, actual clusters of the baby eels dart from mid-stream to the red banks of the river, there to pause in their forward movement until the next flow of water. Sometimes they may be caught *en masse*: at other times, especially if the wind is in the east, not an elver can be seen. The enormous quantities disappear as if by magic, not one remaining in the stream. The reason of this disappearance is not far to seek, for the creatures are highly susceptible to atmospheric change and variation in temperature. In a small brook I have frequently experimented with a handful of living elvers. They have the power of instantaneous penetration through the mud in the bed of the stream. If the fish chooses to burrow, it sinks to the bottom of the water; directly the head touches the mud—before you can count three—the wriggling body has gone from view. Dig with a trowel and

the lithesome animal will be found below, slowly slipping through the ooze. So it is in the river. At the first approach of cold winds down goes the floating mass of elvers, to sink in a moment through the abundant mud. The persistence of the small eels is proverbial. Swarming on all sides, their march cannot be arrested: they crawl through the grass, up the straight sides of lochs and weirs, through drains, or beyond any obstructions. Go they must, and nothing will turn the course of the migrating host. As one instance of this strange perseverance I have the record of the movements of some small eels, marked with red worsted through the pectoral fin, in the limestone district of Ireland. At a place where a series of loughs are connected with the Shannon by a stream, the rivulet suddenly disappears into a cavity, to reappear as a spring two miles away. The young eels placed in the water rapidly found a subterranean passage, to be identified where the spring came forth at the opposite end, little the worse for the novel experiment of underground life. Nor is it so long since immature eels penetrated some of the London water-drains from the river supply of the company involved in the matter.

The nets used in the lower Severn to catch the elvers are of the simplest description. At the end of a wooden handle, of what appears to be stout ash, there is a circular hoop or framework about eighteen inches in diameter; this supports a pocket some three feet in depth, made from a closely-woven texture resembling cheese-cloth,

The most incredible superstitions existed in earlier generations with reference to the origin of eels. Aristotle himself taught the spontaneous generation of the species, and Pliny imagined that a fragment of skin severed from the parent fish was capable of reproduction. One learned philosopher laid down a splendid rule for perpetuating the breed. Take, said he, a couple of freshly-cut turfs which have been exposed to the fresh dew. Lay these face to face in the open air, and within a few days will be found a number of vivacious eels therein. A tradition existed in England that the young fish developed from a fine thread of black hair plucked from the tail of a mare. In parts of Germany the parasitic internal worm of a blenny or similar small fish has been thought to produce eels, and in Sicily to this day they are believed to be derived from a shell mollusc. Even in the present century learned naturalists have declared the eel to be hermaphrodite, the sexes not having been distinguished until the present generation. All the eels captured in rivers were found to be reproductive in themselves. On certain long ribbons of fat, at the upper part of the intestine, the minute ova were long ago demonstrated to exist; but no male organs could be discovered, nor was there any trace of a special duct for the expulsion of the eggs. The fish might be ovo-viviparous, it was thought, or deposit the ova in the usual manner. But where was the male to shed milt over the eggs? Apparently they did not exist in the waters.

It was not until 1873, Dr. Day remarks, that Syrski; of Trieste, reported the discovery of the male organs in a river eel, which was found to be slightly smaller than the average sized female fish. Under the microscope he also saw the vivified spermatozoa ejected by the male eel. Through his experiments at a marine biological station on the Adriatic it was clearly proved that the sexes were perfectly distinct. Further investigation has also shown that the male eels keep almost entirely to the salt estuaries, rarely ascending the rivers; hence they are seldom seen. The females migrate each year, returning in due course to the sea in anticipation of the breeding season. The young elvers, as we have seen, advance to inland waters in March. No one has seen the ova deposited, and a link yet remains undiscovered. A writer in *Longman's Magazine* very lately gave some interesting details with regard to very minute eels seen by him in the mud of the Bristol Avon - of such infinitesimal size, in fact, that it required a microscope to examine the washings of the mud; but it places the matter beyond a doubt that the actual breeding occurs in the Severn tidal way. Yet it has not been distinctly shown that elvers are pro-
duced egg,

detached from the parent body, has still to be obtained—as it is certain to be if existent. The probability is, that the ova are discharged into the mud, to be impregnated by the male fish and hatched *in situ*, after expulsion. Being actually born in the mud, it would account for the dexterity shown by the elvers in gliding through their native element; it is the acquired habit of countless generations of eels. Great conger eels are now and then taken in the salmon baskets or putchers in the lower Severn. It is an erroneously held opinion amongst many of the fishermen that they interbreed with the fresh-water eel; needless to state, this is completely false: there is little affinity between the sea and river species or genera. I once caught a huge fresh-water eel in a net from a pier that had evidently lived for several years in the salt water. The colour was a beautiful rosy-pink—almost as bright as the hues of a red mullet—and the weight was 5 lbs. The shape of the head and mouth was altogether different from that of a conger; it was admittedly a river fish changed in colour through the action of the salt water.

Most of the authorities on British fishes agree that eels frequenting rivers—and even ponds—only breed in salt water; but there is still some obscurity concerning the question. We know what indomitable perseverance is exhibited by these fish in seeking the fresh water; and few people—if any—have, I imagine, seen small elvers in an absolutely isolated pond. In the first place, very few ponds exist without a connection, either by drains or springs, with other waters; nor, if such can be found, are they beyond the influence of floods; or, again, they are near enough to streams for the eels to crawl overland through the herbage to the desired goal. On the other hand, there are those who truly urge that ponds do exist, far away from a possible water connection, where eels have thriven from time immemorial, increasing in number without replenishment or importation of their kind.

Less than a year ago I found an isolated pond, attached to an old farmhouse which had once been a monastery. The stagnant water was enclosed by walls; it abounded with fat eels, and I thought to myself—this is a fair example of eels breeding in a pond. When a more complete examination, however, came to be made, I was astonished to find one pike in the same enclosed water. Those living in the immediate vicinity informed me that in the spring the Severn floods not unfrequently rise to the very walls of the building; and, finding an ingress through a doorway, rush into the garden and house. In this way the pike must have entered the pond, the supply of eels must have been replenished from time to

So it has been in every case ; I have never yet discovered a pond containing eels that had absolutely no connection at some time or another with running waters. This fact I have observed that in tarns or small lakes high up in the mountains eels are never found.

Yet I do not myself feel convinced that eels never breed in fresh water, although proof of such a thing has never come under my notice. The two fairly marked species may, indeed, have different habits, the one necessarily seeking the sea, where the males always remain, and the other having sexual intercourse in ponds or rivers. With this contingency in view it might be well for local naturalists to follow out the investigation where eels are known to exist in isolated ponds. First of all the male and female fish must be distinguished ; then the ova must be discovered—also by dissection ; and then, if possible, the various stages of the ova and immature eelers require to be seen in the mud of the pond. Failing the production of a complete chain of evidence, it must be assumed that the fresh-water eels all propagate seawards, as they have been shown to do in the Avon mud near Bristol.

Shortly after the eelers have passed up the Severn there is a migration of fair sized eels from the sea. At Framilode, near to Gloucester, they have been actually heard when the water is at the lowest ebb. At night, directly the tide commences to flow, the eels emerge from the mud in great numbers. A peculiar sound emanates from the movements of the fish—a kind of suction, possibly produced by the frequent opening and closing of the mouth, which is distinctly audible above the trickle of the eddying stream. At such times the old fashioned mode of "bobbing for eels" is wonderfully efficacious. A number of worms are tied together at the extremity of a loaded line. The eels, sucking freely at so tempting a morsel, can be drawn up into a bucket floating by your side or held in readiness to receive the slightly attached fish ; as there is no hook to secure them, each one drops off as the body leaves the water, and the receptacle must necessarily be close at hand. Like many esteemed delicacies of the table, eels are foul-feeders, revelling in offal or anything that partakes of the nature of putrescence. The sentiments of "the Lady Jane" were founded on faithful observation : eels would assuredly fatten in a pond that contained a dead body. As the shrimps, prawns, and lobsters are the scavengers of the sea, so the eels perform a similar office in the rivers.

Hitherto I have dealt principally with the upward spring migration of eels, but there is a well-defined downward movement during the autumn months, th

the temperature of the water, the direction of the wind, and the height of the river and its tributaries. In the Severn, I believe, this downward migration usually takes place in November. When heavy banks of wreathing mists rise from the damp meadows, or fens, by the waterside, and after the autumn colchicum has shed its mauve-coloured bloom, the eels begin to move towards the sea—where the male fish await their arrival. Doubtless the eels are the survivors of previous myriads of ascending elvers—those, in fact, which escape the attacks of predacious enemies, or capture at the hands of eager fishermen. One might think that a proportion of male fishes must be included in the descending shoals; but they have yet to be detected. Perhaps they die in the immature stages owing to unsuitable surroundings. Certain it is that if all the hosts that penetrate the inland waters came to maturity other aquatic life would be crowded out of existence. The equilibrium of nature demands the extermination of elver swarms each year in order to restore the balance of life; possibly some of the larger fishes prey on young eel-kind.

During the downward course great quantities of eels are taken at the mills and weirs in traps or putchers judiciously baited with offal or some congenial and alluring food. Almost every fish—if not every one—that has been examined by an expert who can dissect the body, has been found to be a female fish, although the fact is not at this time so easily established as in the estuaries in spring time, when the minute eggs are often to be seen in the ribbon-shaped frays of

some deposit the ova, or breed entirely, in fresh water. The possibility is, perhaps, remote ; if it were the case, the males should be found in the rivers or ponds. Nor is the exact mode of production yet clear. In the mud of the Avon it is only the microscopic eels that have been found ; the ovum, after its discharge from the parent body, has still to be detected. For the present, therefore, the life-history has not been entirely worked out. Dr. Günther (*vide* the introduction to "British Fishes") states that their mode of propagation is still unknown, but adds that they do not spawn in fresh water, and that they breed most likely but once during life. The proportion of males to females, he says, decreases according to the distance from the sea. Dr. Day, in discussing the life-history of the river eel ("British Fishes"), gives but meagre details with reference to the exact mode of reproduction. He does not affirm that they cannot reproduce their kind in fresh water, or even state that the ova are deposited in the mud before they are hatched.

The fact that some cold-blooded animals reproduce their kind alive is shown, not only by several viviparous lizards, but also by at least one fish—the viviparous blenny. Sometimes the young of this animal emerge from the parent body four inches in length, the size apparently varying in proportion to the size of the mother. Conversely, there are at least two mammals, the duck-billed platypus and the echidna, which lay eggs ; and there are birds in Australia which refuse to incubate their own eggs, leaving the operation to the action of the sun on the warm sands. Believing myself that the ovum of the eels *is* deposited in the estuarine mud, to be therein fertilised and matured, I should like to see the point more clearly demonstrated by competent observers. It is not a little strange that with regard to so common a fish—prevalent in all waters, and in all parts of the world—the precise observations should be wanting in a generation when Argus-eyed inquirers are penetrating in every direction, thirsting for more extended biological knowledge.

PARKINSON.

*AMERICA IN ENGLAND:**A THEATRICAL RETROSPECT.*

VIEWING her admirable catholic taste and receptivity, it is getting too much the custom nowadays to look upon America as the mere "telephone exchange"—to borrow Mr. Archer's expression—for the various centres of European thought. Side by side, however, with these characteristics must be placed an equally idiosyncratic trait, viz.: the adventurous, unshackled spirit which abhors all suspicion of orthodoxy and conventionalism, and takes men and things only for what they are worth. Applying the subtle Promethean spark to outworn creeds, America proceeds forthwith to flood the Old World with *live* ideas in science, journalism, and commerce; while we, poor hidebound creatures, at first protest or sneer at the inundation, only to accept the inevitable at the finish.

Artistic America to-day may be compared to a vast crucible, into which Europe is steadily pouring all the molten elements of modern æsthetics. Among the workers greedily awaiting the outcome of the seething and the bubbling are several sturdy members of the "jelly-fish school of imaginative literature," two of whom, more eager than the rest, have already attempted to foretell what form the new philosopher's stone is about to take. "Friendly playgoers," shout Messrs W. D. Howells and Henry James in concert from the house-tops, "be of good cheer. The dying drama soon shall be resuscitated. Brace your nerves and bear with the creak to the machinery a little longer: before many moons have set, the jarring will be silenced by the absolute negation of all technique. Let the snivellers take their last fond look of the poor old 'well-made play'; its days are numbered. The drama of the future is to be a mere inconsequent 'prolongation of sketches,' snatched at random from our mistress Nature."

Who shall say? Perchance in the dim future the new *ism* which is to turn the theatrical world topsy-turvy will be heralded by the coming hither of some famous band of American actors. Ridiculous? Hark back, then, to the adventures of that brilliant

coterie of English artists who took Paris by storm in 1827, and blew a blast on the trumpet of Romanticism that shook the tottering castles of the Classicists, and called the doughty Hugo at once to arms.

To the kinship which was a fact before the Declaration of Independence, and has remained a sentiment, may be imputed the circumstance that the American suppliant for histrionic honours has never experienced the results of that insular prejudice which for so many years militated against a popular reception of the Continental actor in England. Needless to say, this consanguinity extended to the drama, which America, in the beginning, had derived from the mother-country. The first art in which the New World was able to make headway, it was also the first in which she was able to challenge comparison with Europe.

By way of preface to the unwritten history of American influence on English histrionism, it may not be inadvisable at the present juncture to take a sharp retrospective glance at the records of the past. Within three-quarters of a century from the period when the drama was first established in New York, a native actor, not unworthy of the premier honour, had betaken himself to the mother-country. This was none other than John Howard Payne, son of a New York schoolmaster, and known to fame as the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Fired by the notoriety obtained by Betty, "the young Roscius," Payne had set himself as a lad to study for the stage, and made his *début* at the Park Theatre in his native city on February 24, 1807, as Young Norval in "Douglas." After visiting Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, in all of which he appeared in a variety of characters with unequivocal success, Payne sailed for England about the middle of January, 1813. Inauspicious moment! Unhappy player! America at that very time was in the throes of war with Great Britain. True, the packet ship which bore our hero had a cartel, but, notwithstanding all that, Payne was arrested on his arrival in Liverpool, and left to languish for some little time in durance vile. On his release, Roscoe the historian very considerably gave him letters of introduction to Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Campbell, and others; and, thanks to this kind office, he was enabled to make his *début*, after considerable waiting, at Drury Lane. This event occurred June 14, 1813, when Payne was only twenty-two. Electing to make his bow in Young Norval, the youthful *débutant* consolidated the favourable impression he had made at the outset by an admirable death scene, and succeeded in holding his slippery position in the theatre for a m
ements

in many leading provincial towns followed. At Dublin he had as coadjutor in the tragic scene the famous Miss O'Neill, then his junior by a year. Finding the novelty of his acting beginning to pall, he said farewell to the boards, only to enter upon a new career as dramatic author. Fairly prolific as playwright and adapter, none of his pieces, save the bright little two-act comedy "Charles II.," appear to have survived their generation. But among the most noteworthy were the tragedy of "Brutus," associated with some of the finest acting of Edmund Kean, and an opera entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan," in which (when performed at Covent Garden in 1823) the charming Marie Tree first sang "Home, Sweet Home," and gained for the piece considerable popularity. Playwright and player, Howard Payne likewise figured in London for a brief period as theatrical manager. In that capacity he held the reins at Sadler's Wells during the year 1820.

The fortunes of Drury Lane had fallen very low in 1826. In June of that year the so-called National Theatre was taken, at an annual rental of £10,000, by one Bish, a lottery agent and speculator, who only retained possession for a week. Bish's forfeited deposit of £2,000 was handed over to the succeeding tenant, Mr. Stephen Price, who knew nothing of the science of theatrical management, and was very like the fly in amber. "The American Chesterfield," as Price was facetiously dubbed, is spoken of by all who knew him as a coarse-mannered man, whose conversation and conduct were vulgar and repulsive. Under his *régime* affairs at Drury Lane grew worse than ever. Four seasons after he had entered upon office the committee tried to eject him. But they had reckoned without their host: Price was a lawyer, and resisted to the bitter end. Tired, however, of litigation, he finally abdicated of his own free will. Considering the bad times, theatrically speaking, and the fact that the rent of the theatre amounted to £10,600 per annum, the committee came off very safe in getting all due to them save a sum of £2,000. Little wonder that Price became bankrupt in 1830.

The second American actor who appeared in England, and the first of any particular prominence, was James H. Hackett, the comedian. A noteworthy figure in the annals of American theatricals, Hackett was associated in his time with the management of several New York theatres, and officiated in that capacity at the Astor Place Opera House during the memorable Macready riots of 1848. Making his *début* at Covent Garden in 1827 as Sylv Daggerwood in the well-known farce, he incidentally intr

some anecdotes illustrative of Yankee life, which, together with his imitations of popular actors, gained him a very favourable reception. With so much interest, indeed, was his remarkable imitation of Edmund Kean received, that he was invited, not long after, by Richard Jones, the celebrated light comedian, to play a scene of "Richard III." in the Kean manner on his benefit night at Covent Garden. Subsequently he performed the entire character in the same style with great acceptance at the Surrey, under Elliston.

Returning to London in November, 1832, Hackett appeared at Drury Lane in an alteration of Colman's comedy, "Who Wants a Guinea?" in which, on the actor's behalf, the *role* of Solomon Grundy was transmogrified for the nonce into that of Solomon Swop the Yankee. Apart from this, all the original situations in the piece were retained. This, the first delineation in England of the genus Yankee by a Transatlantic artist, was remarkably well received. Shortly afterwards Hackett displayed his pronounced versatility by appearing as Monsieur Tonson in the farce so called. During March, 1833, he re-appeared at Covent Garden as Colonel Nim-rod Wildfire in Bernard's "Kentuckian; or, a Trip to New York," once more amusing the town by his portrayal of Transatlantic eccentricities. In the May following he secured an engagement at the Haymarket, where he enhanced his reputation by producing "Rip Van Winkle," which had an extensive run. This, however, was not the first production in England of a play on Washington Irving's well-known sketch, the old Adelphi enjoyed that honour. Hackett brought his engagement at the Haymarket to a close by appearing as Falstaff in the first part of "Henry IV." Among the few satisfactory exponents of the Fat Knight seen by the present century the American comedian had given his initial representation of the part just a year previously at Philadelphia, when Charles Kean figured as Hotspur.

Returning to England in 1839, Hackett appeared at Brighton early in September in a round of characters, and in the following month opened at the Adelphi in "Rip Van Winkle." T. D. Rice was performing there at the same time in his nigger opera of "Bone Squash Diablo." On transferring his services to Drury Lane early in 1840, Hackett repeated his former success as Falstaff in the first part of "Henry IV." There were, however, a few critical dissentients who accused the comedian of want of refinement; and to these he thought proper to make reply in a capital brochure, entitled "Falstaff, a Shakespearian Tract," which thoroughly evinced his sound know-
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With his English reputation now firmly established, Hackett returned to Covent Garden in the winter of 1845, appearing with his usual success as Falstaff and Rip Van Winkle. Before the close of the year he played Monsieur Mallet at the Haymarket by Her Majesty's command, and greatly delighted the Royal party. In noticing this performance, the *Times* said, "Mr. Hackett's Frenchman is carefully studied from nature, and is altogether unconventional. He abounds in little traits of startling reality, and it is from this quiet truthfulness that his effects are made, rather than the exaggerated absurdities which more commonly constitute a stage 'mounseer.'"

Voyaging to England once more in 1851, purely on a pleasure trip, Hackett was induced to accept a few engagements, the most notable of which occurred at the Haymarket in July, when he appeared as Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to a constant succession of good houses. An unrivalled actor of dialect parts, Hackett's fame rests principally on his vivid impersonation of Shakespeare's immortal comic creation. America has reason to feel proud of his English record.

Although neither by culture nor nationality an American actress, Madame Celeste may be reckoned the first artiste who lent support over here to the distinctively American drama. From the year 1831 onwards this charming woman gave impersonations of Indian life and character in such plays as "The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish" and "The Indian Girl," unparalleled for their picturesque grace and fidelity to nature. Strange to say, however, her finest interpretation of this kind (Miami in "The Green Bushes"), unlike the others, owed its origin to the pen of an English dramatist.

In 1833 Henry Tuthill, an inferior representative of Hibernian characters, had the audacity to come over and challenge the verdict of a Dublin audience—perhaps the most exacting in the world. The result was disastrous. Of about equal importance was the appearance of George Jones, the tragedian, in London, in a round of legitimate parts, about the year 1835. Beyond mentioning the fact that he was most successful in Hamlet and was actually sonnetised in the papers in connection with that impersonation, there is little need to dwell upon the work of the man who chose in later days to call himself Count Johannes, and laid himself open, by his eccentricities, to the barbed shafts of the caricaturist. What little impression he made was speedily obliterated by the superior genius of Edwin Forrest, who made his English *début* at Drury Lane on the 16th October, 1836, in the wisely chosen character of Spartacus in "

Gladiator." Forrest's reputation had so far preceded him that on making his *entrée* the house "rose at him" and gave three hearty cheers. Subsequently his *Macheth*, *Richard*, and *Othello* sufficed to establish his reputation as a tragedian of the first water; and the Garrick club, in graceful confirmation of the verdict of the press, gave a dinner in his honour, at which Charles Kemble and Macready were both present.

Retracing his steps homeward in August, 1837, Forrest did not appear in London again until the February of 1845, what time his illustrious compatriot, Charlotte Cushman, was also winning laurels in the metropolis. For some reason or other it became hinted about by stage-door gossips at this juncture that Macready had grown jealous of his robustious American rival. Forrest was foolish enough to swallow all this, and firmly believed that Macready had sent his satellites to the theatre to hiss him, had subsidised the press to ruin his professional reputation, and, worst of all, had induced Bulwer to refuse him the right to appear in the English tragedian's great parts of *Claude Melnotte* and *Richelieu*. Nothing, of course, could have been more absurd; but the impression weighed in Forrest's mind with lamentable results. As ill-luck would have it the American tragedian happened to visit the Edinburgh theatre when Macready was playing *Hamlet* there, and relieved his pent-up feelings by a prolonged hiss when the star delivered the line:

They are coming to the play, I must be idle.
Get you a place.

Forrest, it appears, professed to take exception to the appropriateness of Macready's action in driving pell-mell across the stage several times, meanwhile flourishing his handkerchief triumphantly aloft. *Hamlet* took the measure of his opponent, and then defiantly repeated this morsel of stage business. The incident found its way into the papers, some of which, in censuring Forrest for his ungenerous attitude, evoked a reply from that gentleman defending the right of any spectator (much more such a skilled critic as one of his own profession) to express his enjoyment or dissatisfaction at the performance. He denied that personal animus had given breath to the famous hiss, and gave it as his opinion that "Mr. Macready's fancy dance" in "*Hamlet*" was a desecration of the poet. Would that this miserable squabble had ended there! But, sad to say, the bitter feeling thus engendered assumed the dimensions of an international dispute, and culminated in the Astor Place Opera House not o May, 1849, when thirty innocent beings lost their lives, and Macready himself had a narrow

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sional relations are not strained to such a pitch nowadays. If the petty jealousies of these dead and gone histrions *must* be chronicled let us dull the picture by placing side by side with it the generous rivalry of an Irving and a Booth.

T. D., popularly known as "Jim Crow," Rice, who in his early days had been a journeyman carver in Cherry Street, New York, is identified as the first nigger vocalist who ever set foot on English soil. While acting at a Western American theatre Rice had happened to hear a grotesque negro sing "Jump, Jim Crow," in a back street, and the quaintness of the ditty, allied to the laugh-provoking nature of the intermittent flip-flap, induced him to make a study of the tatterdemalion droll with a view of reproducing him on the stage. The result was the whimsical character-sketch that captured two continents. Rice's English *debut* took place at the Surrey in November, 1836. In the height of his popularity at the East end, Davidge, the manager, generously permitted him to transfer his services to the Adelphi, under Yates, where he gave a negro impersonation in a farcical burletta by Lemau Rede, called "A Flight to America; or, Twelve Hours in New York." Here he met with unprecedented success, and performed through the entire season of twenty-one weeks. For a long period he appeared at the Adelphi and Pavilion theatres on the same nights, and in so doing had, according to an ingenious statistician, travelled considerably over a thousand miles. Arguing from the fact that this engagement lasted 126 nights the same misdirected individual pointed out that, as Rice generally received five encores at every rendering of "Jim Crow," he must have sung that immortal ditty in England alone about 1,300 times. The modern aphorism that English actors go to America to make money, Americans to England to spend it in search of reputation, has no very remote application. Rice's profits for one season alone amounted to something like £1,100. Little wonder that, after a hurried visit to his native land, he returned to the Adelphi in November, 1838, where he sang "Such a gettin' upstairs" with great acceptance. His last appearance at this theatre was made in the nigger opera of "Bone Squash Diablo," in October, 1839. The pioneer of negro minstrelsy in Europe, Rice's fame had almost evaporated before Christy Dumbletons or the Moore and Burgen came into vogue. What a change in the spirit of the scene in the swift flight of forty years! In 1836 a single performer, with little versatility to boast of, draws all London for a season; in 1880 forty skilled Mastodon minstrels, with a marvellously diversified programme and backed up by pictorial printing that turns the streets into a

picture gallery, have their work cut out for them to attract large audiences at Her Majesty's.

The success of Hackett and Rice in London naturally brought imitators in their train. Thus we find George Handel, otherwise Yankee, Hill giving delineations of Transatlantic peculiarities at the Haymarket and Strand theatres in 1838. Not so much esteemed as Hackett, Hill was reckoned a tolerable exponent of strongly marked comic types. In the capacity of Yankee impersonator he was succeeded in London by Dan Marble, whose pretensions to favour were speedily snuffed out by the superior abilities of Josh Silsbee. In Rice's train in 1830 came E. R. Harper, a vocal comedian who appeared with slight success in London and the provinces in "The Free Nigger of New York" and "The Court Jester."

Returning to more legitimate artists, we find Miss Matilda Heron giving a musical entertainment from Longfellow's "Hiawatha" at Covent Garden in 1844. This excellent actress returned to London eight years afterwards, and performed at Drury Lane, under E. T. Smith, in an unobtrusive manner during the season of 1852-53. In September, 1844, an American tragedian, named J. Hudson Kirby, began an engagement at the Royal Victoria Theatre, and was immediately claimed by Mrs. Davidge, of the Surrey, on the plea of prior articles of agreement. A broadsheet war ensued, bringing the subject of the dispute into sudden notoriety. After a prosperous tour in the provinces in such characters as Claude Melnotte, Sir Giles Overreach, and the Carpenter of Rouen, Hudson Kirby re-appeared in the metropolis at the City of London Theatre. With all the qualities of a good actor, save perseverance, carelessness and prodigality soon proved his ruin. Poor Kirby! After leaving the City of London, he speedily lost caste, had to act in the lowest saloons for a bare living, and eventually died in abject poverty.

The celebrated comedian William Warren made but one appearance in England, and that more by accident than design. Happening, while quite a young man, to take a pleasure trip to Europe in 1845, he was induced by a friend to take part in a benefit at the Strand Theatre, and on that occasion played Con Gormley in Cornelius Logan's farce of "The Vermonter." Quite a different kind of *debut* was that of Charlotte Cushman, who, after some difficulty, made her bow in London during the same year. At the age of twenty-seven, with the pinnacle of her ambition attained in her native land, this remarkable actress had fearlessly set sail for England
purpose in view of storming the fortress

Keeping the resolution to herself, the Cushman arrived in London unheralded by a single paragraph. The path might be steep and thorny, but toil would render triumph all the sweeter. This idea of winning renown by legitimate work without drawing on a ready-made reputation, dominated her every action. Living frugally, she took obscure lodgings in Covent Garden, spent the bulk of her time dancing attendance upon Messieurs the theatrical managers, and for her pains was by one and all coldly repulsed. Off the stage, the God-given genius of this superb actress failed to make itself apparent in the person of a woman who, sooth to say, was not cast in fascinating mould, having physical qualities bordering on the masculine. But, as events afterwards demonstrated, Laurent, of Covent Garden, to take one example, lost a clear £5,000 by refusing her proffered services at the ridiculous salary of £8 per week. Returning to London after an unsuccessful attempt in Paris to get an engagement there with an English company, Charlotte grew more resolute than ever, equipped herself with new letters of introduction, and once more waited upon Maddox, the little Hebrew manager of the Princess's Theatre. Equally chilling was her second reception. "Repulsed, but not conquered," writes George Vandenhoff, with authority, in his "Reminiscences," "she rose to depart; but, as she reached the door, she turned round and exclaimed: 'I know I have enemies in this country, but'—and here she cast herself upon her knees and raised her clasped hands aloft—'so help me, God! I'll defeat them.' She uttered this with the energy of Lady Macbeth and the prophetic spirit of Meg Merrilies. 'Hullo!' said Maddox to himself, 's'help me! she's got de shtuff in her!' and he gave her an appearance, and afterwards an engagement in his theatre." The engagement was at £20 a week, and Maddox cleared some £5,000 by the transaction. Wisely for herself, Charlotte Cushman elected to make her *début* unaided by the dubious attractions of Edwin Forrest, whose popularity in London had, to his intense mortification, very palpably waned. Subsequently, after her passage, unscathed, through the fiery ordeal, she acted once or twice with her stentorian compatriot; but not for long, as Forrest was too much annoyed by his equivocal reception to permit of his taking a secondary position.

It was, then, on the 14th of February, 1845, that her *début* took place in the forceful character of Bianca in Milman's "Fazio." Despite a grave voice and a somewhat uncouth presence, which were soon lost sight of in the intensity of the impersonation, the actress gained quick command of the sympathies of her audience, and time after time evoked regular hurricanes of applause. Amid the chit-chat

about town respecting the new star, the prevailing topic seemed to be her remarkable resemblance, in voice, manner, and deportment, to Macready. Partly due to the circumstance that she had become infected with Macready's style while acting with him in America, this resemblance was heightened by the fact that her profile was a genuine travesty of the tragedian's—more especially in regard to the prolongation of chin. It will be remembered that a similar likeness existed between Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, who might have passed for brother and sister. Remaining in England until 1840, Charlotte Cushman left the Princess's and transferred her services to the Haymarket, where she played Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering" on Tuesday, June 30, 1846, and achieved one of the greatest hits of the century. Essentially a creation, as the text of the play suggested nothing very definite, this vivid impersonation differed materially from the Meg Merrilies of Sir Walter Scott, and yet harmonised quite as readily with the other elements of the story. Notwithstanding that Miss Cushman's voice was at fault in not carrying out the semblance of old age presented by her picturesque make-up, there was a smooth completeness in the unrestrained nature of her pantomimic action that outweighed all minor deficiencies. In this instance a trifling melodramatic *rôle* had been invested with all the merits of a lofty tragic character simply through the transcendent genius of the exponent. Uncertain in tragedy, oftentimes ludicrous in comedy when least intended, eccentric melodrama was certainly the Cushman's forte.

Amongst those who supported Charlotte Cushman and Macready at the Princess's in 1845, some mention must be made of John Gilbert, afterwards recognised as America's finest interpreter of old comedy. After considerable histrionic experiences in Boston, Gilbert had journeyed to Europe with the intention of studying his art in London and Paris. Hence his engagement at the Princess's. After Charlotte Cushman's desertion, Maddox sought to replace her by another American actress, a Miss Virginia Monier, who appeared as Mrs. Haller and proved a success of esteem. A finished actress, this new comer, but the strings that worked the puppet were rather too plainly shown. She was accused of not feeling her part, of playing by the book of arithmetic and subjugating natural impulse in favour of rigorous exactitude in the tones of her voice and the positions of her body.

Returning homewards in 1850, it was not to be expected that Charlotte Cushman could remain away for long from the scene of her greatest triumphs. So far from being in

fiasco which attended Forrest's second adventure, the reappearance of the actress in 1852 was the signal for the gathering of troops of friendly playgoers. Acting with all her pristine force and fire, experience had given greater mellowness and maturity to her style. Although unmistakably at a disadvantage in Shakespearian characters, which, for the most part, require subtlety for their proper exposition, Charlotte Cushman gained further laurels for her impersonation of Queen Katherine at the Haymarket in 1854. The popularity of her rendering is accounted for by the fact that she played down to the level of modern intellects. But what the rôle gained in one way it lost in poetic loftiness and classicality.

At the Haymarket (February, 1855) Charlotte Cushman triumphed again as Romeo to the Juliet of her sister Susan. More of passion and less of exaggeration were then exhibited in the part of the love-sick Montague than had ever been witnessed within living memory. The artiste's sex, so far from proving a demerit, was in this instance a material advantage. Her voice and figure, as already observed, had a sufficiency of the masculine. Added to this the greatest vehemence of action she was able to throw into the part was obviously less vigorous than the tensivity of the average male Romeo. Were it not for her Lady Townly in "The Provoked Husband," we should be inclined to say that Charlotte Cushman was barely tolerable as a comedienne. Her grip of this character, as played at the Haymarket in November, 1855, was certainly thorough, although marred now and again by her usual earnest intensity of manner. But the few weak points in the interpretation were swallowed up, so to speak, by her admirable delivery of the wit and repartee with which this essentially dialogue part abounds. Indeed, whatever may be the faults of American artists of the first water, a deficiency of precision and distinctness in stage diction is not of the number.

John R. Scott, the Bowery tragedian, visited London and the provinces in 1847, with but moderate success. Early in 1848 we have to note the advent of a charming and variously talented actress in Anna Cora Mowatt. Playing leading business at the Olympic in April of that year, she was capitally supported by a compatriot, Mr. E. L. Davenport. Mrs. Mowatt's own play, "Armand; or, the Child of the People" (originally produced at the Park Theatre, New York, during September, 1847), had its first English performance at the Marylebone, January 18, 1849, when, in deference to the views of the licenser, the ordinary sub-title was changed to "The Peer and the Peasant." Owing to the anti-monarchical tendency of the piece several passages were blue-pencilled by the same

worthy and had to be omitted. They were afterwards restored when "Armand" was performed in Dublin, and received with very liberal applause. Towards the middle of September, 1849, a new tragedy, called "Velasco : or, Castilian Honour," by an American author, Mr. Eps Sargent, was produced at the Marylebone, with E. L. Davenport in a prominent character. When the New Olympic opened its doors on Boxing Night of the same year, Mrs. Mowatt spoke the inaugural address, and Davenport appeared as Valentine in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." During January, 1850, Mrs. Mowatt's comedy, "Fashion : or, Life in New York," was brought out, and in the month following G. H. Lewes's play, "The Noble Heart" the latter supported by G. V. Brooke, E. L. Davenport, and Mrs. Mowatt. Neither piece, however, brought money to the treasury.

Public opinion had it that Mrs. Mowatt was an eminently pleasing actress, but E. L. Davenport was properly adjudged the finest American actor yet seen over here. An artist of extreme versatility, he ranked high in critical estimation even when placed in the scale with Macready and Brooke. There are still those living who have pleasurable recollections of Davenport's acting as Bolingbroke in "Richard II," when the play was revived at the Haymarket, in December, 1850, with Macready in the name part. After performing for a season at Drury Lane, Davenport transferred his services, in November, 1853, to the City of London Theatre, where he at once met with success in his production of "Jack Cade." Early in the winter of 1854 he said good-bye, and returned to America. His versatility was fairly surprising. On the evenings on which he alternated either Othello and Iago, or Brutus and Cassius, with Macready, he appeared later on as William in "Black-Eyed Susan," and sang a song and danced a hornpipe with true salt water vigour.

During the Great Exhibition year of 1851 it was gravely whispered about in theatrical circles that "Mr. Barnum of New York," as the papers then called him, was about to bring over some wonderfully clever children to the St James's Theatre. The "young eyases" proved to be Kate and Ellen Bateman, whose career had begun at Louisville in 1847, when the elder was only five years old. Making their English bow on Monday, August 25, as Richard and Richmond in the fifth Act of "Richard III." and in a translation from the French of Scribe entitled "The Young Couple," they remained at the St. James's some little time, appearing subsequently in scenes from "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice." After a provincial tour they returned to America, Colonel Bateman taking a farm in Cincinnati, and there his daughter Isabel w

1854. The joys of the country palling somewhat, after the lapse of a couple of years Colonel Bateman "pulled up stakes" and resumed his old life as manager of the St. Louis Theatre. Here the career of Ellen Bateman terminated. But, at the age of sixteen, Kate (Mrs. Crowe) was a full-blown actress on the New York stage. About to go to England on a holiday tour in 1863, her father made arrangements for her to appear at the Adelphi early in October in Daly's version of "Deborah," entitled "Leah," which had first seen the light at Boston two years previously. There is little need now to speak of an impersonation familiar to most playgoers by frequent repetition and which at once won for its exponent an enviable and well-sustained position upon the English stage. No account of the work of the Bateman family over here would be complete without reference to the Colonel's memorable tenure of the Lyceum, which, lasting as it did from 1871 to 1878, saw the production of "The Bells," "Charles I.," "Eugene Aram," "Richefeu," "Philip," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Queen Mary," "Richard III.," the "Lyons Mail," and "Louis XI." It is not with the Stephen Prices of the profession one must reckon the man who "discovered" Henry Irving, who gave him his opportunity, and who, from first to last, had a great deal to do with the establishment of the popular tragedian's reputation.

Induced to visit Europe in 1851, as the bearer of despatches from Washington, Josh Silsbee, successor to Yankee Hill and Dan Marble in the personation of Transatlantic peculiarities, was easily persuaded to kill two birds with one stone and take a London engagement while over here. Making his bow at the Adelphi on Tuesday, September 23, 1851, in "The Forest Rose" and the "Yankee Ploughboy," he became very popular in the metropolis, to the no small delight of his friends in New York. Undemonstrative in his humour, Silsbee's countenance and eye had a roguish cast and twinkle that proved very effective in his telling of funny stories. Only half of what he said was intelligible to a British audience, but that half sufficed to send the audience into fits of laughter. Beyond "The Forest Rose," in which, by the way, he danced the "Cape Cod Reel," Silsbee appeared here in only one other piece—a farce called "The Yankee Pedlar."

McKean Buchanan, the American tragedian, made his *début* at the Marylebone, May 24, 1852, as Sir Giles Overreach, at once challenging comparison with Cooke, Edmund Kean and G. V. Brooke. The performance had its merits, but the style of the actor was marred by extravagance. Buchanan was devoid of neither power nor intelligence, but his training had been insufficient and in the worst

schools. He starred, here, however, for some months under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, who even went so far as to revive "The Apostate" on his behalf. At Drury Lane late in July, 1852 (the theatre having been especially re-opened for the purpose by Sheridan Smith), he appeared in an elaborate revival of "Hamlet," got up under the superintendence of Henry Marston. Lacking meditativeness and repose, the American tragedian was truly wretched in the soliloquies. His vigour in the more passionate passages bordered perilously on rant, and evoked abundant protests from the pit. After touring the provinces, McKean Buchanan re-appeared at the City of London Theatre in the autumn of 1854, and then wended his way back to America. It certainly took this milk-and-water Forrest a long time to discover that his elocution was peculiarly unfitted for the fastidious British ear, which never did or could favour the American system of heavy and prolonged emphases.

Mr. G. H. Boker, an American poet and dramatist, whose "Calynos" had been produced at Sadler's Wells a few seasons previously, had his blank-verse play, "The Betrothal," brought out at Drury Lane during September, 1853, with E. L. Davenport and Gustavus Brooke in the principal characters. Exactly two years afterwards Mr. J. H. McVicker (who is now to be recognised as a prominent theatrical manager in Chicago) made his English *debut* at the Surrey in a piece of extravagance entitled "Sam Patch," which had been especially written for the comedian. Mr. McVicker's acting was as farcical as the play—which aimed at "a kind of coarse Sam Slick humour"—was broad and prolix.

James Murdoch, the best American Hamlet of his day, and an excellent light comedian, visited Europe in 1856, and appeared at the Haymarket, late in September, as young Mirabel in an adroit compression of "The Inconstant." There was a touch of irony in the circumstance, as pointed out at the time, that a stranger should revive this witty piece at a juncture when the theatres were otherwise presenting the veriest rubbish. The critics all agreed that Murdoch's acting was remarkable for its virile power and its many well-considered touches of appropriate by-play. About the same time also those excellent farceurs, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, were fulfilling a long engagement at the Adelphi with unvarying success. "Barney" made a very amusing Irish-American, and danced jigs with great gusto; while his wife's songs as the skittish Yankee gal soon found their way into the streets. The art of the Williamses was not of the highest, but it was devoid of any suspicion of coarseness or vulgarity. Hence their long-extended popularity in England.

At the Haymarket, on October 11, 1858, Mrs. Charles Matthews, who had been previously recognised on the American stage as Mrs. "Dolly" Davenport, made her English *debut* as Lady Gay Spanker. In association with her talented husband, this useful actress was afterwards prominently identified with the fortunes of the Haymarket until 1861, appearing from time to time in many important pieces.

During 1859 Mr. J. B. Roberts appeared at Drury Lane as King Lear, and another American actor, Mr. Joseph Procter, performed at the Surrey with some success. When Boucicault's indifferent comedy of "The Irish Heiress" was produced at the Lyceum about the middle of October, 1860, the leading part devolved upon a sprightly and good-looking American *debutante*, Miss Gougenheim. The objection sustained against Barney Williams, that a certain Western intonation marred his assumption of the brogue, and rendered doubtful the exact nationality of the character being portrayed, held good in the case of this lady. Equally out of place was this accent subsequently in "The Love Chase," in which Miss Gougenheim showed spirit, but no artistic brilliance to speak of. In the same year, and at the same theatre, Mr. Harry Watkins, another American, made his appearance in the first production of Tom Taylor's "The Brigand and his Banker."

After eleven years' stage experience, which had made of him a ripe and finished tragedian, Edwin Booth visited England for the first time in 1860, and gave performances in Manchester, Liverpool, and London. Between this and his next visit there was an interval of twenty years. Meanwhile the whirligig of time had brought about strange changes, placing Henry Irving, who had played minor parts in support of Booth in 1860, on the very pinnacle of histrionic fame. Attempts were made in certain theatrical quarters to promote an undignified rivalry between the two great artists, but, happily, the day had long gone by for the renewal of those childish bickering, which ended so disastrously in the case of Forrest and Macready. Surrounded by a somewhat inadequate company, Booth inaugurated his engagement at the New Princess's Theatre in November, 1860, by appearing as Hamlet, and soon won critical admiration by his impersonation of Richelieu, Bertuccio, and King Lear. Henry Irving's generosity at this juncture can never be forgotten. Learning that his great American *confrère* desired to secure the Lyceum for a few *matinées*, Irving at once proposed they should act Othello and Lear alternately, stayed the course of a prosperous production, and gave a thousand pounds in mounting the tragedy to give his rival

innings. Of a surety, Monday, May 2, 1881, marks a red-letter day in the interchange of national courtesies.

During the year 1861 Miss Julia Daly, a clever soubrette, made a profitable tour through the provinces in "Our Female American Cousin." She also appeared, from time to time, as Biddy Casey in the "Irish Girl," and Letty Duster, the Yankee help (and other characters), in the farce "In and Out of Place." She was a capital vocalist, and sang "My Johnny was a Shoemaker," "Trust to Luck," and "Erin is my Home," with great taste and expression.

That remarkable woman, Adah Isaacs Menken, who was everything by turns and nothing long, and whose voluptuous beauty charmed all hearts, came to England in 1864 with the hand of death already upon her. E. T. Smith had just made over the care of management at Drury Lane to Edward Falconer, and on crossing the water to Astley's Amphitheatre he burst on the town with the great female Mazeppa. Success immediately crowned his enterprise. The Menken's engagement was extended to four months, during which her emoluments could not have been less than some three thousand odd pounds.

Joseph Jefferson, John E. Owens, and Newton Gotthold were all playing in London much about the same period in the year 1865. Owens opened at the Adelphi, early in July, in a wretched play called "Solon Shingle," which gave this excellent comedian little opportunity to reveal his talents as an impersonator of character parts. Simultaneously Newton Gotthold—billed as "The Young American Tragedian"—was appearing with success at the Vic. in "The Gunmaker of Moscow." At the City of London, in November, he appeared as Othello to the Desdemona of Miss Ada Cavendish. On the bright side of thirty, Gotthold had journeyed to England under the auspices of a syndicate of wealthy Americans, who placed him under the care of Walter Lacy, and arranged for his appearance at various metropolitan theatres. Turn we now to the *début* of the actor whom Mr. Dutton Cook very properly considered as "one of the very few genuine artists ever given or lent by America to England." Joseph Jefferson. Albeit that the play of "Rip Van Winkle" had been performed in London so far back as the year 1832, when Yates appeared in the name part of Boyle Bernard's piece at the Adelphi, and notwithstanding Hackett's performance as the good-natured Scamp, the theme never became popularised over here until taken in hand by Mr. Jefferson. Five years after this excellent artist had first turned his attention to the character, he came to England, and made his bow early in September,

1865, in a play hastily reconstructed by Dion Boucicault from Charles Burke's stage version of the Sleepy Hollow legend. Inadequate as was the production, Jefferson's marvellous acting retained "Rip Van Winkle" on the bills for 172 consecutive nights. But one may regret the success which has kept the player harping, for the most part, on a single string ever since.

The most noteworthy event of 1866, from the present point of view, was the *début* at the Royalty, late in May, of Mr. Charles Wyndham as Sir Arthur Lascelles in "All that Glitters is not Gold." This most mercurial of comedians had gained his early stage experience at the Olympic Theatre, New York, and had subsequently figured as an army surgeon during the war. Mr. John Sleeper Clarke, afterwards to be recognised as the popular manager of the Strand, Charing Cross, and Haymarket Theatres, made his first appearance in England at the St. James's towards the middle of October, 1867, in his well-known impersonation of Major Wellington De Boots. It was under his management at the Haymarket that Miss Linda Dietz, after three years' histrionic experience in America, elected, in August, 1873, to make her bow before an English audience.

America has reason to feel proud of the European career of Miss Gèneviève Ward, who, ever since her appearance as Lady Macbeth at Manchester in October, 1873, has held a high and well-nigh unique position on the English stage. Previous to gaining tragic laurels, Miss Ward (whose career is somewhat analogous to that of Charlotte Cushman) had won some distinction as a lyric artiste. America has lent us many dramatic vocalists of merit, such as Kate Munroe (1874), Emma Nevada (1880), and Agnes Huntingdon (1885); but it is just possible that, until the *début* of Zélie De Lussan as Carmen at Covent Garden on July 7, 1888, London had never heard a lyric artiste of first-rate ability whose training had been solely and entirely American.

Besides the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight in "Otto"; of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence in "The Almighty Dollar"; of Mr. William Calder and Mr. D. H. Harkins, the dramatic year of 1880 was otherwise noteworthy for the advent of the first complete and thoroughly representative American company ever seen over here. "The Danites," a capital melodrama, with which Mr. and Mrs. M'Kee Rankin and their troupe challenged attention at Sadler's Wells on the 26th of April, was as thoroughly typical as the artists. For the first time one could form some idea of the quality of *Transatlantic ensemble*.

In 1881 London enjoyed the performances of Edwin Booth, and was afforded an opportunity of contrasting the old and new schools of tragic acting by the *début* at Drury Lane, in May, of the late John McCullough as Othello. During 1882 Miss Calhoun challenged comparison with Mrs. Langtry by appearing at the Imperial as Hester Grazebrook in "An Unequal Match." That eccentric, musical, comical oddity, "Fun on the Bristol," was performed in rapid succession at half-a-dozen London theatres, and wound up with a long-extended run in the provinces. And Mr. George Kirk went on tour with "Dan'l Bartlett; or, a Messenger from Jarvis Section," as identified in America with the acting of the late Barney M'Auley. One thousand eight hundred and eighty-three admirably illustrated the fickleness of Dame Fortune. Lotta, spoiled child of the American stage—"The Dramatic Cocktail," who defied criticism and scorned convention—met with sad reverse at the Olympic. On the other hand, Minnie Palmer, certainly an adherent of the Lotta school, won all hearts in "My Sweetheart." The event of the year, however, was most undoubtedly the *début* of Mary Anderson at the Lyceum as Parthenia. It would be idle to speak here at length of the career of an artiste who, after appearing in some fifteen characters, has won a position in the affections of English playgoers superior if anything to that attained by Charlotte Cushman.

Of infinitely greater importance, from our point of view, than the protracted sojourn of Lawrence Barrett at the Lyceum in 1884, was the advent of Augustin Daly's company at Toole's Theatre, when metropolitan *débuts* were made by such sterling artists as Miss Ada Rehan, Miss G. H. Gilbert, Miss Virginia Dreher, Miss May Fielding, Mr. James Lewis, Mr. Otis Skinner, Mr. Wm. Gilbert, and Mr. John Drew. Owing to their appearing at the fag end of a dull season, with a thermometer registering something like ninety in the shade, success failed to crown their efforts at the outset.

The light of Ada Rehan, not to speak of other members of the company, was certainly hidden under a bushel in the opening piece, "Casting the Boomerang." But when "She Would and She Would Not," "The Country Girl," and "Dollars and Sense" had been produced, it had dawned upon us that Mr. Daly's organisation boasted one or two comedians without their peer on English boards. Subsequent visits only served to confirm this impression. Uniformly large audiences were attracted to the Strand Theatre in June, 1886, when "A Night Off" formed the *piece de resistance*. Daly's revival of that much-neglected comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," in the summer of 1888, gave Ada Rehan, as

she was not slow in taking advantage of ; so much so that by the time "As You Like It" had been seen at the Lyceum this talented comedienne had secured a place in the affections of Londoners second only to that held by Ellen Terry.

With this necessarily brief record of the work of the Daly company in England we prefer to bring our retrospect to a close.

Rather than treat of the Rigls, the Fay Templetons, the Patti Rosas, and the Loie Fullers, who fretted their brief hour upon the stage, let us linger over the achievements of a band of artists the remarkable smoothness and absence of point-making in whose playing have at last afforded English playgoers ample means of judging of the artistic equipment and histrionic resources of the kindred nation.

W. J. LAWRENCE

RAMBLES AMONG ALGERIAN HILLS.

THE brilliant sunshine and heat at the Algerian sea-level at Bona was almost tropical, so we started as soon as possible for the mountains. A narrow belt of plain fringes the sea-coast, and is bounded inland by round forest-clad hills. The single line of railway to Tunis climbs them, and runs through and about them. For nearly seven miles it courses through the plains, which are thronged with ripening crops of wheat and barley, with large stretches of greening vineyards intermingled. The high road to somewhere runs alongside the railway, and is almost solely occupied by Arabs on horseback. It seems to be a rule among the Arabs never to walk when they can ride, and never to ride when they can sit still. Here they are, frequently two on one horse, or else mounted on a pyramid of some kind of luggage or fodder. Their horses for the most part seem as if they had done duty in London cabs. Nevertheless, there is a look of broken-down gentility about them, which indicates that they come from an ancestral aristocratic horse-stock.

It was the beginning of May; and, after the rains, the whole country is crowded with flowers of every hue: the surprising thing to a botanist is their European look and affinity, although they are growing in North Africa. In fact, it is the Mediterranean flora, which flourishes almost equally on the south as well as the north side of that historic sea, and extends inland as far as the Sahara deserts. Africa and Europe are now geographically separated; but they were not always so. At a period geologically recent, the Mediterranean was an inland sea. The present Straits of Gibraltar were then a narrow bridge of dry land, across which both animals and plants could migrate from Europe to Africa. The desert of Sahara was at that period a shallow sea, which prevented emigrations more southerly. As a sea-bed, uplifted and converted into a dry, inhospitable, and burning terrestrial waste, it opposes migration of plants nowadays as much as it did when it was a sea. The st

ing across the Straits of Gibraltar pl

how recent has been the terrestrial separation of Europe and North Africa. So we are now in the secret of the wonderful resemblance and similitude between the flowering plants on both sides of the Mediterranean.

The whole country is a perfect paradise of flowers : but they go off rapidly, owing to the intense heat. By the roadsides, and in the dykes which margin them along the plains, the ground is carpeted with myriads of a pretty blue and yellow convolvulus resembling nemophila. The umbels of the wild carrot are larger and whiter than those of our English meadows, and even more abundant. The rose-coloured flowers of the musk mallow (*Althea rosea*) are everywhere : so are the bright Prussian-blue corollas of the borage (*Borago officinalis*). The dykes are full of a pink-flowered water-plantain, and the fields and meadows are crimsoned in places with large red-flowered clovers. Gorgeous and abundant yellow thistles rise stately amid the rest of their numerous floral competitors. Pink knapweeds and blue chicory are in strong force.

The vineyards and olive-yards in the plains are tended by Kabylian Arabs—the only tribe, the French colonists say, that will do any work. The dark tents of the Arabs are grouped, a few together, among the standing crops, each encampment surrounded by a zareba fence of thorns. Hedgerows of prickly pears part off the different crops.

At last we enter the hills. They run in lines of varying heights. One ridge rises beyond another, till they fade in the dim summer haze. The single line of railway ascends to nearly 4,000 feet in a little over 50 miles from where it begins to climb. Many of the gradients are therefore unusually steep, and in some places the line ascends by a series of zigzags. The uphill journey is not without special dangers, from the occurrence of stone avalanches in the deep cuttings. We had to wait while one was being removed. The trains, therefore, only run in the daytime.

All the way up, the railway runs through a garden of wild flowers. Bushes crowded with the small white lovely flowers of rock-rose (*Helianthemum*) form a dense thicket. Wild fig trees compose the groves ; pistachio trees the woods. Right and left of the railway the ground is literally choked with wild flowers—star thistles, tree mallows, shrubby acacias, brambles, cow parsnips, wild pansies, asphodels, wild onions in flower, white climbing convolvuluses, Spanish broom, tamarisk trees as big and almost as bushy as oaks; w
irises, amaranth trees, groves of cork trees, red-flowered
luses, yellow and white cruciferous plants, dense bushes of the

thorned yellow genista (the original of "Plantagenista," which served as the badge of the Plantagenets during the Crusades), blue and red blossomed hound's-tongue, a curious yellow flowered boraginaceous plant with purple bracts, etc., are among the chief kind one notices from the train. And, as we travel at the rate of only ten or twelve miles an hour, there is ample opportunity for botanical observation.

All the way up the hills the vineyards follow us. The amount of grapes cultivated in Algeria is very great. The sloping hillsides facing the sea have been cleared, and are occupied with flourishing vineyards. The scenery is magnificent, and reminds me of the mountains around Snowdon, or those of the western Highlands of Scotland. When we reach the plateau at Souk-Ahras the primitive rocks are succeeded by beds of conglomerate, then of rounded hills of Miocene sandstone and limestone. If it were not for the numerous Arab encampments and the wild flowers, one might imagine oneself in North Wales on a very hot and cloudless summer's day.

Settled down in the hollows of the green hills, or hidden from view amid the crags forming the crests of the hill tops, may be seen the low, dark brown tents of the Arabs. In the former localities the camp is surrounded by a dense fence. The ground within is well trodden by the feet of animals. The tents appear to be family, perhaps tribal, heirlooms. They are made of camel- and goat-hair, and evidently are made to last, not to sell. An Arab camp is not a picturesque object, although it is dirty enough to be, and I have frequently observed that the picturesque and dirty go together. There is a woful look of a deserted fair-ground about it. Within the zareba the sheep and cattle are penned at night, for these children of nature cannot trust each other long or far.

Your approach to an Arab camp (and the same undulating hillside may be occupied with half-a-dozen) is seen by its scouts afar off. As you near the spot there is a hurry to get the women out of sight, lest the gaze of an unbelieving Christian should fall on them. The Arabs think that Christians cannot have much respect for their women when they allow the latter to go about with uncovered faces for anybody to look at. If you surprise the camp by appearing before the ragged, brown, and unwashed dames are cleared out of the way, you are peremptorily ordered to stand still. If you are polite, you look another way — although the retreating ladies will doubtless look yours.

Then there are all the Arab dogs to be remembered — and it is not likely you will see them. They strongly resemble the Esquimaux breed, a

as if they had all embraced the Mahometan faith. Even a stick is used to frighten them away, although I observed that the act of stooping to pick up a stone did. The noise they make is tremendous, and is conveyed from one camp to another, and before long the whole hillside is given up to the canine orchestra. An Englishman never feels so susceptible about his ankles and calves as when he is endeavouring to move in a graceful and dignified manner among a throng of Arab dogs in their own camp.

These hillside Arabs are still a people who live chiefly by their flocks and herds. In the desert regions, this would necessitate a nomadic or wandering life, as it did in the days of Abraham and Lot, for flock- and herd-keepers must move about in search of food and water. Except wheat for themselves, and oats for their horses, they grow nothing. Bread, milk, and butter are their chief food; coffee and cigarettes their chief luxury. Mahometans are all teetotallers, so the Arabs have never been owners or planters of vineyards, although the poorer Arabs and Kabyls do not mind labouring in vineyards. These rich pastures of the Algerian hills have rendered a nomadic life unnecessary, especially in the province of Constantine, where pasturage and watering are plentiful. In ancient times the Romans planted vineyards on the same hills upon which the French colonists have recently again introduced them.

The Arab cattle up here are very pretty, clean looking creatures, reminding one of the Jersey cows more than any other breed. Their milk and the butter from it are delicious. The latter would look more attractive to an intending European purchaser if the hands of the maker and vendor were cleaner. He would then be inclined to take no notice of their dark-copper colour. An Arab boy or man will munch dry bread all day. Nearer the desert this diet will be varied with a few dried dates, or dried locusts, all of which larder is contained within the ample folds of the woollen burnous.

In the commune of Tarja we visited the house of the Arab sheikh, who unfortunately was not at home, although I met him afterwards. He lives in a whitewashed, single-storeyed, red-tiled cottage, which might fetch eight pounds a year rent in Suffolk, and which is dignified by the name of the "Sheikh's House." Away from the towns and villages, the only Arab houses are of this kind. In the Sheikh's garden (about the size of a tennis-court) there were a few potatoes and carrots growing. These were the only vegetables I saw cultivated by the Arabs in the parts I visited. For one thing (except potatoes) it is unnecessary to grow them - nature saves the trouble, and no Arab would dare to improve on nature if it en

work. There is wild garlic, wild onion (although the latter is said to be poisonous), wild carrot, parsnip, fennel, thyme, &c., in abundance.

Moreover, there is the wild artichoke. It is a magnificent plant, with leaves finer and larger than those of the much overpraised Greek acanthus. It grows abundantly on the hillsides, and is especially luxurious in the higher cornfields. One plant frequently occupies a superficies of several square feet. The leaves are of a greyish green colour, intensely slippery, and crowded all over with thorns as sharp as needles, and as difficult to extract as fish-hooks. It is the easiest thing in the world to slip down when descending a hillside occupied with wild artichokes. Nature has kindly combined a man's seat of honour with his centre of gravity, so that if the centre get seated in an artichoke plant it will be bound to carry away proofs of the same, and retain them for weeks. From the middle of these wonderfully fine plants rises the thick stem, crowned with spiny bracts like those we eat in the cultivated variety of this plant. You see the cast off Arab women everywhere in the cornfields, cutting down these tall and succulent stems and heads before they get too stringy and tough. They are packed in bundles like firewood, and carried home on the young-old creatures' backs. They are the chief vegetable employed in the famous Arab dish of *cous-cous*.

"Cous-cous" is the food of Paradise, according to an Arab gourmand. It is composed of mutton cut in slices, semolina (or finely prepared flour), plenty of wild artichoke, wild garlic, carrots, wild peas, and other herbs at command. This is seasoned with abundant butter, and the whole is half-baked, half-stewed together. I tried it, but it was hardly palatable to a new experimenter. The worst of the experiment is that they generously give you so much to experiment upon at a time.

In spite of poor living, dirt, and perhaps vermin, I should prefer the life of the Algerian hills, if I were an Arab. The men and boys linger, wander, hang about their flocks and herds in a dreamy, half-enjoyable, never-bored sort of way. The sheep are mostly small, piebald, fine-woolled creatures, which follow their Arab owners like dogs. We found this out. I was collecting plants, and hammering at rocks for fossils. Arab shepherds and their flocks constantly drifted up the hillsides to see what was going on, and the men wondered exceedingly at seeing me carefully examining some specimens with my pocket lens, and carefully packing them up in paper. Frequently these Arab shepherds are father and son. They were always highly but quietly respectful, and would shake hands. Then they conveyed their own shaken hands to the

politely kissed the place of contact like gentlemen. The young men, as I said before, are perfect models of manly beauty. They nearly all cut their beards in the same Oriental fashion as the reputed portrait of our Saviour represents, and which is approximated by a peak cut beard now in fashion in England and France. How ancient that habit must be! But a beard has always been a sacred thing to an Arab.

One very handsome young Arab was in attendance on his grandfather and dark brown father. They neared us, shook and kissed hands, and then fell back to observe. Perhaps that observation would furnish speculative tittle tattle in the tent for many a night afterwards. One of our party very politely took off the cover from his cigarette case, and offered the latter to the gentle-looking young Arab. He smiled as blandly as a Chinese, and appropriated the entire case! His father had not witnessed the transaction; so the young Arab forthwith glided away to a cool spot, where he could wait till sundown, and make himself ill on cigarettes. The owner of the cigarettes did not think much of that Arab.

Whilst wandering in and among these noble hills, I came across a collection of *dolmens*. There were about five altogether. All are constructed alike—flag-like slabs, set up on end along three sides of a parallelogram, with one large slab on the top, keeping them all in position. They measured eight and ten feet by five and six feet. They reminded me of the old-fashioned tombs seen in English old country churchyards, and I could hardly help concluding that the latter are architectural survivals of these neolithic monuments. One was almost wind-proof, except at the open end, and the layer of straw and heap of burnt ashes within showed that it had been recently used as a lodging-house. All the dolmens were orientated.

Close by were stone circles—or, rather, collections of stones arranged in a coiled-up, serpent-like fashion. The biggest stone represented the head, and the smaller stones literally tailed off. One of these serpentine coils was ten yards in diameter, and the almost perfect coil lay in three distinct folds. Ages before Roman or Carthaginian battled for these fertile fields on the hills, these rude monuments of a forgotten people must have stood just as we beheld them, and just as they are situated now. The tribes of humanity leave relics of their faiths behind them, over the same areas, just as the rock-formations of the same neighbourhood have chronicled the various periods when they were deposited, by the fossil remains they so abundantly enclose. A careful search, and some excavations however, were not successful in discovering any stone weapons.

TABLE TALK.

THE PERFECTING OF THE BOOK.

I HAVE spoken previously of the Society of Bibliophiles Contemporaines. The first publication of this society is before me, and consists of "Annales Littéraires," a collection of short essays or *causeries* by the members, including the president, M. Jules Claretie, of the Académie Française, M. Henri Houssaye, Mr. Richard Copley Christie, and other writers, French and English. With the literary merit of the volume I am not concerned. It is interesting, however, as an effort at obtaining perfection in all details of book-production. The aim of the society is to issue in the most artistic shapes one or two publications each year, and to secure in paper, printing, illustration, &c., the utmost possible of novelty and perfection. How far the result aimed at has been achieved I am not erudite enough to say. Type and paper are beautiful, and the printing, I am told by an expert, is as good as it can be. Coloured illustrations of the Queen of Roumania (the honorary president) and other dignitaries of the society are the best things that have been done in that line of art, which, however, is rapidly progressive. These accordingly cannot be regarded as final in execution. Very admirable are the borders to the pages, and the head- and tail-pieces and other ornaments have the combined grace and fancy of French artists. The cover, too, is a charming artistic study. One aim of the enterprising founder of the society is at least fulfilled. No copy is available for the purpose of commerce, and the great Paris booksellers are on the look out to secure a subscription copy or two, for which double the subscription price is forthcoming.

THE VENETIAN PRESS.

A HISTORY of the Venetian Press such as has been contributed by Mr. Horatio F. Brown, is an important addition to those bibliographical works which are the delight of the collector. On account of her position in direct communication with Germany, the freedom of her laws, her wealth and liberality, and other kindred causes, Venice received at an early date an influx of skilled printers who carried to the highest point among Italian cities her reputation as a home of printing. Assuming to be correct, which bibliographers are indisposed to do, the date of 1461 borne by the De¹

¹ J. C. Nimmo.

the colophon of which runs, "Anno a Christi Incarnatione MCCCCLXI per Magistrum Nicolaum Jenson hoc opus quod Puellarum Decor dicitur feliciter impressum est. Laus Deo," Venice was four years in advance of any other Italian city. Leaving aside the debatable question, it may at least be said that within the decade 1470-1480 no fewer than fifty typographers, many of them of high eminence, were established in Venice, and that before the close of the fifteenth century she could number more printers than Rome, Naples, Florence, and Milan put together. The celebrity of the Aldine press has eclipsed the fame of other Venetian printers. In fact, however, the work of Jenson, of John and Vindelin de Spira, of Valdarfer, and other early masters, is in no case inferior to that of Aldus Manutius and his successors. Of the rise and fall of printing in Venice, of its struggles against the Inquisition and the *Index Expurgatorius*, of the establishment of the Guilds, and of other like subjects, Mr. Brown speaks with authority. The conclusions, moreover, are supported by documents from Venetian archives, now printed for the first time, as an appendix; and his book, which supplies many facsimiles of early printing, is one in which the bibliophile will revel.

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY BOOKSELLER.

IN the course of his researches through Venetian documents Mr. Brown has been fortunate enough to come upon the Day-book of a Venetian bookseller, name unknown, who followed his calling

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1891.

THE FEATHERSTONE DIAMOND.

By THOMAS KEYWORTH.

I.

IT is well to be famous for something ; so my friends often told me, and then they added that I was famous for my paper-knife. This gave rise to a question which produced considerable controversy at the time. " Is a fact like that conclusive proof of the paper-knife being extraordinary, or may it mean that the owner is insignificant ? "

I hope I took the banter in good part. Bowman said it was capital fun, and Sweepstone said anything would produce mirth if properly treated ; and others made similar remarks, as they enjoyed the laughter which was produced. The men who were most thin-skinned were readiest with their jokes, so I looked upon it as a compensation and tried not to begrudge them their amusement.

Bowman would have it that I had stolen the paper knife, and Sweepstone hinted something about a still more serious crime being connected with it. Then there were roars of laughter, which would have put a light heart into a hypochondriac.

I may remark at this stage, that Bowman and Sweepstone were two bachelor friends of mine, both good fellows, and both fond of a joke—at other people's expense. Bowman was a solicitor and Sweepstone was a stock-and share broker. Bowman always spoke about himself as a member of a learned profession, and he referred to Sweepstone as a mercantile Bohemian. Sweepstone returned the compliment by saying that lawyers existed on a reputation which they won when ignorance prevailed amongst people in general, but that stock-and share brokers were in " the foremost ⁶¹ " they represented the scientific spirit applied to ⁶²

But they never railed against each other long if they could find a third person to torment.

"That paper-knife was a marvellous production, I must confess—only fit for a millionaire," said Bowman. "Or a lunatic," responded Sweepstone, starting the laughter which followed. Because of remarks like these I persistently refused to say how it came into my possession.

Let me describe it. The blade was nine inches long, and it consisted of richly tinted agate. The stone had been worked until it was thin enough for the purpose to which it was devoted. Agate is exceedingly hard and brittle, so that great care must have been exercised by the lapidary who ground and polished it. On the blade was engraved the motto: "Nothing but leaves." The handle was silver; a good, substantial handle, which might have been on a dagger or a bowie-knife. It was richly chased, and the ornamentation was very beautiful. On each side of the handle, in the thickest part, there was an oval frame-work, representing coral and sea-weed. Inside the frame was a dolphin, which seemed to be swimming in water and bearing a child on its back. It was indeed a wonderful paper-knife; its only fault was that no ordinary mortal would ever have used it for cutting the leaves of a book or magazine.

"Lend me that stolen paper-knife," Bowman was fond of saying, if he found a book on my table which had not been cut; but I kept an ivory substitute for actual use and preserved the agate and silver one for show. Bowman had to be satisfied with the ivory, while I submitted to his remarks about the absurdity of keeping a white elephant. If I said anything about ivory being more like white elephant than the agate and silver, he solemnly failed to understand my reference and asked me to explain my meaning.

"That paper-knife is like Bluebeard's key," said Sweepstone; "the crimson tints are indelible marks of blood. You cannot possibly wash them away, and therefore you are anxious to keep the proof of your guilt out of sight."

At that time I was classical master at the Millchester Grammar School. The school was situated in the middle of the town, near a river of filth. It was not surprising, therefore, that I lived several miles away, at a place called Barnfield. Railway-trains and omnibuses ran regularly between Barnfield and Millchester; so that, for all practical purposes, I was quite near enough to the scene of my labours, and I was glad to get away from the smoke and mud which prevailed in the town.

We had a bowling club at Barnfield, and it was in connection

with bowls that I became acquainted with Bowman, Sweepstone, and other men who resided in the neighbourhood. We called the club a bowling club because we had a bowling-green, and the name sounded like open-air exercise and innocent recreation ; but I am afraid that other games were greater favourites with many of the members. "Give a dog a good name, and he cannot have the hydrophobia," said Sweepstone, in reference to our institution, which was patronised by men who would never have entered it if billiards or cards had been mentioned in the official title. "Every man who has any self-respect is a bit of a hypocrite," was Bowman's sententious reply.

Previous to my appointment at Millchester Grammar School, I was for two years the private tutor of a young man whose education had been interfered with by ill health. His name was Brayshaw, and he was nephew to Rumford Featherstone, a wealthy man, who died very suddenly, leaving his enormous fortune to a widowed sister the mother of my pupil.

I had paid several visits to Rumford Hall with Brayshaw during his uncle's lifetime, and had often noticed the agate paper-knife, with its massive silver handle. My pupil knew that I admired it, and promised me playfully that, if ever it came into his possession, he would transfer it to me. When he was at Oxford and I had settled at Millchester, I received a polite note from his mother begging my acceptance of the paper knife as a memento of her deceased brother. I thanked her for the handsome gift, and wrote to her son also, acknowledging the celerity with which he had taken time by the forelock and fulfilled his promise before the appointed time.

I never satisfied my Barnfield friends about the manner in which the paper-knife came into my possession. One reason for this reticence on my part was that there were certain rumours in circulation soon after Rumford Featherstone's death, which reflected unfavourably upon a young man called Woodrough, who had been his private secretary. Both Bowman and Sweepstone mentioned the subject in my hearing, and expressed their opinion that Woodrough had stolen the famous Featherstone diamond, which disappeared mysteriously at the time when Rumford Featherstone died.

I often smiled when I thought what a precious opportunity for banner was lost to my friends through their ignorance of the circumstances under which the paper knife came into my possession. I could imagine Bowman raising his hands in pretended horror and exclaiming, "I knew there was theft connected with it. Jackson was in league with that private secretary, and they shared the booty ;

but I must say the partition of spoil was not fair. The fellow who got the diamond—unless—Jackson, where is that Featherstone diamond?" Then Sweepstone would have declared that he had an additional reason for his favourite theory about the shedding of blood and the suspicious-looking tints in the agate.

Another circumstance which made me unwilling to say anything about my former connection with Rumsford Featherstone's family was that Woodrough, the private secretary, was in Millchester. I met him one day when I was walking from the school to the station. He was startled to see me; but for that I should not have noticed him. When I knew him at Rumsford Hall he was closely shaven; but he was beginning to grow a beard and moustache, which seemed likely in a short time to disguise him effectually.

As far as I could remember, nothing was really proved against Woodrough, and I was puzzled at the moment how I ought to treat him; but when I am uncertain what to do, I invariably, and from impulse, follow the course which seems kindest at the moment; so I put out my hand to him as if nothing had happened which was discreditable to his good name.

He seemed very grateful, and told me that he had obtained a subordinate position in the office of Sheet & Piece, a well-known firm of shippers. Mr. Sheet was a friend of his father, the Rev. Stephen Woodrough, a minister near London.

"Uncle meddles with everything and everybody, but he would be surprised if you attended to any of his suggestions. I never do." Remarks like that were often made by the lad, in a jovial manner. Weakness and pain had not made him petulant, but he was ready to joke about his own infirmities.

"There are worse things in this world than a weak constitution," he said, "if it is not too weak. I have been spoiled, and I like it."

Fun must have been very difficult in the presence of Rumford Featherstone, who was a grim-looking man of sixty-five. He had a face which looked incapable of smiling, and I never knew him try the experiment. His nephew was constantly making absurd remarks, but none of them appeared to affect the uncle, who glared under his heavy brow at the venturesome youngster who was bold enough even to make puns in that forbidding presence.

Rumford Featherstone professed to trust nobody. His opinions about human nature were as unfavourable as possible; but in practice, he was the most unsuspecting of men, and he might have been robbed with impunity. He locked up scarcely anything. He denounced the worthlessness of humanity and the dishonesty of society, while he left valuable articles about as if he had perfect confidence in his fellow-men.

He was known to have a splendid collection of gems, and some of them were of great value. The Featherstone diamond especially was one of the famous stones which have been honoured with distinctive names, and it was known far and wide.

"If you want to be remembered as long as the world stands," he said to me when first he showed me his treasures, "you must procure a stone like this and call it after yourself. This will be the Featherstone diamond when all the monuments which have been reared in this generation are carted away for rubbish, and when all the books which have been written during this century are forgotten."

"It may have half a dozen different names before the end of time," exclaimed Brayshaw. "In the year ten-thousand-and-one it may be called the Ching Chow diamond, if the Chinese rule the roast, as they are expected to do. 'Rule the roast pig,' Charles Lamb would have said."

Featherstone looked angry; and as nobody cared to laugh at Brayshaw's remark, he laughed himself, repeating.

"It will be the Ching Chow diamond, formerly the Pah Pah diamond of New Zealand. There is time for many changes before the year ten-thousand-and-one."

The Featherstor

... for its perfect colour and

matchless lustre. It had been cut to the best advantage, and weighed thirty-five carats. If there had been nothing extraordinary in its appearance it would have been worth ten thousand pounds ; but with precious stones value is enhanced by fame, and it was impossible to say what a stone like that might have fetched in the open market.

Some people said it was the only thing in the world which its owner really loved.

“ He is a little more than indifferent to his sister,” was a remark often made, “ and he does not positively hate that nephew of his ; but he loves nothing but his diamond.”

In the library a massive safe stood, having the most recent improvements, including a time-lock, and in that safe the precious stones were kept.

Woodrough was called the private secretary, but his duties had more connection with the jewels of his employer than with books and papers. He had a key to the safe, and he generally set the time-lock at night.

I liked Woodrough, and so did my pupil. He was a quiet fellow, fond of reading and attached to his employer. “ Mr. Featherstone is not difficult to please,” he said to me in confidence. “ All you have to do is to find out what he is likely to want and then act as if he had told you. Very likely he will complain, but that does not matter. He is magnanimous enough not to expect me to say I am wrong when I know I am right. I have to watch that safe continually, and, when I am going out, I generally set the time-lock ; then nobody can open it. He has stormed a few times about my doing so, when he has wanted something later than usual ; but I say nothing and do the same thing again. I have known him to leave the safe open, with half the gems on the library table. It is not fair to the servants. I remember the first time I discovered things in that condition I told him I should not consider myself responsible for the safe-keeping of his treasures if some reasonable precautions were not taken to protect them.”

‘ How did he like that ? ’ I asked.

Well, he made himself rather offensive,” was the reply.

I looked at Woodrough, and I suppose he understood me to signify that I was surprised to find him still there.

“ Oh, I did not eat much mud, I can tell you,” he answered. “ I said I considered that our engagement was at an end, and I would go and put my things together. That surprised him. He apologised handsomely, however, and so the dispute ended. The only danger of a rupture between us since has arisen when he has told me not to

set the time-lock on the safe, because he intended to open it late at night. He always promises to set it himself, but as often as not he forgets. I have come down into the library at two or three o'clock in the morning and found that he had simply locked it."

"What does it matter?" I asked.

"It matters just this," he said. "If burglars broke into the Hall they would be sure to get his keys or mine, for it would be an organised gang which would do it; then they could open the safe and take everything. We are known to have chronometer-locks, and that is our chief safeguard. Let it be discovered, however, that we do not use them regularly, and the cracksmen will think it worth their while to pay us a visit."

The Featherstone diamond and several of the richest gems were generally kept in a small case, of which Woodrough had no key.

"I cannot show them in Mr. Featherstone's absence," he said, "and I am very glad. Sometimes he tells people to call and look at his 'baubles'; but if he is out they have to call again."

The circumstances attending Rumford Featherstone's death were very painful, because of the suspicion which was thrown on Woodrough. As I have said already, nothing was proved against him, but he was ruined, and he had to commence life again in a subordinate position and under an assumed name.

These are the particulars, as I learnt them at the time.

Rumford Featherstone was discovered by Woodrough in his library at two o'clock in the morning, dead.

The secretary had been requested by Featherstone not to set the time-lock on the safe.

"I awoke just before two o'clock," Woodrough said afterwards. "I had been in bed then about three hours. Just as I was going to sleep again I thought I heard a noise. This roused me at once, and I suddenly remembered that I had left Mr. Featherstone in the library and that the time-lock had not been set. I got out of bed, put on a dressing-gown, seized my revolver, and went down-stairs as quietly as possible. There was no sign of disturbance anywhere, and all was still. I opened the library door; the lamp was burning, and Mr. Featherstone was lying on the floor. I glanced round the room and saw that the safe was shut, then I hurried to Mr. Featherstone and tried to rouse him, but he was dead.

"There was a scene of commotion after that. The servants were called and a messenger was sent on horseback to Waringborough, the nearest town, for medical assistance. When Dr. Pitchford arrived it was too late to be of any use. Mr. Featherstone had died

of apoplexy, he said, and death must have been almost instantaneous.

“Brayshaw had gone to Oxford at that time, but he and his mother were at Rumford Hall before noon. The family lawyer was there also, and the safe was opened to make sure that all the gems were safe. The Featherstone diamond could not be found.”

Woodrough said that he had not seen it for some days, but he thought it was in the special case all right. Nothing had been said about it, and he was not aware that it had been sent away for any purpose. Careful search was made, and letters of inquiry were sent to the persons who were likely to have been taken into Featherstone's confidence in reference to the stone. No intelligence could be gained concerning it, and suspicion was directed towards Woodrough.

III.

Woodrough was never formally charged with having stolen the diamond, though I believe that was in consequence of Mrs. Brayshaw's attitude. The executors were very angry, and great publicity was given to the affair, so that the name of Woodrough was commented on very unfavourably at the time. They would have charged him with theft, and they might have succeeded in convicting him on

the table. The servant (male or female, I did not care which) picked up the jewel and went away, making the noise which Woodrough heard.

"It would be simpler to fall back on spiritualism," said Bowman. "Why not suggest that some mysterious agent from the other world put in an appearance and bolted with the gem? When you get off the track of reasonable evidence you might as well propose one explanation as another."

"Featherstone may have lent it to some *servant* or other," Sweepstone interrupted, "and the worthy admirer of Nature's masterpieces may be keeping it until he can get it recut, and then he will pass it off as another stone. There are tricks in all trades but ours."

I met Woodrough several times in Millichester and felt sorry for the poor fellow.

"If he had the stone he could make money of it," I repeated to myself time after time, "even if he had to get it cut into several smaller stones."

I was angry at not being able to use that strong argument on behalf of Woodrough when arguing the question with Bowman. I should like to have said:

"The man you are charging with theft is working hard in Millichester under an assumed name. Do you think he would do that if he had in his possession a piece of property as valuable as the Featherstone diamond?"

But I was precluded by circumstances from making a statement like that, and I decided to show Woodrough how much confidence I had in his honesty.

"Come and dine with me," I said one day.

The poor fellow was moved, and I thought I could see tears springing into his eyes.

"Just our two selves," I said, "a bachelor dinner." But I made up my mind that on some future occasion I would invite him to meet Bowman and Sweepstone. My only fear was lest the paper-knife should be mentioned or anything should happen which might turn the conversation into undesirable channels.

Woodrough accepted my invitation and the day was fixed.

"Let me tell you this, once for all," I said. "I believe you are as innocent of any wrong in connection with the Featherstone diamond as I am myself. Now we do not need to mention the subject again."

The manner in which he wrung my hand convinced me that my confidence was not misplaced.

We spent a very pleasant evening together, and after dinner we went into my study to smoke and chat. I had put the paper-knife out of sight ; but when Woodrough introduced Featherstone's name and mentioned the diamond, I thought there could be no harm in showing him the memento which Mrs. Brayshaw had sent.

"You know this," I said, taking the knife from the drawer where I had placed it.

"Of course I know it," he replied. "I doubt whether there is another like it in the world. That is a splendid piece of agate."

"Mrs. Brayshaw sent it to me that I might have something to remind me of her brother."

"Unless you had the Featherstone diamond, you could not have an article on which he set greater store than this paper-knife."

Woodrough looked sad as he read the inscription on the stone, and I could not help thinking that it carried his mind back to happier days, before his name had been clouded by suspicion.

"If Mr. Featherstone had been a man with whom it was possible to joke," he said, "I should have charged him with making this into a fetich. He often had it with him when he could not want to use it. He never did use it."

"Had it any interesting associations?" I asked.

"Not that I am aware of," was Woodrough's reply.

Then the subject was changed, and he told me about his early life and his love for mineralogy. His desire had been to get an appointment in the British Museum or in the office of a diamond merchant. Featherstone knew about his ambition and promised to help him.

"But all that is past," he said, "and I must toil on, as best I can, in my present uncongenial sphere. But for my parents, I would go to South Africa. My father is a minister at Surreyside ; he fully believes the Featherstone diamond will yet be discovered, and he begs me to stay in England. Then, there is somebody else—Ada—this trouble has been dreadful to her."

I knew whom he meant, but I did not reply.

"She has never doubted me," he said after a while. "Of course, I offered to break off the engagement. I thought it was only right, and her friends agreed with me, but she would not hear of it."

I learnt then what I had not known before—Featherstone left the draft of a codicil to his will, in which he bequeathed a thousand pounds to Woodrough. As it was not a legal document, however, the executors gladly disregarded it.

Among the general topics which occupied our attention was a

meeting of inventors, which was to be held in Millchester during the following week. I told my visitor that I hoped to have the pleasure of dining with Reedyman, the great electrician, who lived at Barnfield some years before I did and was a member of our club. Half a dozen of us were to dine together at Bowman's house. The others all knew Reedyman, but he was a stranger to me.

"It is wonderful what that man has accomplished," said Woodrough: "and yet, I have been informed that he is almost self taught. If I am to do anything specially worthy, it must be among precious stones, and that is the sphere which at present seems closed to me."

We were back again upon the old subject. He could not leave it. I thought he might possibly find it a relief to talk to somebody who was acquainted with his story, so I asked him what his opinion was about the fate of the Featherstone diamond, and I told him my own theory about a servant having taken it.

He differed from me on that point, and said his opinion was more romantic than mine. He thought Rumford Featherstone had put the diamond away somewhere, and he still hoped the hiding-place might be discovered.

"I believe nothing on earth gave him so much pleasure as looking at that stone," said Woodrough, "and I often suspected him of carrying it about with him. I know that it was not always in the special case which ought to have contained it. There was a secret drawer in his writing table, and there was another in a cabinet which stood in his bedroom. I believe he sometimes put the diamond in those places. A skilful workman has examined the furniture for other secret receptacles, but so far he has not succeeded in discovering any. He is to search again. Mrs. Brayshaw is very kind in affording every facility, and I am sanguine that in some out-of-the-way corner a drawer will be found containing the missing treasure. Mr. Featherstone would not take the trouble to put things in his safe. He had faith in the security of the unsuspected. I knew nothing about that secret drawer which the cabinet-maker has found in the library table. Where do you think it was?"

I could not guess.

"It was in the thick part of the leg," said Woodrough. "It was fastened by means of a hidden spring, and the carved work effectually disguised the opening."

"May the diamond be discovered!" was my earnest wish.

IV.

I knew perfectly well that Bowman, or Sweepstone, or both of them, would make some ridiculous remark to Reedyman about a paper-knife. I have often noticed in men who appear to pride themselves on their want of interest in literature, that they get into ruts and however undesirable the ruts may be, they remain in them *nauseam*. They had a few favourite jokes, and no social meeting was supposed to have been successful unless all the jokes were introduced.

Reedyman was very quiet, and, as far as I could judge, was intelligent. He was full of questions about bowling matches which had been played since he left Barnfield. No stranger would be suspected that his name was a household word amongst people who took an interest in mechanical progress. If any other subject was mentioned, however, he was ready to show an interest in it. Books and machinery did not absorb all his thoughts.

Somebody mentioned a great American electrician and the manner in which he first devoted himself to his favourite pursuit.

"It appears to me," said Sweepstone, "most men of genius started on their career by an accident. I wish the accident were to come to me."

"Would it not be better to wish for the genius?" Bowman asked.

He would never have told us that story if he had not been reminded of his promise.

"You must tell us what laid the foundation of your fortune," Sweepstone said. "We want to know all we can about paper-knives."

This is Reedyman's story :—

"When the Great Exhibition was held, in 1862, I was near the end of my apprenticeship. I am a manufacturing silversmith by trade, as perhaps you know. My master, Metalmould, of Sheffield, had a case of exhibits, and, among them, were several very fine daggers, the blades being etched and inlaid with gold. My share of the work was the handles; each of them had a secret recess, which could be opened by means of a spring. The lid was so contrived among the work that a person unacquainted with the fact would never have suspected that the handle was not solid.

"Metalmould's name and address were on the case, so that anybody could tell where the articles were made. One day a gentleman came to our place in Sheffield and referred to the dagger-handles which he had seen in London. He gave no name and we never knew who he was. He said he wanted a handle made which should have in it a recess capable of holding a bit of wood which he brought with him. It was about the size of a hazel nut. Metalmould said that would be an easy task.

"The gentleman wanted to know the cost, and Metalmould told him. The money was paid down. Then the gentleman said, 'If the opening is so cleverly contrived that I may have the handle a week and not be able to discover how it is fastened, and yet a person who knows the secret can open it in a quarter of a minute without the use of tools, I will pay you one hundred pounds in addition to what I have paid already.' Metalmould sent for me and asked me what I thought about it. 'I will try my best,' I said.

"The time was fixed for the handle to be finished. The gentleman came punctually to the day, and the work was ready. I told him his piece of wood was inside. He returned in a week and confessed that he could not open the recess. Then he gave me the handle and took out his watch. 'Fifteen seconds,' he said. In ten seconds, the lid was open and the bit of wood was on the table in Metalmould's private room, where the interview took place.

"I explained the secret to him and he was satisfied. He paid me one hundred pounds and Metalmould gave me fifty. With that money I was able to purchase materials necessary for certain experiments which I wanted to work, and from that day to this I have

gone on, step by step, sometimes failing, it is true, and sometimes succeeding."

"But what about the paper-knife?" Bowman asked. "It has left Hamlet out of the play."

"Oh, I forgot that part," said Reedyman. "The gentleman brought with him a splendid agate blade, and he asked to have it fastened in the handle for a paper-knife."

Bowman and Sweepstone pointed to me.

"What now?" Reedyman inquired.

"Jackson owns the very knife," replied Bowman. "We say he stole it."

"Murdered somebody for it, you mean," Sweepstone interrupted.

My friends told me afterwards that I looked as if the charges were true. I dare say I did, for many strange thoughts were surging through my brain.

"Was there a motto on the blade?" I asked.

"Perhaps there was," said Reedyman, "but I have no recollection of it."

"Do you remember the pattern of the handle?"

"Yes, I remember that well enough. It was what we called *The Dolphin and Child*."

"Guilty! Certainly guilty!" Bowman repeated several times.

"Bring a black cap," Sweepstone exclaimed.

My rooms were not far away, and without any delay

other. Now press. The heads were firm before I moved that shell, but they give way a little now. While you are pressing turn back the shell to its original position. And now look."

He raised his thumb, and the oval medallion which contained the dolphin and child sprang open.

"What now?" he exclaimed.

Inside the small recess which he had exposed was the Featherstone diamond.

I need not tell how glad I was to communicate with Woodrough, which I did that very night. Bowman insisted on sending a messenger in a cab with a note from me.

All I said in the note was: "Come at once. Important discovery.—EDMUND JACKSON."

Woodrough was spending a quiet evening in his uncomfortable lodgings, and he returned with the messenger, wondering what the summons meant. The first thing he saw on entering the room was the Featherstone diamond.

"Thank God for that!" he said. Then he mentioned the name of Ada and fainted away.

We soon brought him round again, and I must say the two men who showed themselves the most demonstrative in their congratulations were Bowman and Sweepstone. Bowman had the effrontery to declare that he had heard something about the case, and never believed for a moment that Woodrough was guilty.

The diamond was speedily returned to its right owner; and I am glad to say the executors of Rumford Featherstone's will paid to Woodrough, at Mrs. Brayshaw's request, the thousand pounds which her brother had mentioned in the draft codicil to his will.

Woodrough is married now; and the last time I saw him he told me he had found a position to his liking, in the office of Messrs. Golgonda and Kimberley, the dealers in precious stones.

The paper-knife is still in my possession, and in the secret recess I have a piece of crystal which Woodrough gave me. It is an exact copy of the Featherstone Diamond.

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF MEDIA

SEVERAL things induced us to make an expedition through a wild and unknown region of Persia. We should there be to study the habits of the nomad tribes who rove over these mountains in search of summer pasturage for their flocks. We should there meet with the observers of a quaint religion, details of which were exceedingly hard to get away from the actual districts where it flourishes. The insurmountable difficulties of travelling in these mountains were lessened for us by the kind offices of our Government at Teheran, which secured for us a regular escort under the command of a little gentleman whom we soon dubbed "Our Khan." He is secretary to the Persian grand vizier, and consequently a man of letters, and, whilst his master was absent in Europe with the Shah, he was placed at our disposal. He is exceedingly particular and is a not over-attractive person, hates hurry of any kind, and I would believe that if we had not had recourse to wrath, and threats of reprisals in high quarters, we might have still been wandering among the mountains of Media, drinking perpetual cups of tea and taking a siesta every other hour.

Mirza Hassan Ali Khan is his name in full. In his belt he carries his inkstand and his roll of paper, his insignia of office; before reaching any place of importance he would always have his robe of honour unpacked, and march before us in his flowing cloak of yellow and gold. Everyone except ourselves treated him with grovelling respect, and the sentences "Khan sleeps," "Khan prays," "Khan eats," were soon understood to mean that nobody but ourselves could do anything for him.

My wife was the chief object of interest in our cavalcade during this journey. No European lady had ever attempted it before, and the women of the tribes would stare at her with undisguised astonishment. "Is she a boy?" "No, a woman." "Has she only one leg?" "No, she wears them both on one side of her horse," were constant remarks overheard.

The journey with which we have now to deal began at a place called Zenjan, on the borders of the mountains of Media, and

last town where Persian is spoken, and the first where Tatar-Turkish predominates. Here we made our preparations for leaving the beaten track, bought provisions for the way, engaged our mules and horses, and tried to gather together a few meagre notes concerning the route we were about to follow. One sunny morning in May our cavalcade left this town, consisting of ourselves and servants, our Khan and two servants, a captain and two soldiers for our protection, and three mule-teers. No one exactly knew where we were going, or the road to follow, and before we were well clear of Zenjan we lost our way: all we could say was, that we wanted to go to a place called "Solomon's Throne," which was supposed to be about four days' journey in the heart of the Median mountains, and eventually to come out on the other side of the great range close to the Salt Lake of Urumia.

The first part of the country we traversed was fertile and green, and at a distance of twelve miles from Zenjan we halted for refreshments in a garden of the last village before commencing the mountain paths. Here "Khan he ate and Khan he slept" under his large umbrella, and the first symptoms of impatience on our part began to manifest themselves.

Amidst wild and treeless mountains, as the shades of evening were coming on, we found by accident, not by premeditation, the miserable mud village of Dehshir—the first of many villages we passed through inhabited by the Afshahs, one of the most important of the Tatar-Turkish tribes, the members of which during the summer heats wander over these mountains with their tents and flocks.

There is but meagre information to be gathered concerning the origin of this tribe. We learnt that, nearly four hundred years ago, the Afshahs in conjunction with six other tribes made themselves very useful to a Persian Shah in his wars, and obtained for their tribes, amongst other privileges, that of wearing a red cap, which gained for them all the sobriquet of the "red heads."

One mud village inhabited by the tribes closely resembles another, and they are conspicuous chiefly for certain round constructions, standing about fifteen feet in height and built in the form of a dome; these are made of dried cakes of manure and form the only fuel possessed in this district. Each house possesses one, and before each house is spread the commodity in question, which is mixed with mud, and when it has assumed the desired consistency, women—for the fair sex is always employed in this industry—plaster round cakes on the wall to dry, and then build them up into the domed structures, which are technically known as kuskas, or kiosks, though differing widely from our idea of what a kiosk should be.

As we entered the village of Dehshir we interrupted a Passion Play. The carpets of the tribes, rich-coloured *gharims*, and thick brown *nummuds* of camel's hair were spread out on the largest available portion of level ground; the performers, dressed in coats of mail and brandishing the daggers and weapons commonly found amongst them, were performing the well-known tragedy of Houssein and Hassan. Big strong men wept as if their hearts would break, and the womenkind uttered screams of distress. After the happy *dinmement* they all got up, and, with hands spread towards Kerbela, thanked Allah for mercies vouchsafed. I have seen these plays often performed in Persian towns, but never such intensity of feeling shown as amongst these wild nomadic mountaineers.

These Afshahs all belong to the Persian sect of Shiah, and are of course deadly enemies of their neighbours the Kourds, who are of the Sonnee persuasion; and it is reckoned even more righteous for one of these Mahomedan sectarians to kill one another than it is to kill an unbelieving Christian. Outside the village we visited the graveyard; the slabs on the graves are made of the same manure and mud preparation as the fuel, as is also a small domed tomb of a Seid, or the sacred saint of the tribe, on either side of which are two gaunt poles erected for decorations during the annual festival of Mohurrim. "Most of the graves are empty," remarked the man who accompanied us. "Why?" we asked in surprise. "Because the wolves won't allow the corpses to remain long." And we returned to our mud habitation hoping not to die in that locality. A funeral amongst these tribes is a striking and solemn affair, especially if the deceased be a man of note; then the wailing and lamentation is more intense, and the riderless horse is led to the tomb-side to pay his last respects to his master.

After leaving Dehshir we crossed a very high pass indeed, called the "five fingers of Ali," from some peculiar pointed rocks which are greatly venerated by the tribes; and all around are little piles of stones placed by passers-by in token of respect—a custom common all over the East near sacred shrines, though I never before saw a natural phenomenon thus sanctified. Clambering down a steep ravine, we entered the valley of a great river called the Kizil Uzen. It is the most important stream in Media, and is supposed to be the Gozan of Scripture. It rises in Mount Zagros of Kourdistan, and after a meandering course of nearly 500 miles empties itself into the Caspian. We stood on its banks in great uncertainty for some time, for the river was very swollen. At length some men came up, stripped off their clothes, and gave us a lead. Needless to say, we

and our haggage were well soaked by the waters of Gozan, and we had cause to remember the stream by which the captive Israelites were placed by the Assyrians to sit down and weep.

Another steep ascent brought us to a level plateau covered with cows and horses enjoying the rich pasturage; we were much impressed by these horses of the tribes, which are bred with Arab sires, and thrive exceedingly in these natural meadows. For the night we halted in the village of Savandi, where we were accommodated in a newly constructed house belonging to Kerim Khan, the chief of the Shah Savand tribe. Of all the tribes of this district this is the most conglomerate, and the most aristocratic. It was founded by Shah Abbas the Great early in the seventeenth century, to counteract the power which the "red caps" had arrogated to themselves. He summoned volunteers from all the tribes of his dominions, and enrolled the pick of them in a bodyguard, 10,000 in all. These took the name of the "friends of the Shah," Shah Savand, and during the Sufi dynasty they exercised great influence in Persia; but now that the royal family belongs to another tribe, their day and their power are over.

Kerim Khan was absent when we were there, but I had the felicity of being introduced into his harem, and of prescribing for his buxom wife, who lay sick of congestion of the lungs. I wrapped her in mustard leaves and gave her some physic. Next morning we heard that she felt much better. From all I could gather, their medical knowledge would appear to be exceedingly limited. For most complaints patients are given the boiled fat of the sheep's tail; that is to say, the tail of the *Ovis tartarica*, or large tailed sheep, about which the fabulous story goes that cases have been known where the tail had become so heavy that it had to be carried for the sheep. If this remedy fails, bread soaked in oil is offered at the shrine of some saint. One remedy for snow blindness is, I think, worthy of consideration they make the patient sit over a bowl of snow into which a red-hot stone is introduced, the fumes which arise from this are supposed to be particularly efficacious.

We saw a wedding at Savandi and the Kourdish dance called *K. pee*, in which the dancers form a ring, not joined at the end, and perform certain evolutions bearing a strong family likeness to the "syrtos," a dance I have often witnessed in Greece. The women in red, with gold ornaments and uncovered faces, looked highly picturesque, and each carried in her hand a red handkerchief, which she diminished as she went round to the music of the flute and drum.

We learnt a good deal at Savandi about the constitution of the tribes: the chief is usually made a Khan by the Persian Government;

he remains with his people, but he has a *vakeel* or representative court, generally a son, or near relative, who combines the offices of transacting the business of his tribe and of acting as hostage for its good behaviour. The chief council of the tribe assembles under the Khan, and is called the "council of the white beards": the priest is usually called in to expound the law. The office of elder, or "*pir*" of the tribe, or "*eel*," is hereditary, and the "*pir*" generally professes to trace his descent from some holy man whose worship is general throughout the tribe, and called the *Ojak*; his tomb is placed in some well-known spot amongst their summer haunts and is greatly venerated.

Each tribe has its recognised district, and lines of demarcation of pasturage which have been observed from remote ages, and are visited summer after summer by the flocks with increasing regularity. In the districts through which we travelled the Afshahs hold most of the best pasture land and are very jealous of the encroachment of the Shah-Savandi, who occupy their pasturages only by a very recent tenure; and in the questions which arise out of right of pasturage he most of those internecine disputes which prevent any concerted action on their part against the Government and oppressive taxation. Blood feuds arise among the shepherds, resulting in the extermination of whole families, and there is no legal power to keep these things in check.

At the next village where we halted, we first made the acquaintance of underground houses, where the nomad tribes reside with their flocks during the winter months. These *zerder*, as they are called, are of two kinds; of one you only perceive a mud dome with a hole in it to mark the existence of a residence, whilst the others have thatched roofs appearing above the level of the ground. Accidents often happen with the domes, and not unfrequently a stray donkey or cow is precipitated on to the heads of the terrified family beneath. Inside, all of course is darkness, the only light coming from the hole in the dome. You enter by a sloping passage, and when your eyes have become accustomed to the smoke and the darkness, you see all the arrangements of a house around you—cupboards, shelves, two or three rooms and a fireplace, all excavated out of the ground. In one of these my wife went one day, and on her return to the upper air she discovered herself to be one brown mass of fleas. As one of these creatures is considered sufficient to cause her a Lad night, I trembled for the consequences. had it not been for diligent search and volumes of insecticide, I feel sure her mind would have given way. After this experience, the most interesting sight possible will not induce her to enter a *zerder* again.

Genjebad is a considerable village with lovely mountain views ; it is the capital of another branch of the Afshah tribe, and here we lodged in the house of Mousa Khan, their chief. He, again, was absent, and, on the strength of this, his women sent, not only for my wife, but for me. I did not venture into the room, but sat shyly at the window, and marvelled at the bare legs and short petticoats I saw.

Persian ladies at home dress like ballet girls without tights—the higher the rank the shorter the petticoats ; and, from what I saw, I should consider that the womenkind of Mousa Khan are of very high rank indeed. They giggled at me a good deal, and then ventured, through the medium of my wife, to ask if I would write them a talisman. I accordingly, after deliberation, wrote my name and the date on a scrap of paper, which was eagerly seized and put in an amulet. That evening several times they sent to ask me what it was good for, until, in despair, I at last mentioned—the toothache.

Another day's journey brought us to the mud village of Baba Nazere, inhabited by a tribe of Kourds, and close to some ruins, which we proposed to study ; so here we put up for several days, and had ample opportunity of studying the quaint manners and customs of the inhabitants.

The chief of this tribe was an old and venerable man called Sarmas Beg, who willingly gave up his house to us, such as it was—a mere mass of mud divided into two rooms with holes in the ceiling, through which the rain poured and the cold wind howled. The climate, even in May, was bitterly cold in this elevated region, and for fuel we had naught but the dung cakes before alluded to, the smoke from which cast a stifling and sickly air around the apartment. Before our door stood the lance, to bear witness to the fact that the chief dwelt within. When Sarmas Beg is in his tent this lance stands before it—just as of old Saul's lance was stuck in the ground near his bolster as he slept. Sarmas Beg has three wives and seven stalwart sons ; he is eighty years of age, but as his hair is dyed with henna and his frame is erect he does not look nearly that age. On horseback he still sits to his saddle like a centaur, and it was the prettiest of sights to see him and his seven sons riding with us as we went to reconnoitre our ruins, and performing for us many of the Kourdish horseback games for which they are so celebrated. The *bazi* consists in riding at full gallop with lances poised, and trembling as if for casting, before the calvacade ; then, at the word of command, they execute a sharp turn, and charge back again. Afterwards the sons played for us the game of *kaygatch*, or shooting at

an object when at full speed, and the dexterity they displayed at shooting backwards recalled to us forcibly Xenophon's account of the skirmishing capabilities of the Parthians, who inhabited these mountains at the time of the return of the Ten Thousand. Then, as now, wild tribes of the Kourds or, as Xenophon called them, the Karduchi, made these mountains dangerous to traverse. Doubtless Sarmas Beg and his seven sons were descendants of those men who struck terror into the hearts of the retreating Greeks.

That which interested us most at Baba Nazere, next to our ruins, was the facilities afforded us for studying a peculiar form of religion common to many of the nomad tribes, and of which the district through which we travelled was the headquarters.

By the Persians this sect is known as the Ali-Ullah-hi, or heretics, who affirm that Ali the son-in-law of Mahomed is a part of the actual godhead. They prefer to call themselves "the friends of the Seid," that is to say, the followers of Seid Nazere, who is said to have been the founder of their religion. We learnt with regret that Genjebad, the village where we had previously slept, is a great centre of this sect ; we would willingly have there inquired more about a certain prophet, Imam Kooli by name, who lived there, and who prophesied a landslip with such effect that many lives were saved and his reputation made.

Our Khan was most diligent in his researches on our behalf into this point, and the discoveries he made we endorsed by personal inquiries both here and elsewhere. It would appear that they have secret meetings, held in a room in the village, which are presided over by the Seid, or holy man of the community ; they know each other by certain Freemasonic signs—shakes of the hand, various passes, and so forth ; their dervishes are great hands at fire-eating and other horrible tricks ; but the most curious point about their *sekkere*, or meetings, is that they undoubtedly contain many elements akin to Christianity. Each person as he or she enters takes up a place to the right of the Seid, after kissing his hand. A sheep is killed, and roasted whole ; it must be without blemish ; its horns and hoofs are removed, and the man who cooks it must not taste thereof. When all are assembled the roasted sheep is brought in, and the Seid distributes portions of it to each, each person's portion being equal, be he great or small. They have, too, a form of baptism, and pass their children through fire, and at their feasts they have a loving-cup of wine, out of which each drinks in turn.

The Ali-Ullah-hi have no mosques and say no prayers—a marked contrast to their Mahomedan brethren ; they have sacred spots

where their Seids are buried, and where they say the Holy Light has been seen, just as the Zoroastrians used to do, whose religion once flourished in this very district. Their tradition also is curious. Nazere they say was Ali's representative on earth; seven times was he killed by Ali and seven times was he brought to life. Mahomed they assert to be the chief of a dual godhead, Ali, his son, being the other, who was sent to earth to convert people from their evil ways, and on his return to heaven he left an incarnation of the deity always on earth, which incarnation is represented now by the Seids, the successors of Nazere.

There is so much that is similar to Christianity in this religion that I am tempted to hazard this suggestion, that the Ah-Ullah-hi are a branch of decayed Christians; so many branches occur in this district—the Nestorians, the Chaldæans, and the old Assyrian churches; it is not therefore difficult to imagine how the ignorant and nomadic mountaineers would substitute the name of Ali for that of Christ, to prevent themselves being persecuted by the followers of Ali, or the Mahomedans of the Shiah sect, who ruled in these parts. In the lapse of ages in their mountain fastnesses, without education and priesthood, they would naturally get hopelessly and lamentably mixed. The very name of Nazere is suggestive of Nazarene; the passover, the baptism, and the curious fellowship between them, all tend to substantiate the theory. Many of the *Eelauts*, or wandering tribes, who come from a distance to pasture their flocks in the summer months, belong to this sect, of which Sarmas Beg and his sons are said to be shining lights. The orthodox Mahomedans attribute to this sect many secret and horrible crimes; they are said to be communists, and to share, not only their property, but their wives, but from personal observation I should imagine this to be a libel pure and simple. Later on, at a village called Ikatchee, we met with a Seid who had been converted to Christianity by American missionaries, although he renounced thereby the chief position in his village and leader of the sect, which he had inherited from his father, and exposed himself to dire persecutions. He confirmed in every point the information which our Khan had collected for us when at Baba Nazere.

Our ruins were a mile from Baba Nazere, quaint towers of the Seljukians, who here in their day had built a mountain capital. It is now in its decay known as Solomon's Throne, and its vaulted chambers are only inhabited by nomads when they pasture their flocks in the green meads around. A pond of clear water occupies the centre of the ruined town, which is fed from underneath, and overflows itself at . . . This water is petrifying, so that if a ruined

town of any considerable antiquity exists beneath the surface, it is petrified too.

Not very far from Solomon's Throne is Solomon's Prison, a conical hill rising 200 feet directly out of the plateau. On ascending to the summit one finds a big hole about a quarter of a mile round and 200 feet deep, the walls of which, like the mound of Solomon's Throne, have been petrified by the action of water. Presumably, a spring similar to that in the ruins, once found its outlet here, and made in course of ages the hill, as it will do at Solomon's Throne if the world lasts long enough.

Towering above us and buried in snow we saw, with the aid of glasses, another ruin, called the Throne of Bulgais, or Belkis, the Persian name for the Queen of Sheba. These legends of Solomon in these parts are very curious. Amongst the ruins of Solomon's Throne are old buildings called respectively Solomon's Bath and Solomon's Stables. A long formation of petrification, which runs across the valley, is popularly supposed to be a serpent turned into stone at Solomon's command. We asked some of these nomads their ideas on Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; their answer was to the effect that, inasmuch as Solomon was the wisest of men, of course he chose the best place in the world for his residence, and built a palace there for himself, and another on the neighbouring heights for his wife. Unless the seasons were very different in olden days, we felt that

animals for the days we were there, and in addition to this they had to pay to Haidar Khan's representative an arbitrary tax, or *sader*, assessed on the cattle and produce of the village. As we were the unwilling cause of this disaster falling on the heads of our hosts, we did something towards making it good, and got well laughed at by the Persians for our pains. No wonder the Kourds, when they are strong enough to resist similar oppressions, break out into revolt and carry devastation through the lands of their hereditary foes, the Afshahs.

When we left Baba Nazere, Sarmas Beg, his sons, and his long lance accompanied us for several miles, carrying out the old-fashioned custom of the country called *istikbal*, or speeding of the parting guest.

We were now entirely under the protection of the Afshahs, our captain and his men having returned to Zenjan. Mahomed Houssein Khan assumed the command of our cavalcade and led us first to a village called Akbulak, where he had given orders for some relatives of his to prepare for us a sumptuous repast: a large tray was borne in, groaning under a weight of pilaw, kabobs, meat prepared with prunes and rice, thickened cream, *mast* or curdled milk, fried eggs, sherbet in a blue bowl, sour milk, and sheets of bread wrapped up in a lovely cloak. Such a meal we had not seen for weeks, so, after it, we did allow "our Khans" to take a siesta, for we wanted one ourselves.

The next point we were to visit was a curious natural phenomenon, a floating island in the centre of a small highland lake. This islet is known amongst the tribes as "Chamli-gul," or the meadow in the water, and consists of a thick mass of roots and reddish clay about 40 feet by 60 feet, with a thickness at the edge of a yard and a half. It occupies more than half of the little lake, and changes its position with the wind; when there is a strong breeze it comes near enough to the shore to allow of one's jumping on to it, and the shepherds are very fond of driving their flocks on here in the summer time, for the grass is very sweet and there is no fear of straying. I got on without difficulty and found the island anything but pleasant to walk upon, being very oozy and soft owing to the recent rains; as for the lake, it is reported, like many others, to be unfathomable. I had nothing with me, however, to put this statement to the test. During our stay in its vicinity the island, much to our satisfaction, changed its position no less than four times.

Our night's lodging was at Paderlu, a village about half a mile above the lake, inhabited by Afshahs of an exceedingly bad repu-

... very good strength to be under the immediate protection
... all shepherds, and possess a fierce race
... and they are more than usually expert
... all sorts of things are made
... wood—store cupboards for their
... architect was also—long barrels stuck
... and projecting into the
... of dings: to take the honey
... drives out the bees, removes
... to stop up the end
... on their mud cupboards
... the material with which

... and mountain scenery.
... We passed over
... "of the mountain"
... our voices resound.
... fennel growing
... and began to pass
... quarters, halting just
... streams. Even the poorest
... has an unpleasant

... shepherds interested us.
... from the roof,
... the walls are of
... the summer heats: before
... the tripod erected
... suspended from the
... picturesque:
... recognisable
... As they
... on one cow is
... three kids,
... other cows
... the men;
... of which
... generally walk
... driving the
... sunny south by
... high up in

at the mountain range of the Alps

We much enjoyed our stay amongst the Kourds of Gouaragatch. This is a purely agricultural village belonging to the Jass, a tribe of wandering Kourds. Their women go about with uncovered faces; many of them are distinctly handsome, with dark raven locks dragged over their cheeks, bright red complexions, and large, almost Jewish noses; but unfortunately they love to tattoo these otherwise comely faces, and to wear silver solitaires in their noses. Their heads are hung with all sorts of ornaments, cowrie beads and savage jewelry, and their headgear generally is weighty and uncomfortable-looking. Over their loose baggy trousers they throw a red dress, and in the photographic groups we obtained we find our friends at home are generally at a loss to determine the sex unless some babe in arms or other evidence of maternity settles the question.

The men have for their distinguishing feature the turban made of chequered silk, red, yellow and blue, with gold and silver thread; this is bound round a red cap, and is infinitely more becoming than the sheep-skin bonnet of the Persian peasantry. A mounted Kourdish chief with his light blue jacket, long flowing shirt cuffs, and magnificent things in the way of daggers, keenly excited my wife's desire to photograph but before the camera could be set up he had fled, and we never saw his like again.

Everything amongst the Kourds points to a higher state of art than amongst the other tribes; stone is largely introduced into the construction of the houses, red ornamentations made with henna adorn the doors and windows, and the construction of the "compounds" is curious. You enter by a low wicker gate, which is covered with cakes of dung, into a courtyard; a covered shed contains the tripod for *mast*, the blacksmith's bellows with double funnel ornamented at the top with carving, and standing on feet made to represent birds with long beaks. Out of this shed you pass into the family rooms full of great store cupboards for grain, elegantly-shaped waterpots made of a clay found close to the village, in digging up which the women are employed; any number of quaint-shaped copper utensils for boiling milk and cooking stand around, and amidst a haze of smoke you perceive women sitting on their haunches busily engaged in watching the pot boiling for the evening meal.

We witnessed the home-coming of the flocks that evening a truly bucolic sight; at the expected return of the shepherds, crowds of women and children assembled just outside the village, and when the herd drew nigh each rushed forward to seize her own property, wildly screaming, and ad
arose. Children -
voices which

three kids as large as themselves, to wait while their mother deposited the calf in her stable : thus the Kourds begin young to make himself useful. This scene lasted for nearly half an hour, and the women would assemble here again to deposit with the herds for the day their treasures in the shape of sheep and goats and calves.

Scenes much the same as these we witnessed at the next village of Sinjate, also inhabited by Kourds, this, however, was more favourably situated in a gorge and surrounded by jujube trees ; for we were beginning now to descend from the higher plateau in which we had been wandering. Around our "compound" in this village were many rooms inhabited by branches of the same family ; we entered into one and found several women squatted around the heated oven, or *tanure*, which is just a large earthenware jar sunk in the floor and heated with brushwood, a flue being placed to connect it with the outer air.

Cowrie shells were even more fashionable here than they were in the former village. Their caps and aprons were one mass of them, and some even wore bracelets of these shells. It happened to be the family baking that we interrupted, and we, too, were invited to squat around the oven and watch the proceedings. This is what we saw : One woman—she of inferior skill—made dough into balls about the size of one's fist ; these she beat with her hands into flat cakes about a quarter of an inch thick and ten inches across ; respectfully, she handed this preparation to the chief bakeress, who presided over the oven, and who, by some mysterious legerdemain, by merely throwing the cake from hand to hand expanded it into a thin oval sheet the thickness of paper ; this she deposited on a dirty pillow, one end of which was opened to let in her hand, and, poising it proudly in the air, she dashed it against the heated side of the oven, and when baked to her satisfaction she removed it with two sticks. The women of Sinjate were very kind to us, taking us over their vast expanse of mud roofs, and showing us the interior of their homes ; and as we passed by, the women always greeted us by lifting up their hands.

We began to descend rapidly from Sinjate along the side of a considerable stream which rejoices in the quaint name of the Check-atoo, and which eventually becomes a large river before falling into the southern extremity of the Salt Lake of Urumia. A few hours ride along its banks brought us to the town of Sainkalla, which nestles beneath a mud fort built on an eminence. This place forms a sort of capital for the Afshah tribes who frequent the neighbouring mountains. Here Haidar Khan holds his court during the year, and, much as we wished to see him, we could not re-

absence, for we were lodged in his house, which is the only respectable abode in the place ; and so pleasant was it after our mountain experiences, with its shady garden and freedom from a staring crowd, that we elected to stay there two days to rest. Sainkallà boasts of a little bazaar where we were able to obtain many things much needed ; but it is at best a desolate spot, having been entirely ruined during the invasion of the Kourds a few years ago under the much-dreaded Sheikh Albi-Dowleh . during the invasion irreparable harm was done to the homes of the Afshahs, who retired to the mountains for safety, and on their return found their homes destroyed and their fields laid waste. From its position Sainkallà is important, commanding as it does the entrance into Eastern Kourdstan by way of the sources of the Checkatoo, and protecting the rich plain to the south of Lake Urumia from the hostile attacks of the Kourdish tribes.

A few miles after leaving Sainkallà we bade farewell to the men Haidar Khan had sent to protect us, and entered the territories of another potentate—" a most important man," our Khan continually impressed upon us ; and, sure enough, as we turned a corner of the road we saw twenty men drawn up, ten on either side of our path. I must own that when I first saw them I got a shock, thinking that we had fallen into the hands of thieves, but our Khan instantly reassured us—" they are the escort sent by Norooz Khan to conduct us safely through his territory."

We were now in the hands of an interesting little tribe, and under the protection of an interesting man, Norooz Khan, chief of the Chehar Dowleh tribe. I always think those hard Eastern names look better translated, so we will proceed to speak of Count Newyear, chief of the "four-governments" tribe. He has quite a palace at his capital, Mahmoud Jute, about twelve miles from Sainkallà, and here he lives in almost regal state. Though small in number, the "four-governments" tribe has a great reputation for bravery ; originally they came from South Persia, and were placed in the neighbourhood of the town of Kasvin by Fatt-i-Ali-Shah, the grandfather of the present sovereign. His son, when he came to the throne again, transplanted them to the banks of the Checkatoo, gave them tracts of fertile territory, and here they have flourished exceedingly.

Count Newyear and his tribe were the only people in this district who succeeded in keeping the invading Kourds at bay, consequently the castle and village of Mahmoud Jute is the only one we passed through which does not bear evidence of the ravages of war. Here he lives perpetually, and may be said to be almost an independent sovereign, for, though he wears the

talks of his regiment in Mezanderan, he refuses to pay any taxes, will not go to Teheran when told to, and exercises regal authority over his small realm.

The Count is a thick-set, stout man, with thick lips, and hair with a tendency to curl, pointing to the Arabian origin of his tribe, and suggesting that, at no very remote period, he numbered a negro amongst his ancestors. His reception of us was most gracious; officials lined our path, and at the entrance-gate stood his majesty, stick in hand, and apologised for not coming to meet us lower down, stating that an attack of gout had much curtailed his locomotive powers. From his reception room, fitted with long carpets and divans, we enjoyed an extensive view over the valley of the Checkatoo, richly cultivated country, and the distant Kourdish mountains from which we had just come. Before giving us our repast, we were taken round his palace, which covers two acres or more with its buildings and gardens. Around the whole runs a thick mud wall with fourteen bastions, on the top of each of which storks had built their nests, as also they had done on every available point of vantage, so that the place seemed alive with these sacred birds—*Hadgi laclacs*, as the Persians call them, from their supposed migration to Mecca every winter—and their presence is a sure sign of peace and prosperity. Around the fortress is the village, with many prosperous houses, a little bazaar, and those horrid underground houses which swarm so with vermin.

Count Newyear told us much about his tribe, he owns, he said,

and was much struck with the elegant decorations of the *harem* rooms ; and after a cordial farewell we set out on our way once more along the banks of the Checkatoo.

Henceforth all was cultivation—we had passed into a different sphere altogether ; occasionally we went by an underground village which the nomads had now deserted for the upper levels, and occasionally, too, we sighted a train of wayfarers bound for the mountains, but to all intents and purposes we had left the nomads behind us, and with them the delicious free air of the Median mountains. At the next village we actually saw a wheeled vehicle, that is to say, a cart consisting of a triangular wooden plateau fifteen feet long, at the apex of which buffaloes were fastened, and the whole supported by an axle joining two wheels without spokes—plain round pieces of wood.

Buffaloes here are in constant use ; they revel in the muddy waters of the Checkatoo, and seem blissfully happy when their backs are scratched by the naked urchins, who attend them to their bath. With the advent of carts and buffaloes we felt that we had seen the last of our nomad friends, and the Mountains of Media were in the mist behind us.

J. THEODORE BENT.

THE BARBER SURGEONS OF LONDON.

WHEN Mr. Roderick Random, of famous memory, came to London to seek his fortune as surgeon's mate on board one of the King's ships, he was obliged to present himself at the hall of the Barber Surgeons Company in order that his qualifications might be ascertained. Having with some difficulty raised a half-guinea to pay the fees, he attended with a quaking heart and found himself in a crowd of young fellows who had come on a similar errand. Presently his name was called by the beadle, in a voice that made him tremble as much as if it had been the sound of the last trumpet; he was conducted into a large room and confronted by about a dozen grim-faced men sitting at a long table, one of whom imperiously bade him come forward, asked him where he was born, how old he was, where he had been apprenticed, and for how long he had served; and on learning he had only been apprenticed three years, his examiner told him it was a great presumption on his part to pretend to sufficient skill after so short a service, and that his friends would have done better to have made him a weaver, or a shoemaker. This statement did not tend to encourage him, but a plump gentleman interposed, telling him not to be afraid, and, bidding him take time to recollect himself, asked him touching the operation of the trepan, which he described in a satisfactory manner. Then a facetious gentleman inquired what he would do in an action at sea if a man was brought to him with his head shot off? He replied that such a case had never come under his observation, nor did he remember to have seen any cure proposed for it in any of the systems of surgery he had perused, which caused the grim-faced gentlemen to smile. After one or two more questions of the like character, and a violent quarrel between two of the examiners in which all the others took sides, he was finally approved, and received his certificate on payment of five shillings. The beadles then exacted three shillings and sixpence, and an old woman who swept the hall one shilling, so that the precious half-guinea was almost exhausted.

In this incident in his hero's adventures Smollett has probably drawn upon his own experiences, and has thrown some light upon the examination of candidates for certificates in surgery in the days when George II. was king. Quite recently the "Annals of the Barber Surgeons of London" have been given to the world by Mr. Sidney Young, one of the Court of Assistants of that ancient and worshipful company. Acting upon the maxim "Spartam nactus es, hanc orna," Mr. Young has spent his leisure time for several years in examining, copying, and translating the records of his company, and has unearthed a vast amount of information bearing upon the manners and customs of our forefathers from the beginning of the fourteenth century. His book has been published by subscription; and though it is, we believe, to be obtained from the printers, it is hardly likely to get into the circulating libraries, or to fall into the hands of the general reader. But it would be a great pity if the story Mr. Young has told were not more widely known, and we propose, therefore, to place before our readers some of the more important facts he has brought to the light of day.

Barbers have existed from very early times, and have obtained due honour in the works of Cervantes, Fielding, and other writers. It is not quite clear when they began to add the art of surgery to the trade of haircutting and shaving; but it seems probable that after the Council of Tours in 1163 forbade the clergy, who were the physicians of the Middle Ages, to practise as surgeons, the barbers undertook the duties relinquished by the clerks, and then established the connection between hair-cutting and surgery, which continued in this country down to the middle of the last century. We cannot trace the history of the earlier stages of the alliance, but we know that before the beginning of the fourteenth century there was a Guild of Barbers in London practising bleeding, tooth-drawing, and cauterisation. In the year 1308 Richard the Barber was chosen by his brethren, and admitted by the mayor and aldermen, to control the trade. He was duly sworn to make a monthly scrutiny, and if he found any barber acting in an unseemly manner, or causing a scandal, he was empowered to distraint upon the offender, and to carry the distress into the chamber of the city. The barbers were not incorporated, but existed as a Guild, to the honour of God and all His saints, and to stir up the commons of the people to do well. There were similar guilds or fraternities at Lincoln and Norwich; the former in honour of our Lord, the Virgin, and St. John the Evangelist, and the latter in the worship of God and His Mother, and St. John the Baptist. All three made returns in 1282 to Richard II.,

when that monarch, being in want of money, caused inquiry to be made into the nature of the several guilds and fraternities in the kingdom, doubtless with the object of getting something out of them. The London barbers answered that they had no lands or tenements, and furnished the king with what seems to have been fairly full information as to their objects. Each member was bound to make a quarterly payment to the common funds, out of which decayed brethren received tenpence halfpenny a week each, provided their poverty was not due to their own folly ; and the expense of obits and masses for deceased brethren was defrayed out of the funds. The masters of the Guild were to settle all disputes between the members; and there was, as we might expect, a yearly feast, for which no brother was to pay more than fourteen pence.

Seventy-four years later than the date of this return the barbers were incorporated by charter, but during the interval the annals are not silent. The Surgeons Guild appear to have been somewhat jealous of the privileges of the barbers, and tried unsuccessfully to restrain them from practising surgery. In 1416, the mayor and aldermen issued an ordinance forbidding barbers, who often made their patients worse instead of better, from taking under their care any sick person in danger of death or maiming, unless within three days after being called in they presented the patient to one of the masters of the Guild ; and in 1451 it was deemed necessary to issue further ordinances to the same effect. The masters were diligent in the execution of their office, and we have an interesting account of the punishment of a quack, one Roger Clerk of Wandsworth, who had attempted the cure of the wife of Roger atte Hache of Ismongeres Lane, in consideration of a payment of twelve pence, which was to be increased if the treatment succeeded. Clerk ordered a charm, "very good for her fever and other ailments," to be applied to the sufferer's neck. It consisted of a piece of parchment rolled up in a bit of cloth of gold, but it produced no effect, and Hache complained to the authorities. Clerk was thereupon haled before the mayor and aldermen, and had the impudence to tell their worships that the charm was good for fevers, and consisted of the words "*Anima Christi, sanctifica me ; corpus Christi, salva me ; in isanguis Christi nebria me ; cum bonus Christus tu, lava me.*" But upon examination, not one of these words appeared on the parchment, and the Court told the defendant that a straw would be of just as much avail for fevers, an *obiter dictum* that savours strongly of rationalism. Clerk was found illiterate, an infidel, and altogether ignorant of physic or surgery ; and to the end that people might not be deceived, was

sentenced to be led on an unsaddled horse through the streets of the city, a vessel suspended before him and another behind, while trumpets and pipes directed the attention of passers-by to his ignominious position.

A few years later, an ordinance was made that no barber, his wife, son, daughter, apprentice, or servant should work at his craft, either in hair cutting or shaving, on Sunday, on pain of paying six shillings and eight pence for each offence. This order was in compliance with a suggestion of Archbishop Arundel, who, while holding a provincial council in London, had been scandalised to learn that the barbers, being without zeal for the law of God, followed their craft on the Lord's Day. With the consent of his suffragans, the good Archbishop prohibited this unholy labour; but, as disobedience of his prohibition would entail excommunication only, while, as he naively adds, in these days "temporal punishment is held in more dread than clerical," he entreats the mayor and aldermen, "his sons in Christ and dearest friends, to ordain a competent penalty in money," to be levied upon the barbers who shall be transgressors in this respect. The Archbishop was evidently a shrewd judge of the comparative effect of temporal and spiritual punishments.

We must not linger over the incidents of these ancient days. The incorporation of the barbers by letters patent under the great seal, which still remains attached to the document, dates from the first year of the reign of Edward IV. The preamble recites that, through the ignorance, negligence, and stupidity of some of the barbers and of other surgeons, "very many and almost infinite evils have before this time happened to many of our liegemen," and some "have gone the way of all flesh"; and to remedy these evils the charter proceeds to grant to the honest men of the mystery of the barbers to be one body, with a perpetual succession and common seal, to have the scrutiny and correction of surgeons in the city and suburbs, to examine their instruments and medicine, and to correct offenders by fine or imprisonment. These provisions, though apparently applicable to all surgeons, did not, we may presume, interfere with the privileges of the Guild of Surgeons, which continued as a distinct and separate community until it was incorporated with the Barbers Company by Act of Parliament in the year 1540.

Several sets of ordinances and by-laws were made at various times under the authority of the charter. Occasionally quarrels broke out with the rival community of surgeons, which were settled for a time by a composition in 1493, but renewed a little later. In 1511, owing to the science and cunning of physic and

exercised by many ignorant persons, some of whom could not read, it was enacted by Parliament that the licensing of surgeons should be entrusted in London to the Bishop and the Dean of Paul's, and throughout the country generally to the Bishops and Vicars General; but this statute did not probably affect the rights of the Barbers Company and the Surgeons Guild. At all events, the former body made further ordinances, including rules for reading lectures on surgery, for presenting patients in danger of death, against one member supplanting another of his patient; and these ordinances were confirmed by Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor, Fitz-James and Norwich, the Chief Justices, in the year 1530.

Ten years later the Act uniting the Barbers and Surgeons into one Company received the assent of Henry VIII. The property of the barbers (it does not appear that the surgeons had any worldly possessions) was handed over to the united body. Four masters—two barbers and two surgeons—were to rule the company. No surgeon was to shave or wash his patient, and no barber might practise surgery, except tooth-drawing. The bodies of four malefactors were to be handed over every year to the Company for dissection, and though this privilege was of great value to students of anatomy, and was stoutly maintained by the Barber Surgeons, as they were now called, it involved them in much expense and their servants in frequent contests with the friends of criminals who had been executed.

In connection with the passing of this Act, an interesting question arises as to the origin of the famous Holbein which is preserved in the Hall of the Company, and was exhibited at the recent Tudor Exhibition in Regent Street. The picture, on oak panel, 10 ft. 2 in. long by 5 ft. 11 in. high, contains nineteen figures, assembled in a room hung with tapestry and traditionally said to have been an apartment in the palace at Bridewell. The King, seated on a throne, robed, crowned, and bearing a state sword in his right hand, is given with his left a document, with the great seal attached, to the foremost of eight kneeling members of the Company, while seven others stand behind, and on the king's right are three other kneeling figures. The circumstance of the seal being attached to the document has caused the picture to be described as "Henry VIII. giving a charter to the Barber Surgeons." Certainly they did receive from him a charter in 1512, but he was then only twenty one, and Holbein has represented him as about fifty, which was within a year of his death in 1540, the date of the Act uniting the Barbers and Surgeons. Thomas Vicary, to whom the King is handing the document, was master of the Company, and would naturally occupy a

position in any communication with His Majesty. For these and other good reasons Mr. Young concludes that the picture commemorates the passing of the Act, and that the addition of the great seal is an artistic license, and he is probably right in his conjecture.

Some of the other persons represented bear well known names. Dr. William Butts, the second figure on the King's right, was the most famous physician of his day, and had a large and aristocratic practice. He was a personal friend of Henry, and will be remembered as a minor character in Shakespeare's historical play, where he is represented as standing forward in defence of Archbishop Cranmer. In front of Butts kneels John Chambre, who attended Queen Jane Seymour in her last illness, and was a priest as well as a physician. He held many church preferments. the deanery of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, where he built a cloister costing 11,000 marks, the archdeaconry of Bedford, the treasurership of Wells Cathedral, a canonry at Windsor, a prebend at Salisbury, and benefices in Somerset and Yorkshire. Another figure is Sir John Ayliff, surgeon to the King, who afterwards retired from practice and became a merchant and alderman of London, where he was sheriff in 1548.

This picture is the chief treasure of the Barber Surgeons Company. Samuel Pepys once hoped to buy it for £200, though it was then worth £1,000. James I. borrowed it to have it copied, and Charles I. also borrowed it, apparently intending to keep it, but it came back again. Sir Robert Peel is said to have offered £2,000 for permission to remove one of the heads, and he promised to make good the injury, but if the offer was ever made, which is, we hope, doubtful, it was not accepted. The picture was engraved on copper for the Company by Barton in 1734, and the plate, strange to say, is still occasionally used for taking copies for presentation to members of the Company on their election as assistants.

Under the authority conferred upon them by statute and charter the Barber Surgeons made from time to time further ordinances necessary for the regulation of the trade of hair cutting and shaving, as well as of the practice of surgery. The former are not of general interest, but many of the latter throw a quaint light upon the proceedings of the surgeons of London, and the treatment of their patients during the period in which the jurisdiction of the Company was continued. The powers of the Company as regards the oversight and correction of surgeons, the examination of their instruments, and in restraint of intruders, were vigorously executed. The College of Physicians did not look with a friendly eye upon the Barber Surgeons, but their attempts to interfere, entrenched as the Company

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poor and unskilful member of the Company, having lost a patient, the coroner for the city was warned to attend at the hall with his inquest to be satisfied of Foster's unskilfulness, though whether he was prosecuted does not appear. Mr. Fenton complained in 1605 that Robert Morey had supplanted him of divers cures (patients), and had slandered him in his profession, and the defendant, being contumacious, was sent to prison. Fenton was warden that year, and master in 1610, and possibly this may account for the severe punishment meted out to his rival. Another offender was committed to the compter for not paying a fine of forty shillings inflicted upon him. In 1601 Martin Pelham, having failed to finish the cure of a patient's arm, which was accomplished by another surgeon, was warned to appear before the Court, and was punished. William Pilkington was, after examination, tolerated to practise, on the understanding that he called in some expert surgeon in dangerous cases and paid two shillings and fourpence quarterly to the Company. We trust this toleration did no serious harm, and that the expert was able to prevent mischief to Pilkington's patients. Sometimes persons were licensed to practise upon condition of making periodical payments to the poor. Thus in 1601 James Vanotten and Nicholas Bowden were permitted, the first as principal and the other as assistant, to couch cataracts and to cut for the stone, in consideration of a monthly payment of two shillings and sixpence for the use of the poor generally, and of twenty shillings a month, after the first, for the poor of the Company. They were forbidden to hang out banners or any other sign of surgery, and bound themselves in the sum of ten pounds for the due performance of their obligation.

An entry dated November 17, 1635, relates to a case involving the reputation of the famous Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and is noted in the margin of the minute book, "Dr. Harvey's ill-practice." William Kellett was summoned before the Court for not presenting a maid that died in his charge, but excused himself by alleging that Harvey had ordered a blister to be applied to the temporal muscle and had said there was no fracture, "so the patient died by ill-practice, the fracture being neglected, and the Company not called to the view." We suspect a little malice here, but the opportunity of recording something to the discredit of an eminent physician was perhaps too good to be lost.

Women sometimes infringed the Company's privileges, and instances of punishments inflicted for such transgressions are noted. In 1610, widow Byers was sent to prison for daring to practise surgery; and r' l for the like offence, her arrest

costing two shillings. There is a curious entry of the examination of James Blackborne in 1611. He was anxious to practise as a surgeon and promised to pay ten pounds for his admission, and to give the examiners a dinner. We are not informed that the dinner induced the examiners to admit him, but he was passed as qualified. In 1612 John Walgrave was summoned for practising without a license, but he successfully defied the court, although they were by no means satisfied of the truth of his statements. He told them he was a better gentleman and more ancient surgeon than any of them, and when asked by what authority he had been admitted, he answered by the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. He refused, however, for some time to furnish more information, but then after a long altercation told the Court he held a license from Archbishop Whitgift. But this did not seem sufficient, and another wrangle ensued, which ended by Walgrave giving his questioners a lie direct, and then taking his leave in an unmannerly fashion. It does not appear to have been proceeded against further; and as he did not really hold a license he probably had powerful friends.

The Company at a somewhat later period neglected their duty, and allowed hosiers, dyers, and other unskilful persons to fill the office of master and wardens contrary to their charters and to Acts of Parliament. This negligence brought down upon them the censure of the King (Charles I.), who in a mandate dated in 1639 reminded them of the dangerous consequences that might ensue, "considering how much it concerned the lives and safety of the people," and they were straightly charged and commanded to revert to the ancient legal custom of electing two skilled surgeons and two barbers for master and wardens. For a year or two this was done, but the Company again reverted to their bad practice, and were again warned in 1644.

However ill-qualified the master and wardens may have been they continued to exercise their right of inquiry into the irregular practices of unlicensed surgeons. One Anthony Mould was brought before the Court to answer complaints of patients, who alleged they had failed to cure them of tumours and swellings arising from the king's evil. The complaints of the patients were compromised when it was elicited from Mould that he held His Majesty's license to practise in these particular cases; but it is strange that Charles I. should have allowed such a license to issue, the royal touch being generally believed to be the only remedy. The second charge against Mould was, however, made in 1648, when the king was inaccessibility to his subjects.

Instances of the exercise of disciplinary powers continue to be recorded down to the date of the separation of the surgeons and barbers. In 1724 William Turner, a barber, was summoned to answer a charge of practising surgery, and as he insisted he was entitled to do so, the clerk of the Company was instructed to sue him at law. Lord Torrington was a powerful person in his day, but his influence was exerted in vain in 1727 to obtain the admission of William Miles, whom he recommended for a license, to practise surgery. The man knew nothing of the subject, and was rejected. About the same time Jacques Ripoult, a Frenchman, and John Jacob Sachs, a Prussian, were refused licenses because they could not speak English and had not been naturalised. The Court, we are told, did not think proper to examine the candidates; possibly they could not. Quack doctors were still troublesome; two of these gentry, who appropriately lived in Duck Lane, and advertised most unprofessionally by means of handbills, were rejected when they applied for licenses to practise. Another candidate was sent back for being "fuddled" at his examination and unable to answer questions.

From the date of their incorporation, if not from an earlier period, the Company provided for the education of surgeons and their apprentices by means of lectures and anatomical demonstrations. The question recently re-opened by Mr. Huxley, as to the necessity for Latin as a foundation for medical and scientific education, was on three occasions the subject of ordinance. In 1556 it was directed "that no Barber Surgeon that doth occupy the mystery of surgery shall take any apprentice," "but that he can skill of the Latin tongue and understand the same." Next year the order was cancelled, and in 1727 it was once more insisted on.

Under a clause in the Act of Henry VIII. the Company was entitled to receive every year the bodies of four malefactors who had suffered the punishment of death. The anatomies were performed four times a year, and the free surgeons as well as the apprentices were required to attend. It was unlawful to dissect a body except at the Hall of the Company, and when a surgeon desired to make a private anatomy he obtained permission to use the hall for the purpose. Stow tells a curious story of a man who had been hanged in Southwark for felony. When the chest containing the body was opened at the Hall the man resuscitated, and lived for three days. Some trouble to the Company ensued, and they were involved in considerable expense. Thereupon an order was made that in any future case of the kind the charges about the body so reviving shall be borne by the persons bringing home the body. In 1740 another

revival took place; but in this instance the body had been handed over to the Company's officers in the usual way after execution. The man was wrapped in a blanket and sent back to Newgate, where in three days he recovered sufficiently to converse, though he never could give any reasonable account of what had happened. He was afterwards transported, and is said to have lived many years. The Company's books show that in addition to the usual charges for bringing the man from Tyburn, they paid ten shillings for getting him back to Newgate, and gave the charwoman five shillings for her trouble and expenses.

For many years the anatomies were performed in the kitchen! And this unpleasant practice continued until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Court, in a minute which gives reasons sufficiently obvious, but unnecessary to quote, ordered a proper anatomical theatre to be built, and employed Inigo Jones as architect. A piece of ground adjoining the hall was leased from the city, and considerable expense incurred about the building, which was decorated with "paintings of the constellations of the heavens and the seven planets over the twelve signs on every pier, and skeletons to be wrought and set up." Nearly a century after its erection the theatre was repaired by and at the expense of the famous Earl of Burlington. He had just published the *Designs of Inigo Jones and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio*, and his good taste in architecture had been celebrated by Pope, who addressed to him one of the *Moral Essays on the use of Riches*. With almost prophetic instinct the poet advised his friend to continue his architectural studies:

You, too, proceed, make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before.

Burlington carried out the restoration of the theatre with his usual skill, and to mark their appreciation of his generous service the Company ordered his bust in marble to be set up in the building.

Unfortunately this interesting and beautiful structure was destroyed in 1766. The Company had no further use for it, and pulled it down, depriving the city of one of the best monuments of the genius of Jones and Burlington. They showed more wisdom in carefully preserving the Court-room, where Inigo Jones's handsome decorations and carvings still compel the admiration of architects. The room is finely proportioned, and the Company justly claim that it is one of the noblest in London.

The alliance between the barbers and surgeons, anomalous as it seems, continued until 1745. Naturally the surgeons, as their science improved, resented a system under which their diplomas were signed by the governors, two of whom were always barbers. Meetings were held in the winter of 1744 to discuss proposals for a separation, but the surgeons could not induce the barbers to come to their terms, and therefore they petitioned Parliament to be created an independent company. The petition was referred to a Committee of the House of Commons, and the barbers presented a counter petition. Both sets of petitioners appeared by counsel, and produced witnesses before the committee, and some curious evidence was elicited. One Neil Stewart, a surgeon, who had been taken prisoner by the French, told the committee that when he was put into the common prison at Brest he begged he might be treated more in accordance with his rank, and produced his diploma to substantiate his request. The diploma had been issued by the Company, and the officer who examined it was unable to decide whether the holder was a barber or a surgeon, a doubt poor Mr. Stewart was unable to remove, and he attributed all the indignities he had endured to the fact of the diploma having been issued by the Barber Surgeons. In the end the Committee reported in favour of the surgeons' petition, and by an Act of Parliament, which received the Royal assent in June, 1745, the ancient alliance between the Barbers and Surgeons was dissolved. Two separate companies were established, and the property of the once united body was divided between them.

We need not follow the history of the "Master, Governors and Commonalty of the mystery of the Barbers of London" since the separation. As a civic company they rank seventeenth, or fifth after the twelve great companies. They doubtless fulfil their duties, such as they are, taking care of their poor, and dining as often as occasion requires with due observance of time-honoured forms. They may perhaps continue to exist for another period of four centuries, in spite of reformers and commissioners, and if they should last so long, we can only hope they may find in the twenty-fourth century, "to keep their honour from corruption," as honest and able a chronicler as Mr. Young.

We must not, however, take final leave of the annals without a word or two on the subject of the Company's dinners. The art of dining has always been assiduously cultivated by the city companies, and Mr. Young has let us into some of the secrets of the kitchen, and has published some curious details of housekeeping expenses. We

There is a tradition that in the first century they were incorporated into the City of London, and that the tax was limited to fourpence a head, the money being advanced for the benefit of the City. As time went on the charges for dinners and "public money" advanced considerably. There were dinner dinners, dinners on Lord Mayor's day, and dinners, dinners after the annual lectures, dinners on St. Dunstons' day, and other such dinners. We may hope some of these dinners are still preserved, and that the ancient toast, "The Lord Mayor, the City, and the University, and the Church, and may it please the Lord's will be soon restored."

The dinner of the Lord Mayor was celebrated at the dinners, and it was ordered in 1554 that every member attending the feast on the day the various were presented to the Lord Mayor was to pay twenty pence for himself and a shilling for his wife with him two shillings. The value of the dinners was in 1573 allowed to stand at the level of 1554, provided they paid their quarterages. Nine years later, the funds being low, there was no election dinner, only cakes and wine, and in 1582 in respect of the hardness and troubles of the times, the Court consented there should be no second course, and no women at the feast. After the Restoration matters must have improved, for Pepys was present at an anatomical lecture in 1661, and by the time dinner and good learned company. The worthy dinner was no less judge, and complacently notes that he was treated with "extraordinary great respect."

In 1675 the opening of Inigo Jones's new theatre was celebrated by an elaborate banquet attended by the Lords of the Council, and the bill amounted to £50 5s. 4d. exclusive of wine. Glass and plate were hired, and some of the former was broken and had to be paid for. We have the details of three dinners in 1676. A leg of mutton cost three shillings and fourpence, a sirloin of beef nine shillings, three chickens and three rabbits five shillings and sixpence, eight artichokes one shilling, and four cauliflowers one shilling and threepence. For buttered ale, the ingredients of which were a hundred eggs, eight gallons of ale, two pounds of butter, eight pounds of sugar, and one ounce of nutmegs, the charge was ten shillings and elevenpence. In March 1678 a whole cod cost fourteen shillings, but twelve teal and three ducks only fifteen shillings and ninepence, while oysters were two shillings a quart. Westphalia hams were six or eight shillings each, geese three shillings and sixpence, and turkeys two shillings and twopence. A brace of bucks cost eight pounds thirteen shillings; they were put into eight pasties at a further expense of four pounds. Green peas appear in the bill of fare for the

first time in 1693, and then at an October dinner. Some of the members of the Company were allowed to take away the remains of these feasts, and there is an entry in one of the books that after an entertainment in July 1729, Messrs. Truelove and Fradin, who both subsequently filled the office of master, carried off "four dozen quarts of wine, one whole venison pasty, one whole goose, one whole fowl, and several lemons and sugar."

The Barber Surgeons in the last century maintained the national reputation for drinking. In 1721 a hogshead of port, six gallons of mountain, six gallons of white port, and three gallons of Canary are stated to have been consumed at the Company's dinner on Lord Mayor's day. We may hope there is some exaggeration here, for the Company was not a large one. But in 1735 seventy-nine gallons of wine were provided for a similar occasion, and are expressly stated to have been drunk. It is melancholy to have to add that after the separation of the Barbers and Surgeons the "Potation Money" was cut down, and small beer begins to appear at the dinners.

J. A. J. HOUSDEN

THE SOURCES OF COMMERCIAL PANIC.

NO intelligent conception of the existing relations between Commerce and Banking can be had without an extensive acquaintance with the various forces and circumstances of which they are the result. The present is doubtless the offspring of the past, but how far is the pedigree to be traced? The further back inquiry is pursued the more curious but the less instructive it becomes, the remoter causes become so modified when not obliterated by more recent events during the lapse of time. Many storms are reported to have left America that never reach our shores, having spent themselves and become dissipated in the wide Atlantic; others, again, spring up in mid-ocean, and without electric warning burst in all their unexpected fury on our western coasts. The period of forty-five years that has elapsed since the famous legislation of Sir Robert Peel furnishes nearly every possible variety of Commercial Pressure and Panic, more than one repeated with wearisome reiteration. It may therefore form a fitting period for this review.

Whatever may be the defects of the Banking Acts of 1844 and 1845, they cannot be attributed to hasty legislation. A series of Parliamentary inquiries had been held upon the subject, conducted by the best available talent of the time, although the results were somewhat conflicting. Chiefly owing to the financial reputation, political skill, and personal influence of Sir Robert Peel, these Acts were passed at a time when the country was at peace and trade generally prosperous. In 1842, 1843, and 1844 there had been a succession of good harvests, and, as far as this was possible with the Corn Laws still in force, food was cheap and plentiful. The introduction and rapid extension of steamboats and the railway system caused great activity in the iron and building trades, giving steady employment and high wages to the working classes, and by the increased facility in the transit of goods capital was both economised

and rendered doubly effective. Banking shared in the general prosperity, the reserve at the Bank of England being unusually high, and the rate of discount falling as low as $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Unfortunately this tide of prosperity carried with it the seeds of failure, which soon fructified into the disastrous time that followed so close behind, like a grim and ghastly shadow.

The causes of the Panic that ensued were of a complicated character. During the years 1844-7 Parliament authorised the construction of railways representing a capital of £221,000,000; and of that sum, during the same period £80,000,000 were actually spent. This was an attempt to do at a rush what ought to have been the well-considered work of many years. Speculation in shares knew no bounds. The shares of one railway with £2 10s. paid-up rose in a few weeks to £23 15s.; and those of another, with £4 paid, sold for £42 15s. When this mad stage was reached, it ceases to be surprising that railways were projected to the most obscure towns and villages; some even to places that never existed. These are the times when money is plentiful and credit cheap, when the birds of prey who never miss a chance are always in the air, bringing honest enterprise into disrepute. With the interest on deposits so low, many were tempted to invest their savings in one of these schemes which promised so profitable a return. Even had all the railways projected possessed the elements of ultimate success, the mere transfer so suddenly of so large a portion of floating and available capital into a fixed and permanent form with no possibility of its becoming immediately remunerative must inevitably have caused a great scarcity of that loanable capital for ordinary commercial purposes with which Bankers trade. It was only a few years before that the practical utility of railways was warmly disputed, and now the reaction had set in, the heresy scouted so recently became transformed into a popular and senseless superstition.

Another of the untoward elements that helped to create the Panic of 1847 was the most extraordinary fluctuations in the price of corn. The entire failure of the potato crop in Ireland, which caused a famine there, and the deficiency in the English harvest of 1846, caused an enormous rise in the price of wheat, which ran as high as 120s.; great importations were accordingly made to meet the demand which promised to prove so profitable. Besides the legitimate traders, there flocked the usual crowd of hungry speculators, many supported by accommodation-paper, who wished to share the seemingly rich spoils. The harvest of 1847 proving better than anticipated, the price of wheat, which in May had actually reached

1815. Dropped in September to 50s., the fall bringing with it ruin, not merely to the horde of penniless adventurers and the Banks and Bill-brokers that supplied them with funds, but, as always happens, many honourable firms were involved in the crash.

Such being the very grave condition of commercial affairs, how did the Banking section of the community meet the emergency? Nothing is more foolish and feeble than the wisdom that comes after the event, and with an air of supreme superiority sits in judgment, dealing out with lavish hand censure and blame to those who bore the burden and heat of the day. Every consideration should be shown to those who had to act promptly during a period of such intense excitement, but both Business and Banking can ill afford to lose the lessons purchased by such bitter experience. Although the London banks, and especially the Bank of England, must have known that an immense reduction had for several years been taking place in the customary resources of their business by the extraordinary expansion of the railway system transferring so large a portion of the loanable capital into a permanent form, yet they appear to have made no attempt for a long time to restrict the mad craze by raising for their own protection the rate of discount or offering higher interest for deposits. Besides, owing to the failure of the harvest, they must have known that large importations of foreign wheat were taking place during May, June, and July, 1846, and the Foreign Exchanges having been for some time unfavourable, gold to a large amount must be exported to pay for these, thus materially reducing the reserve at the Bank of England: yet it was not until the middle of January next year that the rate was raised, and then only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. No possible manipulation of the rate of discount could have quite stayed off the concurrent action of two such powerful factors as the railway mania and the speculations in corn; but it cannot be doubted that a wise and judicious raising of the rate some time earlier might have lessened the intensity of the pressure by spreading it over a longer period, and possibly averted panic.

Those who blame the Act of 1844 for what occurred in 1847 forget that there is no evidence whatever that the directors of the Bank of England, were there no legislative restriction, would have expanded the circulation of their own accord any sooner than the time when the Government authorised the Suspension of the Act. The Panic of 1847 is sometimes described as a Commercial and not a Banking crisis. But this distinction is more superficial than correct. No doubt, many of the railway speculators were depositors over whom Bankers have little control. But a considerable portion of

the sums invested in railways, and a still larger share of the money spent in corn speculations, were borrowed from Bankers and Bill-brokers on accommodation-paper. Many banks which did not themselves discount paper of this class, did what was quite as bad—lent their money to those who did. From this share in the causes that produce panic Bankers are scarcely free.

In many respects a commercial crisis exactly resembles a panic in a theatre. Indeed, a false alarm is quite as effective for mischief as an actual fire. If the people in the theatre could only be persuaded to take it quietly, and with neither undue haste nor needless delay to quit the building, the difficulty could almost always be overcome with scarcely any damage. But when each person in the excited crowd considers only how to save himself by rushing to the exit, he induces others to follow his evil example, causing those suffocating crushes in which the higher instincts of humanity seem to be forgotten, and the lives of men, women, and children brutally and needlessly sacrificed, giving time for the fire to do its deadly work. In similar fashion, during the pressure that precedes panic the resources of a bank are reduced by timid *depositors* who hoard the money they fear to lose, by *borrowers* desiring to avoid paying the expected higher rate of discount, who ask for money they do not actually want, thus helping to create and to aggravate the very crisis they dread. Many Banks in the race for high dividends—one of those temporary advantages that in the end prove to be a permanent burden—rather than keep the money not required for legitimate purposes unoccupied, offer it on very low terms to Bill brokers and Finance companies or to jobbers on the Stock Exchange at call or for short periods, and are thus tempted to run their cash reserves very low. This kind of business, which seems so simple, may be quite safe enough in quiet and prosperous times, but when pressure begins it is very difficult to get free in time from those entangling engagements. A price, however low, has been paid, and of course the funds are invested, possibly in bills the Banker himself would not look at, or in securities among the first to become practically unsaleable. These loans can only be repaid by borrowing somewhere else, and at such a time this is not so easy. In the end the loan turns out to be anything but *short*, and the money at *all* has to be called for a good many times before it is paid.

Although the Act of 1844 can scarcely be made accountable for the crisis of 1847, there is no lack of evidence that the restriction in the note circulation at that time prolonged and intensified it. Immediately the Act was suspended there was an extraordinary feeling of relief everywhere; demands for money urgently made were

at once recalled; stocks sold at tremendous sacrifices were
back; withdrawn deposits and hoarded coin gradually re-
soon placing the Bank of England reserve on its familiar
It stands to reason that when the mere *suspension* of an
Parliament causes such a surprising relief, the *restriction* must
been the cause of a corresponding anxiety. The defence of it
is rendered difficult, and its utility scarcely apparent, when
that in quiet times restriction is unnecessary, and when pressure
the restriction has to be removed.

The financial difficulties caused by the Crimean War of 1854
being rapidly overcome, and a period of quiet prosperity anticipated
when in the beginning of 1857 the frightful Mutiny broke out in
which was then governed by the famous East India Company.
National funds, which in 1852 had reached 101½, in November of
fell as low as 87½. Even this calamity, like that of the Russian
might after some temporary pressure have overpast, but the
fortunes never come singly. The internal trade of a country like
may be conducted with the greatest caution and skill, but so
laced are our commercial relations with those of other countries
any trouble overtaking any or all of them is sure, more or less
react upon ourselves. Our trade with the United States of America
both export and import, has always been large, and it had re-
grown at a rapid pace. They supply us largely with food for con-
sumption, and with raw materials which they buy back in manufac-
ture being one of our largest customers. News of disaster in America
reached this country in September 1857, beginning with gold
railway securities owing to disclosures of cooked balance sheets
dividends never earned having been paid out of capital. Since
once started never stops until, like fire, it consumes everything it
reach. The Banks were the next to suffer. In the New England
States alone 150 banks stopped payment. Out of sixty-three
in New York, only *one* maintained its credit. The American
went up to 18 and even 24 per cent., causing a great drain
upon our gold reserve. The effect in this country may be measured
when we remember that our merchants had exported during the
year to the United States goods to the value of £22,000,000
besides £80,000,000 of American securities estimated to be held
in this country. The merchants of Liverpool and Glasgow, who
chiefly with America, were the first to suffer; one Liverpool
Glasgow Banks had to close their doors; all houses with
connections were in difficulties; and one of the largest
Bill-brokers failed for £5,000,000. On the 12th of .

Bank Charter Act was for the second time suspended, the rate being 10 per cent.; but on this occasion, unlike the former suspension in 1847, the statutory limit was exceeded by an over-issue of nearly £7,000,000 of notes. The chief feature of this Panic was the vicious system of fictitious credit, created by means of accommodation bills and open credits with no substantial basis or value either given or received. These bills were discounted by Provincial Banks, and during pressure were rediscounted by Bill-brokers in the London market.

The extension of the Panic of 1857 to Scotland was not surprising, seeing the intimate relations the trade and shipping of Glasgow have always had with those of America. Ten years before, the Panic passed over Scotland with hardly any damage, owing to the *solidarité* with which the Scottish Banks in an emergency stand by each other, as well as the soundness of its Banking administration. In 1857 so much could not be said of *all* the Scottish Banks. Without wise and prudent management, *solidarité* would be weakness, not strength. This solid front presented by the Scottish Banks for business purposes at all times, and for common defence in time of pressure, was fortunately neither blind nor indiscriminate; just as it in no wise prevented a healthy rivalry at their headquarters and their numerous country branches. Were this otherwise, a Banking Trade Union might prove most mischievous to the commercial interests of the Scottish people, for, owing to the Act of 1845, the existing institutions have ever since possessed a practical Banking monopoly. The Western Bank of Scotland had more than once lost repute with the other Banks owing to its sharp practices, on one occasion permitting its London agents to actually dishonour its drafts. With such a Jonah on board it would be quite impossible for the Scottish Banks to weather any gale; so after remonstrances, more than once repeated, followed by promises of amendment that were never kept, it was not only just but prudent that they should refuse further assistance, and repudiate a Bank whose practices they unanimously condemned, and which wrought ruin for itself and brought discredit upon them all.

To lay our finger on the principal cause of the Panic of 1866 it is necessary to go back for some years. After discussion, prolonged through several years, an Act was passed in 1855 permitting the formation of companies with "Limited Liability." Banks were at first specifically excluded from its operation, but after the bitter experience of 1857 this unreasonable restriction was removed in the following year. The soundness of the principle of "Limited Liability"

has now been amply justified by the varied experience of more than thirty years. Indeed, no one would no wdream of projecting any joint-stock company, whether for Banking, Commercial, or Manufacturing purposes, except on this principle of "Limited Liability." But this idea, like many others equally valuable, was for some time brought into great discredit. It ought not to have been surprising that the unscrupulous partners of many weak and worthless concerns should gladly avail themselves of the opportunity this Act supplied of getting rid of their obligations by bribing the very gullible public with hollow promises of impossible dividends. Companies were promoted to conduct many new and doubtful experiments which no single capitalist or firm would undertake ; the profits, according to the highly-coloured prospectus, were so tempting and the risk to each shareholder seemed so small. When this Act had only been a few years in operation it was officially announced that 300 companies had been formed with "Limited Liability," each having a capital of one million and upwards, making between them a total of £,504,000,000. The smaller companies were simply innumerable. Out of these 300 there were twenty-seven Banks and fourteen Discount and Finance companies. "Limited Liability" is a very reasonable security against utter ruin to shareholders in a large concern who cannot possibly know or control the character of its business, but it furnishes no adequate protection against reckless trading or culpable mismanagement. Many of these new Discount and Finance companies locked up the greater portion of their funds in large loans to the projectors and contractors of foreign railways and public works executed abroad, which, under the most favourable auspices, could make no return for years.

During 1864 and 1865 there were great fluctuations in the rate of discount, which had more than once to be raised to check a foreign drain of bullion. Immediately the pressure began to be felt the shareholders of the new companies took alarm, rushed into the market to sell their depreciated stock ; aided by "bearing" operations on the Stock Exchange, the shares fell tremendously ; their creditors next became clamorous, the result being that many of these companies were wound-up before they were really started, and their hollow pretensions exposed. The only profits went into the pockets of the promoters who presided at their birth, and the commercial undertakers, better known as liquidators, who buried them. As money became scarce, the contractors of foreign undertakings were unable to obtain fresh loans or the renewal of their long-dated acceptances ; many of them accordingly suspended payment, the

chief assets in many cases being plant and materials located abroad or shares in a half finished foreign railway, about the most unsaleable security conceivable. From these insolvent contractors suspicion quickly spread to the Finance companies which had hitherto supplied them with funds. There is no reason whatever why Finance companies might not quite legitimately make advances upon long-dated acceptances to the full extent of their capital and such deposits as had been received for a term of years; but for companies to do so while receiving money at call and at short dates, this was the height of midsummer madness. The "birds of prey" on the Stock Exchange soon sent the shares down by the run, frightened depositors vainly demanded their money, the Banks who had aided them in their folly, and must bear their full share of the blame, refused any further assistance, and then the end was near. The brooding storm began to burst in February with the stoppage, as usual, of a large Discount House. In March a large Provincial Bank failed for £3,500,000. The rate rose daily, until on May 10, the day before that memorable "Black Friday," it stood at 10 per cent. On the morning of the 11th the newspapers announced the failure of Overend Gurney & Co., Limited, for more than £10,000,000. This was the most tremendous failure that had ever happened in the City of London during its long and varied history, and the excitement that followed simply baffles description. That same evening Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced to the crowded House of Commons, amid loud and general cheering, that the Bank Charter Act was again suspended. For the *third* time during its chequered existence of twenty-two years "it was weighed in the balance and found wanting."

The evil of a time of suspicion and distrust is, that not mismanaged institutions only, which deserve no sympathy, but also those perfectly well conducted suffer and are often sacrificed: the Consolidated Bank, an admirably-managed concern both before and since, having unavailingly undertaken to pay the deposits of the Bank of London, which had been run upon, and make advances to its customers, a most public spirited and prudent step, which deserved a better fate; but on refusing to take over this Bank's acceptances a lawsuit followed, which very absurdly caused a run upon itself, and, after only struggling for three days, it was obliged temporarily to close its doors. Owing to a lying telegram sent to Bombay, Agra and Masterman's Bank, after a long struggle, was obliged for a time to suspend payment. It was hardly creditable to the other Banks, and supplies further proof of the weakness of isolation and disunion,

... and well-managed institutions should have stood alone at the cruel ... others aided by an unreasoning ... by a few of the strongest ... they were perfectly satisfied ... would have gone far ... the Stock Exchange powerless, and to ... these depositors who are quite as easily ...

The rate of interest in May was 10 per cent. slowly fell, until ... From this point it varied little ... the misunderstanding began ... which ended in the terrible war be- ... The fear that we might be drawn ... market, and the rate rose rapidly ... August. When it was found that we remained ... besides, the large sums sent for ... foreigners kept this country well ... This was the first pause in the unexampled ... of 1865. After a panic the ... that have survived so severe a strain ... resumes activity with surprising ... indicate this improvement in ...

Total Exports and Imports for 1857.	over	£501,000,000
"	"	1873, .. £682,000,000
	30 per cent. Increase in six years	£181,000,000
<hr/>		
Cleaving Bank Balances		£147,000,000
1873 41 ..	£26,000,000	£256,000,000
	In six years Increase more	than 84 per cent. £2,755,000,000. Increase. 74½ p.cent. £109,000,000

Much of this marvellous increase was doubtless sound and genuine, but there remained a good deal that cannot be so described. From 1868 to 1873 there had been an unnatural expansion of the railway system in America—not unlike our own railway mania in 1847—far beyond the necessities of the case. The inevitable collapse of this vicious system of financing, in September 1873, was the cause of great excitement and distrust, and many failures in America. The American demand for gold sent our rate up rapidly to 9 per cent. Another unfortunate item in the pressure at this time was the

number of foreign railways contracted for in this country, which were mostly paid by foreign loans subscribed here. To make these railways, and then lend them money to pay for them, was certainly a risky business. Some of these public works were simply unwise investments, but a number of them can only be described as barefaced swindles. What better were the loans to the Governments of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Columbia, Ecuador, Mexico, Paraguay, and San Domingo? The coupons were punctually paid out of capital until the loans were fully floated upon the gullible public, and then the payments ceased. The Foreign Loans Committee, which sat in 1875, was not able to recommend any legislative cure for the evil; but the revelations in course of the inquiry have been sufficient to prevent that class of swindle from appearing so often since. These railways and public works abroad gave for a time a fictitious prosperity to the iron and other trades concerned in their construction, but with the collapse the contractors and the iron companies that supplied the materials were obliged to stop, as well as the Discount houses that found the funds. One fortunate circumstance throughout this anxious time was, that the mischief in each case was comparatively detached and local, and distrust accordingly did not spread, money being exceedingly plentiful and cheap— not more than 3 per cent.— no difficulty arose with well conducted houses in obtaining the necessary advances.

The political disputes on the Continent which ended in the Russo-Turkish War, from which we had such a narrow escape, had a very mischievous influence on the course of trade, as wars and rumours of wars always have. This condition of affairs was still further aggravated by the bad harvests of 1875-7. Sir James Caird estimates the loss in agricultural produce alone, during these three successive years, at 10 per cent. per annum, making a total of £78,000,000. A small bank failure in March 1878 was quite eclipsed by the disastrous and disgraceful collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank for upwards of £12,000,000, half of which was totally lost. The failure of this Bank made such a stir at the time, that any lengthened reference here is unnecessary. Bad as this case undoubtedly was, it ought to be remembered that this is only the *second* Bank that has failed in Scotland during the present century, and in both instances the creditors were paid in full. In addition to the reckless mismanagement that characterised the Western Bank, the City of Glasgow Bank was the first—and let us hope the last—to concoct fraudulent balance-sheets to conceal their losses. No less than six millions of money were lent to four firms, all hopelessly insolvent.

that so many perfectly sound and well-managed institutions have been permitted to go to the wall, standing alone at the mercies of "bearing" stock-jobbers, aided by an unreasoning passionate mob. The mere announcement by a few of the Banks that, after careful examination, they were perfectly satisfied with the soundness of the suspected institutions, would have been sufficient to render the "ravens" on the Stock Exchange powerless, and to allay the nervous dread of those depositors who are quite as easily pacified as they are frightened.

The Bank rate, which in May was 10 per cent., slowly fell, and in December it stood at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. From this point it varied during the next four years. In 1870 the misunderstanding between France and Germany, which ended in the terrible quarrel between these powerful countries. The fear that we might be drawn into the quarrel affected the money market, and the rate rose to 6 per cent. in August. When it was found that we remained neutral this rise was not maintained; besides, the large sums of money sent to our safety from the Continent by timid foreigners kept this country supplied with funds. This was the first pause in the unexampled prosperity that followed the disaster of 1866. After a pause a general feeling is that all houses that have survived so severe a trial must be sound, and trade accordingly resumes activity with surer confidence. The following figures indicate this improvement in a very emphatic way:—

United Kingdom: Total Exports and Imports for 1867, over	£501,000,000
" " " " 1873, ..	£682,000,000
	36 per cent. Increase in six years .
Clearing House Returns—	£181,000,000
1867-8: Totals, £3,257,000,000	Fourths of Months, £147,000,000
1873-4: " £6,013,000,000	" " £250,000,000
In six years, Increase more	
than $84\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. .	£2,756,000,000, Increase, $74\frac{1}{2}$ p. cent. £100,000,000

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Accommodation bills were accepted by the Bank upon the most villainous security. The failure to distinguish between a legitimate security and a mortgage has been the fruitful source of all the ensuing failures we have reviewed. Several other failures occurred this time of Private and Provincial Banks, each by itself of importance, but, all taken together, helping to prolong this long period of suspicion and distrust.

It is certainly a curious fact in our Commercial history that there have been Panics of varying intensity in the years 1797, 1807, 1826, 1837, 1847, 1857, and 1866. This peculiarity has given what is called the *Decennial* theory, which some eminent economists have suggested as possibly connected with the spots which astronomers have discovered in the sun. Future investigation may confirm this strange theory, but at present it bears a striking resemblance to the Tenterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands. According to the Decennial theory we ought to have had one panic in 1876 and another in 1886. There can be no doubt that the series of unfortunate events which occurred in 1875 and 1878, had they happened together, would have resulted in a panic not inferior in intensity to any that went before. The mere fact that they did not occur together suffices to prove that time is not the only element in the case, and the problem is more complex than the solar solution supposes. The distribution of disasters over a longer period allowed time for the recovery from one blow before the next misfortune fell. Though not without drawbacks, this was an undoubted gain. If Bill-brokers and bankers will persist in buttressing up unstable and insolvent firms, waiting for a turn of the tide that never comes, under the idea that they are nursing an account, good money is thrown away in search of a cure, instead of boldly facing an immediate loss, they have eventually to suffer much more severely. If every year could actually be made to bear its own losses, times of pressure there might still be, but they would be nearly unknown. But instead of getting rid of the business, the commercial sewage, as soon as it arises, there is an accumulation of the business refuse of years; the first trouble that comes brings these rotten and bolstered-up houses all crashing down together. Pressure soon intensifies into panic, and commercial distress becomes a ruinous disaster. Times of *pressure* serve the useful and necessary purpose of weeding out the business that is weak and worthless; but when *panic* comes it brings a mad blindness with it, so that the strongest often suffer and fall together. Pressure alone has one drawback, that it often leads to a period of prolonged distress, and the subsequent recovery often difficult and tedious.

This Decennial or any other theory, is that the widespread expectation of some coming calamity is so apt, like the case of Macbeth and the witches, unconsciously to set agoing the very forces that help to bring it about.

The weekly return of the Bank of England in times of pressure is somewhat misleading to the uninitiated. The country banks are usually the first to suffer and to feel it most; possibly because they deal with the more ignorant and credulous, and therefore more easily frightened portion of the community. In order to provide for an emergency they dispose of all stocks likely to be depreciated, reduce their investments in first-class securities, and withdraw a large portion of their cash balance from their London agents. Now, in all these cases, the money eventually comes from the reserve held by the Bank of England. By these means the lowness of the Bank of England reserve in times of pressure does not at all fairly represent the actual reserve held in the country, which instead of being accumulated as in ordinary times at one spot, is none the less available because distributed at various points where pressure is expected. Suppose the proposal which has frequently been recommended to be actually carried out, viz., that country bankers should keep all their reserves at their head office, and the London bankers should cease to keep their balances at the Bank of England, the next Bank return after the change would show a very large reduction in the reserve of gold and a corresponding decrease in its private deposits, although there would not be a single coin less in the country available for every purpose of Internal and Foreign Exchange.

The conduct of a Commercial Crisis ought not to be so entirely under the control, and so dependent upon the judgment, of any single institution, however large its resources and however wisely administered. The chief objection to the Act of 1844 is that in a time of Panic no single board of directors, however capable and trustworthy, ought to bear the entire responsibility of the expansion of the note circulation. Under existing arrangements there is no other that can undertake the task. What special knowledge of the real condition of commercial affairs during a crisis can the financial authorities of the Government of the day have, except at second-hand; and accustomed as Governments of every kind are to yield to noisy clamour and popular passion, the administration or suspension of this or any similar Act by them is liable to influences of a character not to be encouraged. What is very much wanted in England, and especially in London, is that there should be some *solidarité* among institutions, whose representatives, by being

questions, not even the great convenience of uniform practice in matters of detail ; no recognised channel for the collection of valuable information, nor means of common defence in times of unreasonable suspicion and baseless distrust. The London Clearing House Committee—to which, by the way, the Bank of England sends no representative—might, indeed, be reconstituted in order to discharge these high functions on a wider scale. It would indeed be a worthy ambition were the recently-formed Bankers' Institute of London, which embraces a wider reach of Banking opinion than any existing institution, to bend its energies to undertake this hitherto-unfulfilled task. It would confer untold advantages, not on the Banking profession only, but upon every section of the commercial community. By wise forethought and timely precaution, depression might then be prevented from becoming disaster, and fluctuations could be faced without dismay.

Through the demonetisation of silver in Germany, and the resumption of cash payments in the United States, it has been estimated that £200,000,000 of gold have been absorbed. The demand from Germany would have been *less* but for the abolition of their small-note currency, while the requirements of America would have been *more* but that their small notes were wisely retained. Along with this enormous demand for gold, there has been a reduced supply from the mines. According to Mr. Goschen's estimate, the annual average production from 1852-6 was £30,000,000, and from 1871-5 this fell to £19,000,000. The natural result of such a concurrence of events, all tending the same way, is that gold, becoming scarce, has appreciated in value, which becomes popularly known as a fall in money prices. That prices have fallen since 1873 does not admit of any doubt, but, as in the case of the depreciation of gold, there is great difference of opinion how much, out of the many causes of depression, is owing to the fluctuation in gold. In the case of Gold appreciation the creditor gains at the debtor's expense. Those who "neither toil nor spin" get the advantage. When the depreciation occurred in 1860, the Clearing House system, the increased banking facilities, the extended use of cheques and transfers, all helped to economise the gold currency, and thus heightened the effect of the fluctuation in the value of gold. There is nothing at present to lessen the full force of this increasing demand for gold, with all its disturbing consequences, upon a supply so materially reduced. So far as this country is concerned a very simple and safe remedy would be the issue, properly secured, of £1 notes, which after a while would be as popular and as free from forgery in

England as they now are in Scotland and Ireland and our Australian Colonies, where, except in the custody of the banks and in the pockets of tourists and travellers, sovereigns are seldom seen.

It has been estimated that the introduction of gold currency into Germany released £48,000,000 of silver, and the introduction of National bonds for small sums in France has extracted much of the silver savings of the French peasantry. At the same time, according to the estimate of Sir Hector Hay, the annual supply from the silver mines, unlike that of gold, has enormously increased, from £9,000,000 in 1852, to more than £20,000,000 in 1882. To make matters still worse, India, which had for a long time been a large importer of this precious metal, now that the construction of railways and of public works there has nearly ceased, is satisfied with much less. In ten years, from 1868 to 1878, silver depreciated from 10 to 20 per cent., and now in 1890, nearly 30 per cent. How serious this was may well be imagined in our intimate relations with India, political as well as commercial, where silver is the popular currency. The Indian Government receives taxes in silver, but unfortunately has large payments for pensions, salaries, debt, and various charges due in this country in gold. During 1878, the Government India Bills amounted to £14,000,000, and reckoning the depreciation of silver at 13 per cent.—a very moderate estimate—this represents a loss to the people of India of nearly £2,000,000 for that year, and for 1888, at 30 per cent., the loss by exchange amounts to £4,500,000. Considering the poverty of the great bulk of the Indian people, the inelastic character of the revenue, and the frequency of famine there, it will readily be seen how ill-able India is to bear such a burden.

The Indian Banks and companies holding investments in India and other silver-using countries have also been seriously affected. Owing to excessive competition and speculation there had been for some years numerous failures in the Indian trade. When the depreciation in silver began, no precautions were taken, but believing in its speedy recovery, investments were made largely in rupee paper. The system of long-dated acceptances to merchants, and large advances amounting almost to dead loans to planters of Indian produce, common among the Indian banks, notwithstanding their deposits for a term of years, left them weak to withstand any period of pressure or suspicion. To these causes was mainly owing the disastrous failure of the Oriental Bank, which at one time had so extensive and prosperous a business. The loss from fluctuation in the value of silver has already been sufficiently serious, and, indeed, more than was necessary, had precautions suggested by prudent

foresight been taken ; still, there is no reason whatever why the loss should be a continuous one. The variation has simply to be allowed for in each new transaction, like the fluctuations that frequently occur from a variety of causes in the Foreign Exchanges. It may also well be asked, why the Indian Government should continue to pay charges in this country in gold. When the existing arrangements expire, India ought to make *all* her payments in her own currency, leaving the receivers to make the necessary adjustment.

It cannot be surprising that fluctuations so serious in the value of both gold and silver should suggest various violent remedies which cannot now be fully discussed, such as "the pathetic fallacy" of attempting to maintain a fixed and artificial proportion between the two metals, popularly known as "Bi metallism." The idea appears to be that when fluctuation occurs in either metal, owing to the fixed and artificial nexus, the actual variation would be less, as the one metal had to drag the other up or down with it. With two metals it might indeed happen when the natural fluctuation in each was in an opposite direction, the actual variation would doubtless be less, being the difference between the two ; but when these fluctuations, whether in the supply or demand of both were concurrent, the actual variation to be then allowed for on every transaction would be not the difference but the sum of both added together. This cure it is clear would be a deal worse than the disease, for the use of two metals as standards of value would require adjustment to a double variation, instead of one, which is trouble enough already. If the use of two metals for this purpose be better than one, it logically follows that three must be better than two, and four best of all, and so on like indeterminate decimals. Whilst one standard of value must be simplest for each country, and the gradual introduction of one universal system would be a great convenience, just as the universal adoption of the decimal system would greatly simplify calculations and transactions, it is, however, a great mistake for any country to carry out even a valuable reform, as Germany has done, in an arbitrary, sudden, and violent way.

There are always compensations that accompany times of Commercial trial and loss, if only we are wise enough to find them out and profit by them. The weak, the speculative, and the worthless firms that come to grief when the first pressure is felt, leave room for the healthy growth and expansion of well-conducted concerns which have sufficiently suffered from the unfair, because reckless, competition of men who risked everything because they had next to nothing to lose. One consequence of the disastrous failure of the

City of Glasgow Bank, and the utter ruin of its hapless shareholders was, that with the exception of the Bank of England and the oldest Scottish banks which claim to be already "Limited" in virtue of their charters, the shareholders of all the Joint Stock Banks in England and Scotland are now "Limited" in their liability to vast sums over and above the amount of their capital, but available only in the event of winding-up or bankruptcy. It came to be felt that a Bank's stability was more secure with a share list containing the names of men of substance, even with "Limited Liability," than with the profuse promises of men of straw. Another alteration made at the same time was the institution by most Joint Stock Banks of what is now called an "Independent Audit." Now, no professional accountant unless he has mistaken his vocation—can possibly be a competent judge of the soundness of a Bank's business and the wisdom of its investments; he can only count the cash, compare the vouchers, and revise the book-keeping. With unscrupulous directors, the utmost skill of the most experienced auditor could be easily evaded. It is one of those sops to Cerberus, an attempt to pacify the public with a security purely fanciful and fallacious. It would be more to the purpose were Joint Stock Banks to supply their shareholders with fuller information as to the condition of their affairs; they would not then be so often the easy prey to unreasonable suspicion and distrust. Ignorance may be the mother of devotion, but she is certainly the fertile parent of fanaticism.

to wreck the reputation it took so many long years of untiring industry and prudent enterprise to build up. With the exception of some Private Banks, how few commercial firms survive a century? Take even the firms that flourished forty-five years ago, Where are they to-day, and what has been their history? How, then, are Bankers who make advances to detect such changes? One great difficulty is the vicious habit, unfortunately common among the best firms, of keeping accounts with several Bankers, by means of which shifty houses can easily manipulate their transactions so as effectually to disguise them. What well conducted firms with sufficient capital can possibly gain by this evil practice it is difficult to discover. Any Banker would certainly have more confidence in giving accommodation to his customers if he knew that the account in his ledgers was a faithful record of all their transactions and a fair index to the character of their business.

Banks have every interest in being loyal to each other in the information supplied as to the character and credit of any of their customers; but when a Banker has just made a considerable advance to one of his clients, or is nursing an account in order to reduce its obligations, he is scarcely impartial in reporting about a firm with whose stability his own interests are so seriously bound up. In obtaining information about a firm from someone in the same trade, or a member of the same market or exchange, which is frequently done, it is very difficult to discount statements prompted possibly by friendly exaggeration or spiteful rivalry.

The scarcity of bills of exchange of late years indicates a tendency to ready-money transactions and cash settlements on fixed days, after the manner of the Stock Exchange, and what are called "telegraphic transfers"; all these are healthy signs from a business point of view, showing a better proportion between liabilities and capital, even although the services of the Banker as middleman are dispensed with. Of recent years there has been a considerable increase in the amount of advances upon Stock Exchange securities. This is a branch of Banking that on the surface seems amazingly simple, but yet requires very special care. Merchants in London and elsewhere do not now keep a sufficient balance at their Bankers in reasonable proportion to the character and volume of their business, being often satisfied if they just escape being charged commission. The surplus they invest in stocks and shares bearing a dividend. How far the abolition of interest on monthly balances of current accounts may account for this it is difficult to say. Instead of restraining this system—for these stocks are not commercial securities at all, being more akin to mort-

gages—Bankers not only advance upon these pawned securities with scanty enough margin, but, in the race after high dividends, Banks follow the doubtful example of their customers, and in turn trade with what ought to be their cash reserve, by purchasing similar stocks and shares, and lending their money at call and short notice to Bill-brokers and to Jobbers on the Stock Exchange. This is sailing very close to the wind ; it may do well enough in smooth water, but with a sudden squall there would come more than one capsized.

The great economy in the use of bank notes and coin—which according to a careful calculation made some years ago is only 3 per cent.—owing to the extension throughout the country of the Clearing House system, and the increased facilities of Banking, is in quiet and prosperous times an immense advantage ; but the more our commerce depends on instruments of credit of whatever sort, the larger the scope for suspicion and distrust, and the greater the danger of disturbance, the louder call accordingly to Bankers and business men to exercise the utmost prudence and sagacity. It is the business of a competent Banker to foresee and provide for an emergency before its arrival, neither precipitating pressure nor panic by reckless advances or by equally mischievous sudden contractions of credit. But for this economy of the currency, the marvellously-increased trade of the country since 1845 would have burst the swaddling-bands of these Banking Acts many years ago.

It has often been proposed that the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England should be permanent officials appointed by the Government, and not Directors selected from among themselves. This would be a tremendous blunder. Such officials would be mere politicians appointed for questionable reasons by the political party in power ; knowing nothing by personal experience of the actual necessities and anxieties of business men ; mere doctrinaires, who spin out their airy theories, taking no account of practical difficulties, of which they stand in happy ignorance ; learning everything at second-hand, and seeing it only from the outside.

In times of pressure and anxiety it is no small merit that the Bank of England and all our Joint Stock Banks are practically managed, not by professionals like the partners in Private Banks, but by Boards of Directors, all active business men, better acquainted and more in sympathy because in daily “ touch ” with the various ways of commercial life. The professional element is not wanting, though not predominant, for the permanent officials maintain the continuity of purpose necessary to the prolonged success of any institution ; but Bank Directors are not tempted as professional Bankers might be to

raise the rate of discount needlessly, profiting the bank at the cost of the commercial community, because as men in business they would find the terms bear hard against themselves.

The customers of Private Banks are not without some compensation in being always able to deal directly with principals, and not liable to be put off from pillar to post by officials who must refer to others for instructions. The responsibility of a partner in a Private Bank is thus much greater than that of a director in a Joint Stock Bank. This accounts for the difficulty, on the death or retirement of a partner in a Private Bank, of supplying his place by one possessing sufficient capital and business capacity. Hence the frequent union of Private Banks. The strong family traditions and hereditary training common to the partners of our oldest Private Banks are the best security for the continuance of men combining ample means with business ability.

The chief out of many drawbacks of there being but one Bank of Issue in London is that, when a period of pressure comes, every one, Banks in London and the Provinces, directly or indirectly, turns to it for assistance, as the sole custodian of the note currency which they all want. No doubt the Bank of England possesses the largest capital, but there are several other banks in London and the Provinces whose total resources are nearly as high, who transact a larger business both in deposits and advances. In a Commercial Crisis the other Banks are only expected to assist their own customers and secure the interest of their shareholders, but the Bank of England, and it alone, is supposed to sacrifice everything in order to maintain what is called the National credit. It may well be asked whether the Bank has no shareholders and customers having prior claims on its consideration? To demand that *one* institution should undertake the tremendous task of staying off National bankruptcy is not very reasonable, whilst all the others are only supposed to look after themselves. We have seen what a very limited and inferior part the note circulation plays in London in quiet times— not more than 3 per cent; but as soon as pressure sets in, and other instruments of credit and the institutions that issue them are suspected, and every description of security becomes unsaleable, then the note circulation becomes of the most vital importance, and the sole custodian of the currency in London occupies a position of such risk and responsibility, far beyond what any single institution ought to be called upon to bear. Notwithstanding the great reputation and the immense resources of the London and Provincial Banks of England, they are weak when any crisis comes for the want of a solid front and united action, whilst with such

and with its Bank-note legal tender, it is this that makes the position of the Scotch Banks so strong.

The question of the amount of Gold Reserve sufficient to secure confidence in a mass of money is one so difficult and intricate to discuss here and now that it may safely be affirmed that our Banking Authorities are on the side of safety. For the want of one or two millions of additional gold Government and other securities have to be sold at depreciated prices, amounting a loss of twenty times the amount. The profits of these transactions are pocketed chiefly by Stockholders, at the expense of the mercantile community, who are obliged to make forced sales, and the nervous and timid among the investing public in the midst of a falling market hoping to save something out of the sale.

Owing to the nature of the system on which the enormous bulk of our Banking and Commercial Liabilities rests, the withdrawal of even small quantities of Gold has an exaggerated effect upon the entire superstructure of Commerce. If our Banking Authorities, like those of France and Germany, kept an ample supply of Gold in Reserve, more than barely sufficient for the commercial condition of the time, we could readily part with a portion without disturbing commercial confidence and making the bulky structure rock from top to bottom. But how unreasonable and absurd to load one Bank, however distinguished, with the burden and the duty of maintaining the National Reserve of Gold, because for mutual convenience it happens to be the custodian. Every Bank throughout the three Kingdoms ought to consider it a standing obligation to provide its share in adequate proportion to its resources and liabilities.

During the recent Commercial Crisis, through which it is to be sincerely hoped we have safely passed, whilst it was creditable to the authorities of the Bank of England to take the prompt precaution of borrowing £3,000,000 of Gold from the Bank of France, it is not at all satisfactory to the Banking community generally that such a course was necessary. Everyone admires the wisdom and courage of Mr. Lidderdale, the present Governor of the Bank, in securing the Joint Guarantee, by which a calamity has hitherto been averted that would have thrown the memorable "Black Friday" of May 1866 completely in the shade. The willingness with which the leading London Banks, the Joint Stock Banks of England and Scotland, and a few large Foreign Banking Houses agreed to join the Bank of England to prevent a commercial collapse, deserves all praise. The probability of loss to the Guaranteeing Banks is as nothing compared to the immense advantage and saving to the Commercial public and

to the trade of the Country generally, by restoring confidence and averting a Panic in which the innocent are sucked in to suffer with the guilty, when good and bad go down together.

The profession of Banking, like most other departments of business, owes less than nothing to legislative enactments. With the very best intentions, Acts of Parliament have invariably proved "more of a hindrance than a help." We have seen that the Bank Charter Act of 1844 has not really fulfilled any one of the promises of its advocates. It has not secured the convertibility of Bank notes, for this was quite as safe before. It has not regulated the Foreign Exchanges, for this is done by means of the rate of interest, the export and import of gold, and the influence of the state of credit on prices. It has not prevented Commercial Panics, which have since come with even more than former frequency; but, on the contrary, its restrictions have aggravated each crisis, the only safety being systematic suspension. Even when some Parliamentary regulation is for a time beneficial, owing to its unbending rigidity and the difficulty of adaptation to the ever-varying circumstances of commercial life, before very long it becomes positively obstructive and mischievous. As Stuart Mill remarks upon another subject, "Governments, as a rule, have not shown such remarkable wisdom and skill in managing the necessary affairs of the Nation to encourage any one to entrust them with further responsibility." There ought to be the minimum of restriction with the maximum of liberty; liberty with all its temporary and lessening risks, along with all its great and growing advantages.

In the rush to be rich, times of wild speculation and of pressure and commercial panic there always will be, until human nature has very considerably changed. Cases will continue to occur of reckless trading and gross mismanagement, varied occasionally by the addition of concealment and fraud. Such things have happened among Banks as well as men of business, in spite of all our legislative enactments, and will recur long after all these statutory restrictions have been swept away. The safety and success of a Bank depends entirely upon the selection of capable as well as honest men; to the prudence and foresight, checked by wholesome publicity, with which the Bank's resources are invested; to the maintenance of a solid reserve suitable to the character of its business, and amply sufficient for each emergency as it arises; for on these, and not on any Acts of Parliament, do the security of the notes, the deposits, the capital, and the very existence of every Bank depend.

B. D. MACKENZIE.

A TREE OF JUSTICE.

RELICS have a charm for us all. They are knots on the line, and help us to realise the pace at which we are putting the past behind us. They stand up solid in the present, like "old women" in ground under excavation, and give us at a glance a measure of the work that has been done. I know an old house in such memorials of the past, where there still stands, on its once-often-visited shelf, the real bottle and apparatus which was the precursor of Bryant & May. One can fancy the master, in hot haste to read the *Trafalgar Gazette*, let us say, fumbling with the clumsy contrivance and almost regretting the less elaborate flint and steel of his fathers. Such things are points from which the constructive imagination can spin its web. They are the illustrations which make history a thought less dreary than it would be without them.

For history is somehow too dead to appeal strongly to our sense

moment at least, the scepticism of generations that accompanied me to the performance. It was my fortune to assist as a spectator at a veritable trial by ordeal; and I believe that my impressions during the entire transaction were not very different from those of the believing onlookers. My mind fell naturally into the tone of the period which had gone on living in this little backwater of the river of progress.

It takes an effort to imagine an Aryan firemill and a court of justice in which a long-ago dead and buried saint holds the scales, in full operation within a dozen miles of a town where the streets are lit with gas (possibly by this time with the electric light), and where English barristers come up by rail to plead before English judges, whenever suitors think it worth while to pay their fees. Yet so it is, or was ten years ago. Since then it may all have been swept into the "surf of the past," and the reign of lucifers and legality have been proclaimed. I think, indeed, that I have since heard that the eye of reform has been directed to the little forest state where only so short a time ago such things were still possible.

It was in India, of course. I will not say in an Indian jungle; the wary reader would expand his nostrils and scent tigers in the very word. But sporting adventures are to the very least as odious to me as to him. Let him not expect to find the slang of Anglo-Indian life or the familiar local colouring of the Indian impressionist. I can give no more than a black and-white memorandum of a scene I saw.

A ride of ten or twelve miles from the city—I purposely omit its name—had brought me to the foot of a low range of hills, one of which projected into the plain and skirted the road. A noticeable hill higher than its neighbours, standing aloft among them like a canine tooth in a row of molars. The ragged undergrowth of the puny forest clothed its sides for a hundred feet or so. Then it rose bare and bald, and I could trace along its flank a strongly-marked path that dipped and emerged among the ravines that furrowed the surface, until it seemed to terminate at a sort of shoulder below the sharp peak. Where it stopped was a largish tree, half hidden behind the swell of the hill.

"A strange peak," I said to the native official beside me. "Has it a name?"

"It is the hill of the saint Pir Knan, sahib. His tomb is there, and also his tree."

"The tree is sacred to him, then?"

"When the Pir Sahib had finished his battle with the goddess,

who at that time occupied the place, he sat down and cleaned his teeth with a twig of tamarind. It grew and became a tree."

"He fought the goddess, eh?"

"Her temple was upon this hill, sahib. The Pir found her an obstacle. He went and sat down before her temple and repeated spells. She also on her side repeated spells. The Pir Sahib being the more powerful, her temple flew in pieces."

"The devil!"

"Of the pieces is made the path which the sahib can see. At the top is the stone-lined tank of her temple, whole. And beside it is the tomb of the Pir."

"A place worth seeing, I dare say."

"It is a place of renown, sahib. The air is good, and people come to make obeisance to the Pir. But the chief rarity to be seen is the tree."

"So large?"

"Large it is, truly. But it is also a tree of virtues."

My tents came in sight, and the saint and his tree passed out of my mind.

But the business that had brought me had to be postponed, and towards the afternoon I found myself unoccupied. It was a cloudy and showery day at the end of the cold weather. The dust was laid, and there was a sweet pungent smell of freshly-wetted sand. I thought I would stroll out and have a look at the scene of the saint's triumph.

It was not a mile to the foot of the hill. I easily hit off the track through the forest that led to the bottom of the paved path I had noticed. It was four or five feet wide, made of fragments of carved and wrought stone, some of which had unmistakably belonged to the curved spire of an old Hindoo temple. It took me up by an easy ascent till I came out in front of a square building of sunburnt brick, over the walls of which projected the boughs of a large tamarind tree. A bundle of tall bamboos, each tipped with a fluttering rag of white, indicated the sanctity of the place. On the top of the hill above was perched a tiny Hindoo shrine, of very recent construction, and blazing white with new plaster. It made an unpleasant contrast to the grey rock on which it stood. Behind the building before me were some more trees, and among them the tank of the old temple, perfect, with its surrounding steps of hewn stone, but empty. Near it were ruins. I did not care to explore further, and turned my attention to the enclosure which contained the tree.

It was entered by a pair of wooden gates which stood ajar. In the open space in the middle was a tomb with the usual small erection at the head that serves to hold a lamp. In this case the lamp was alight. Behind was a sort of lean-to backed by the wall, like the guard house or office so common in India, with an open space in the centre for reception, and the plastered floor and seats which serve instead of chairs and carpets.

An elderly man rose as I entered, and came to meet me with much politeness. I noticed that, although his complexion was that of the district, his features were those of a negro, and the hair that showed through the twist of white rag he wore by way of turban was woolly.

I explained that I had heard of the celebrity of the place and had walked up from my tents. He seemed flattered.

"This is the tomb of the saint, I suppose," I said. "I hear that in old times he came here and planted your tree. It is a good tree."

"Many years ago, sahib. He came alone, only my forbear with him, an Abyssinian like me, and broke down the temple of the image-worshippers. I and my fathers have been since then the servants of the Pir Sahib."

"I see there is a temple at the top of the hill now."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The goddess owns a piece of land there. A little piece."

I did not pursue the subject: it was, possibly, a delicate one. "And so the tree grew from the Pir Sahib's tooth-twig? It has flourished under his blessing."

Looking at it from where I stood, I could see that the trunk had divided at about three feet from the ground, and that the two limbs had grown together again about four feet higher up, thus leaving an irregularly shaped opening. Tamarinds are rather liable to such distortions.

"The Pir Sahib left it, in order that justice might not fail to remain near his tomb."

I looked, I suppose, as though I did not catch his meaning, for he went on:—

"The sahib has not heard of the Pir's working in the tree? He who is falsely accused may come here and pass through it. By so doing his innocence becomes manifest. The Pir seizes liars by the loins."

A curious tradition, I thought. We walked up to it. It must

have contracted considerably since the days when people got through it, if ever indeed they did.

“A tale of the old days, moolajee” (your reverence).

“Of old days, sahib.”

We had misunderstood one another. I meant that it was a thing of the past, and that it had come down from antiquity. My next question cleared things up.

“Is it very long since any one went through?”

“Three days, sahib. But one will make the trial to-day.”

I stared.

“What! Do people pass through that hole now?”

“When the Pir permits them, sahib.”

“You have seen them pass yourself? Children, of course?”

“A woman in her sixth month has passed, sahib. And men have stayed in the tree for three days.”

“And how did they manage to eat and drink?”

“How should they eat and drink while the Pir held them by the loins?”

“And how did they get through at last?”

“Confessing the truth, the Pir Sahib pitied them. One, a trader, and fat, was obstinate. I gave him all assistance, but he stayed.”

“How did you assist him, moolajee?”

“I beat him often and hard, sahib. But it was the third day before he confessed. Then the Pir opened his hand and he went.”

I looked at the opening again. It seemed incredible. It was a long hole, narrower at the middle than above or below. The upper part was the widest. I went behind it and put my head through till the shoulders stopped it. I felt sure that it was impossible for a grown man to get his chest through that cranny.

“A thing not to be done, moolajee.”

The old man laughed without showing any sign of offence.

“If the sahib will wait for an hour he will see with his own eyes.”

Well, there was no saying fairer than that. I determined to see the thing out.

I had scrambled to the top of the hill and almost forgotten the object of my stay in the beauty of the view beneath me, when I caught sight of a little cavalcade that had made a halt at the foot of the hill. There was one of the gaily-decorated bullock-carriages of the country, with its pair of immense white oxen and its white, domelike awning. And there were two or three ponies. Women got out and men dismounted, and I saw them set foot upon the path

and begin the ascent of the hill. I waited a few minutes, and then walked down to the enclosure, before the gate of which I found them all in parley with the old priest.

There were two or three women and as many men. One of them was standing a little aside, something as a duellist might while the preliminaries of his combat are being arranged. It was easy to see that he was to be the principal actor in whatever was to follow. They were not Musulmans, Rajpoots, people of position, I dare say. The man was a very fine young fellow of five-and-twenty or so, with a remarkably good pectoral development, clean, shorn face, and curly moustache.

Everyone evidently meant business. There was hardly a minute's delay. The women went inside and sat down beside the tomb, while the man on his purgation stripped to his waist-cloth and coiled his long hair up out of the way. Then his friends brought water and threw it over the upper part of his body and head. I thought that the water was intended to facilitate matters mechanically, but he was dry before the actual ordeal commenced. I imagine that it was a ceremonial lustration, and seem to remember something analogous in accounts of such trials in the Middle Ages.

Then we all went in. The priest was standing at the head of the tomb, with a potsherd in his hands containing a little something—incense, I dare say—which he lighted before us from the lamp in the niche beside him. Then he placed it in the young man's hands. I shall call him "the challenger" for the future and save trouble. And then he made him repeat after him, word by word, a form of denial of the offence with which he was charged.

It seemed that a lady's character was at stake, and (consequently) a gentleman's. But to the complete upsetting of my preconceived ideas on such subjects, I learnt from the words of the oath that it was not the challenger himself whose moral conduct was unpugned (and indeed he looked a good young man), but his *brother's*. I certainly ought to have headed this, "A Brother Indeed"—but the reader shall judge.

The old priest was extremely particular about the names of the parties being repeated correctly. I thought I noticed a little tendency to slur them over, and perhaps he did so too. The challenger may not have felt absolutely assured of the entire propriety of his brother's conduct, and thought the saint might possibly admit a technical flaw in his declaration as enough to save his veracity. If so, the priest was too many for him. The statement was repeated, names and all,

with the most unimpeachable correctness. It ended with the words, "If this be not so, then may the saint seize me by the loins."

Then the priest placed the shard with the fire upon the tomb, quietly, and without any of that affectation of solemnity which is sometimes suggestive of farce. To tell the truth, I was a good deal impressed. There was a gravity about it all that made me feel myself in the presence of very strong belief. Every creature there fully thought that the dead man under the stone was among us in some mysterious way and ready to answer the appeal made to him.

It was in complete silence that we moved to the tree.

I must explain that it stood some three feet from the wall, from which a brick projected enough to supply a rest for one foot. The challenger placed his right foot against this, and thrust his head and shoulders in about as far as I had done myself. I did not see how he was to get farther. Then he gave a tremendous spang with his bent leg from the wall. As he did so a groan was forced from his chest, and his face, which came half out, grew purple and distorted like that of a man in the clutch of apoplexy. His foot and leg seemed to me to go on thrusting his body forward independently of his will, as recklessly as if it were mere dead matter. The sound of the scrunching of the cartilage of the lungs, as they were jammed and driven by main force into the tree, made me feel actually sick. The struggle lasted, I dare say, five minutes or more. After the first groan, which was produced, I imagine, by the mechanical expulsion of the air from the lungs, the man never uttered a sound. The priest stood by, silent and grave. The poor soul went through his bitter trial, alone.

By and by it was clear that the business was done. As soon as chest and arms were free, the priest showed him how to support one hand on a little knotty excrescence of the trunk below him, while the other grasped a small branch that grew out above. So directed, he pulled himself through easily enough. And there he stood among us, to all appearance none the worse!

Natives are not like ourselves. The friends had looked on with no more excitement perceptible in their manner than if they had been watching a sheep trying to get through a thorn fence. I heard no congratulations and no expression of sympathy with the awful suffering that this incomparable brother must have undergone. The little party gathered up its belongings and went on its way composedly. I should say that I did not notice on the man's back or chest any mark left by the grinding and grazing of the rough wood. I really believe that an animal of equal size, dragged forcibly through

that hole, would have been literally excoriated. I did not understand it then, and I do not understand it now.

After the thing was all over, after I had left the place, and my opportunity of satisfying myself was past, a dozen things suggested themselves to me as points of inquiry. Was the lady present? It is quite possible. Did the elder brother (I assume that this plucky youngster was the Orlando of a selfish elder brother) stand among the men who looked on with such entire imperturbability? The group included a pretty young woman and a hangdog looking scoundrel enough. I shall always believe that the two were there, and that a grave elderly man who had the air of complete want of interest in the proceedings was the suspicious husband. In the general inversion of the probable that seemed to obtain, the abnormal coolness of the lookers-on was the best proof of their being profoundly and personally interested. I should perhaps say that, though I saw no money pass, I was afterwards told that the priest's honorarium was one rupee.

The old gentleman smiled superiorly as I made my acknowledgments.

"The Pir Sahib is a doer of justice."

Do you want an explanation? At the time I did not feel inclined to seek one. It was only on thinking it over afterwards that I came to believe that there was a certain amount of power in the hands of the priest. You see, it was the upper part of the opening that was passed. There was no jugglery in that; nothing but the most determined resolution, kept up by the most utter faith, could drive a man through those torturing Symplegades. But when the chest was clear and the narrower waist came above the narrower part between the upper and under apertures, I can fancy that the body, if unsupported, would naturally sink and the waist be received in the lower one. Once there, no amount of struggling would clear the shoulders or the hips, and the vicum would remain, literally "caught by the loins"—the very penalty he had invoked upon himself. According to this theory (it is nothing more), the critical moment was that at which the priest indicated to the man already practically free where to place his hands, ostensibly merely so as to spare him the awkwardness of rolling out head first, unsupported, upon the ground below. Had his hands not been placed as they were when his hips followed his chest through the upper hole, the indispensable support would have been wanting, and the saint would have seized the convicted offender exactly at the moment when he fancied himself "out of the wood."

We have a good deal to learn about India yet. Can you imagine

an English younger brother going through that sort of thing to save the head of the house from an appearance before Sir James Hannen ? Talk of the rack of Sir Charles Russell's cross-examination ! Rather a week of the worst he could do than five minutes of that awful saint with his disinterested love of truth and his simple method of extracting it : not to mention my old friend the priest with his stick and his exhortations !

But that afternoon I was nearer in spirit to the Middle Ages than I ever shall be again.

J. FIELD.

WEIGHING THE STARS.

SOME very interesting results have recently been obtained with reference to the weight of certain stars. It may be asked what is meant by weighing a star? How is it possible to calculate the weight of those far off suns, the distance of which from the earth is so great that only in a few cases can it be measured with any approach to accuracy? In the case of a *single* star, that is, a star unaccompanied by a physically-connected companion, the calculation is impossible. Even if we knew the star's distance to a single mile, this knowledge would not help us to calculate its size and weight. The reason of this is that the fixed stars have no *apparent* dimensions. Even when examined with the highest powers of our largest telescopes they still appear as mere points of light—minute discs of no measurable diameter. Hence their *real* diameter remains unknown. Even their relative brilliancy does not help us in the matter. For the stellar distances hitherto determined show that the brightest stars are not always the nearest to the earth. The nearest of them all—Alpha Centauri—is certainly one of the brightest; but, on the other hand, Arcturus, a star of about the same brilliancy as Alpha Centauri, is—if the measures of its distance are reliable—at a distance about 25 times greater than that of 61 Cygni, a star of only the fifth magnitude! This latter star is actually a little nearer to us than the brilliant Sirius, "the monarch of the skies."

In the case of a binary, or revolving double, star, however, the case is different. Although we cannot measure the actual diameter of the discs of the component stars, we can measure the distance between them, and then—if their distance from the earth can be determined—we are enabled to calculate by Kepler's third law of orbital motion the sum of the masses of the components in terms of the sun's mass.

The components of a double star may, however, be so close that they cannot be separated by the highest powers of our largest telescopes. We cannot, therefore, in these cases, measure the distance between the components. To all intents and purposes they are to

the telescopic observer single stars, and the fact of their duplicity would remain undetected.

But here a new method of research, discovered in recent years, comes to our aid. By means of the spectroscope we can determine the rate in miles per second at which a star is approaching or receding from the earth. If, then, a star, apparently single in the telescope, consists in reality of two close components revolving round each other in a short period, we can find in some cases the velocity of the components in miles per second, although we know nothing of the star's distance from the earth. For, suppose the plane of the stellar orbit to pass through the earth, or nearly so. Then, when the line joining the components is at right angles to the line of sight, one of the stars will be rapidly approaching the eye, and the other receding from it. All the dark lines in the spectrum of the first star will consequently be displaced towards the blue end of the spectrum, while those of the second will be equally shifted towards the red end—if the masses of the components are equal. Each line will therefore appear double, and from the observed distance between them we can easily compute the velocity. When the motion becomes perpendicular to the line of sight the motion to and from the eye ceases, and the lines again become single. We have then merely to determine the times at which the lines appear single and double. As the lines will evidently double twice during each revolution, we must double the observed interval to obtain the period of revolution of one component round the other. The velocity and period thus found enable us at once to compute the actual dimensions of the system in miles, and its mass with reference to that of the sun.

In the course of spectroscopic researches on stellar spectra, undertaken at the Harvard Observatory for the Henry Draper Memorial, Professor Pickering found that the calcium line K. in the spectrum of the star Zeta, in Ursa Major, more popularly known as Mizar—the middle star in the “tail” of the Great Bear or handle of “the Plough”—appeared at times double, while on other occasions it was seen single and well defined. Other lines of the spectrum showed a similar variation. This doubling of the spectral lines was found to recur at regular intervals of about 52 days, thus indicating that the star was in reality a close double, with the components so close that no telescope yet constructed has hitherto been able to reveal its duplicity. Photographs of the spectrum of Mizar, taken on 70 nights in 1887–1889, show that the relative orbital velocity is about 100 miles per second, and the period of revolution of one component round the other about 104 days. From the observed dates on which

the spectral lines appeared double, Professor Pickering predicted that they would be again double on or about December 9, 1889. This prediction was duly fulfilled on December 8, thus proving the reality of the discovery. Assuming that the orbit is circular, with its plane passing through the earth, or nearly so, he finds that the distance between the components is about 143 millions of miles, or about the distance of Mars from the sun, and their combined mass about 40 times the mass of the sun. Considering the brightness of the star, and its probably vast distance from the earth, this great mass is not very surprising. Mizar has long been known as a wide double star, the companion being of about the fourth magnitude, and visible with a small telescope. Its duplicity was discovered by Riccioli in 1650, and it was measured by Bradley in 1755. It was the first pair photographed by the American astronomer Bond. It must now be looked upon as a triple star. Close to it is a fifth-magnitude star, known as Alcor, which is visible to the naked eye, and was considered by the ancients as a test of keen vision. It is now, however, plain enough to good eyesight, and is sometimes spoken of as a "naked-eye double." Mizar is therefore a most interesting star, double to the naked eye, a closer double with a moderate telescope, and yet again double to the eye of the spectroscopist. Between Mizar and Alcor is an eighth-magnitude star, discovered by Flamsteed in 1691.

Professor Pickering thinks that the greatest distance between the components of Mizar may perhaps be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times its annual parallax, and is probably far too small to be ever detected by any telescope. Klinkertues found for this star a very small parallax, indicating a distance about 5 million times the sun's distance from the earth, or a journey for light of about 76 years! The spectroscopist has thus enabled us to discover the existence of an invisible body! If the orbit is slightly inclined to the line of sight, the dimensions and corresponding mass of the system would be increased. It seems improbable that the plane of motion passes *exactly* through the earth, for in that case there would be an occultation twice in each revolution which would probably produce some diminution in the light of the star, as in the case of variable stars of the Alol type. I am not aware that any such regular variability has been observed in the light of Mizar. We must therefore conclude that the mass of the system is really more than that computed by Professor Pickering.

A similar spectroscopic result has been found in the case of the bright star Beta Aurigæ, for which the observations indicate a period of about 8 days, with a diameter of the orbit of about 16 millions of miles. From these data I find that the combined mass of the com-

ponents would be much less than in the case of Mizar—about $1\frac{1}{3}$ that of the sun. A similar variation was found to occur in the star 44 Ophiuchi. This star has been strongly suspected of fluctuations in its light, and it may possibly be a variable of the type of Algol. Professor Vogel finds a similar motion in the bright star Spica—the leading brilliant of the constellation Virgo, or the Virgin—with a period of about 4 days. Here however the lines are merely shifted, not doubled, or at least not distinctly so, as in Mizar and Beta Aurigæ. This indicates that one of the components is so faint that its spectrum is not seen, or only seen with difficulty, and that the observed motion is chiefly that of the brighter component. From the observed velocity—about 53 miles a second—Vogel computes that, for components of equal mass, the total mass of the system would be about $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the mass of the sun.¹

With reference to the Algol variables, it has long been suspected that the decrease in their light at minimum might possibly be due to the interposition of a dark eclipsing satellite. This periodical variation in the light of Algol itself, seems to have been known to the ancients, as its name implies the “demon star.” The true character of its variation was, however, first determined by Goodricke, in 1782, when its period from minimum to minimum of light was 2 days 20 hours 48 minutes $59\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. This has slowly diminished to its present value of 2 days 20 hours 48 minutes 51 seconds, according to a recent investigation by Chandler. Some few years since Professor Pickering undertook a mathematical investigation of the case, and showed that a dark eclipsing satellite revolving in a nearly circular orbit round Algol, in the period indicated by the light variation, would explain the observed phenomenon within the limits of errors of observation, and he pointed out that the orbit of the bright star might be determined by spectroscopic observations without any knowledge of the star’s distance from the earth.

Assuming the correctness of this hypothesis, and taking into consideration the observed diminution of light at minimum, Mr. Maxwell Hall computed that the density of Algol is only one-fourth that of water. From spectroscopic observations made by Professor Vogel at Potsdam in 1888 and 1889, he concludes that the decrease of light is really due to an eclipsing satellite. He found that before the minimum of light the star is receding from the earth at the rate of $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second, and, after the minimum, approaching with a

¹ Mr. Fowler has quite recently found that the bright star Vega is also a close double, with a period of only 24 hours 41 minutes, and a mass about $22\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the sun.

velocity of $28\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The observations also show a motion of translation of the system in space at the rate of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second, towards the earth. Assuming the orbit to be circular with its plane passing through the earth, Professor Vogel computes the diameter of Algol at 1,061,000 miles, and that of the dark companion 830,000 miles, with a distance between them of 3,230,000 miles. He makes the mass of Algol four-ninths of the sun's mass, and that of the companion two-ninths, or a combined mass equal to two-thirds of the mass of the sun. Taking the sun's density as 1.44, and its diameter 866,000 miles, I find that the above dimensions give a mean density for the components of Algol of about one-third of that of water, not differing much from Maxwell Hall's result, and showing the correctness of his conclusion that, "in the case of the components of Algol, as Mr. Lockyer argues in the case of the sun, we are undoubtedly dealing with masses of gas." The spectrum of Algol is of the first or Sirius type, all the spectral lines being faint except those of hydrogen, a type of spectrum which indicates that the star is very hot, and therefore probably in the gaseous state. This confirms the conclusion as to its density derived from the spectroscopic evidence of its orbital motion, and proves the correctness of the hypothesis that the variation in its light is due to a dark eclipsing satellite.

Professor Vogel assumes that both the components of the Algol system have the same density. But if this be so, we have the curious case of two bodies not differing largely in volume, of which one is intensely hot, and the other nearly a dark body. Vogel does not, however, consider it necessary to assume that the satellite is *absolutely* dark. It may be still in a very heated condition, but to agree with the observed variation the light of the companion cannot be greater than one eightieth of that of Algol itself. As the spectrum of Algol is of the first type, we may conclude, I think, that the intensity of its light is greater than that of our sun. The light emitted by the satellite may therefore possibly be equal to several thousand times the light of the full moon without interfering with the hypothesis. Professor Vogel refers to the parallel case of Sirius and its comparatively dark companion.

The brightness of Algol and its comparatively small mass might be taken to indicate a relative proximity to the earth, but if its parallax were even one second of arc (a highly improbable value), the greatest distance between the components would amount to only one twenty ninth of a second, a distance quite beyond the dividing power of even the largest telescopes.

It is to be hoped that the spectroscopic method may be applied to other stars of the Algol type, but some of these are so faint that a very large telescope would be required for the purpose. The following are, however, sufficiently bright to repay examination with telescopes of moderate power: Lambda Tauri, magnitude $3\frac{1}{2}$, and Delta Libræ, of the 5th magnitude. The others we must leave to the great Lick telescope or Mr. Common's 5-foot reflector.

J. E. GORE.

SOME MORE CURIOSITIES OF EATING AND DRINKING.

ON principle and from choice I am most abstemious, and once, as an experiment, lived for several weeks on sixpence a day and fared sumptuously. Unfortunately I did not fully carry out the well-known advice of a famous surgeon of another generation, for though I lived on sixpence a day, I did not at the time even earn that miserable sixpence. Although I can most comfortably go many hours without food, I do not deny the extreme fascination of dainty fare and of everything relating to it; I have made an exhaustive study of the subject, finding endless delight in it, though often wondering whether I could not occupy my time more intelligently and instruct my neighbours better in other ways. But one must write what the world will read, and, indeed, the subject is not without its historic value; you learn so much when, as in the case of the Great Napoleon, you are informed that he was greedily fond of mutton and garlic; then "there was Hallam with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction," as Sydney Smith said of him when describing a dinner-party, and Humboldt, his plate piled up with all the delicacies on the table, too intent on getting still more to eat what he already had.

What an insight the following passage from one of Froude's most charming "Short Studies" gives into the character of the great Dutch man who seemed to hold the key of the position in the stirring Reformation days, but whose extreme vacillation and constitutional timidity made him drift hither and thither aimlessly, like a ship without rudder or pilot —

Erasmus moved about in Switzerland and on the Upper Rhine. The lakes, the mountains, the waterfalls, the villas on the slopes delighted him when few people else cared for such things. He was particular about his wine. The vintage of Burgundy was as new blood in his veins, and quickened his pen into brightness and life. The German wines he liked worse for this point among others, which is curious to observe in these days. The great capitalist wine-growers and reformers all of them, were people without conscience and humanity, and adulterated their liquors. Of course they did. They believed in **nothing**

but money, and this was the way to make money. "The water of the wine," Erasmus says, "is the least part of the mischief. Deceit, and alarm, and resin, and sulphur, and salt, and they say it is good for heretics." Observe the practical issue of religious corruption. "Wherever the trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people where it is not." "We have men that steal money," Erasmus exclaimed, writing in the remembrance of a stomach ache. "These wretches steal from our lives too, and get off scot free." He settled at last at Basle, where he had not yet reached, and tried to bury himself among his books. The conflict still troubled his ears. He heard his own name still could not bear it nor sit quiet under it.

And this passage on his happier and more resolute successor, the rough but sturdy Augustinian—the drunken German monk—Luther, Pope somewhat ungenerously styled him—the man of the people, who knew the people's needs and was equal to the occasion, and what he accomplished was immeasurably greater than his learned and polished predecessor:—

Luther's own life was a model of great simplicity: he remained poor, might have had money if he had wished; but he chose rather, amidst his labours, to work at a turning lathe for a livelihood. He was very fond of innocent amusements, and delighted to encourage them. His collected by his friends, makes one of the most brilliant books in the world. He had no monkish theories about the necessity of abstinence, but he was free from habit and principle. A salt herring and a hunch of bread was his meal, and he was once four days without food of any sort, having a larder among the poor.

Some of the most entertaining passages I can call to mind relating to Bismarck are found in Dr. Moritz Busch's "History of Prussia in the Franco-German War"; but in this article I shall not confine myself to paragraphs dealing with the Iron Chancellor's favourite food. What sound common sense is in the following:

When the roast came in the chief asked, "Is it horse?" One of the men said, "No, it is beef." He rejoined it was very odd that people ate horseflesh unless they are forced to do so, like the people inside the city, who soon have nothing else left. The reason, perhaps, is that the horse is the nearest to us than any other animal. When he is eating the man is eating with the horse. It is nearest us in intelligence. It is the same thing with the dog. Dog flesh must taste well enough, but we never eat it. One of the men expressed himself unavourably, and another said a word for the chief went on with his parable. The liker anything is to us the less we like it. It must be very loathsome to have to eat monkeys, which have brains. Somebody reminded him that the South American savages ate monkeys, then he began to talk of cannibals. "Yes," he said, "but that commenced at first through hunger, and I believe I have seen many women, who are, at least, not of their own sex. Man is not the food of many animals—savage brutes, for instance, like the bear, he is sure he likes bears, but they live rather on vegetable food. A bear can't eat a bit of a toad that takes on fat—not even its egg."

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Again, this passage describing Bismarck's habits :—

At dessert, says Dr. Busch, he spoke of the amount he had eaten "To-day a beefsteak and a half and two slices of pheasant. It is a good deal, but not too much, as it is my only meal. I breakfast certainly, but only on a cup of tea without milk and a couple of eggs ; after that, nothing till the evening. If I eat too much then I am like a boa-constructor, but I can't sleep !"

It has been humorously said that every man is a Radical before dinner and a Tory after. Shakespeare, master of everything concerning human nature, speaks of Cassius's "lean and hungry" look, and conveys volumes thereby : —

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

Unfortunately some of our countrymen get little food of any description, and deaths from starvation figure with startling frequency in the reports of coroners' inquests in London. But those recorded are only a very small proportion of the thousands of deaths annually from slow starvation ; in other words, from the defective working of the Poor Laws, which ought to be more intelligently administered, and, with certain limitations, more liberally interpreted—that is, until the growing intelligence and self restraint of the less-favoured classes enable us to do without Poor Laws altogether. Among underpaid workers deaths accelerated by insufficient food and over-long hours of labour are common to a degree that none but the doctor toiling among the poor can estimate. Our Poor Law authorities should lay to heart the lines written long ago by Matthew Prior, who, if tradition be correct, was connected with the very town in which I am writing this article :—

Hunger and thirst, or guns or swords,
Give the same death in different words ;
To push this argument no further,
To starve a man in law is murder.

What a vital question the proper supply of food is to a great city the following passage from Dr. Busch's lively work will show ; it relates to the negotiations which brought the terrible struggle to a close —

The fortified places were to have liberty to reprovision themselves for the period of the armistice in proportion to the numbers of the population and garrison. With this object Paris was to be supplied by four specified railways with cattle and various other necessaries as follows :—54,000 oxen, 80,000 sheep, 8,000 swine, 5,000 calves, and the necessary fodder for these animals, consisting of 400,000 tons of hay and straw, 5,000 tons of salted beef,

10,000 tons of meal, 15,000 tons of dried vegetables, 100,000 tons of coal, and 640,000 cubic yards of wood for fuel. The population of Paris was the purposes of this calculation at 400,000 of garrison and 2,700,000 within the lines of investment.

It may surprise my readers, in relation to the consumption of great communities, to learn the number of oxen required to supply the material for such an apparently necessary adjunct to food as Liebig's Extract. The secretary, in reply to an inquiry addressed to him, informs me that "our slaughter-houses during the last ten years amounted to 1,554,333, of which 1,327,621 were oxen and 227,362 cows. All our Beef and Mutton Meat," he courteously continues, "is shipped to Antwerp, packed in casks, bottled and distributed to the different markets of the world."

An anecdote in Dr. Busch's too-little-known work is so interesting and unpardonable to omit, though it can hardly be claimed to have anything to do with odd food :—

Bismarck then told the story how old Kneesebeck once, to everybody's surprise, got up to say something in the State Council ; after he had done so awhile without saying anything somebody coughed. "I beg, your grace, you will not interrupt me." After which, and after standing in the Council for some minutes, he said, in a sorrowful way, "I have really forgotten what I was to say, and sat down."

One day, continues Dr Moritz Busch, he and the Iron Chancellor discussed the merits of the medical profession, and thus afforded to our great statesman an opportunity of relating an incident in his own career, which I must be forgiven for reproducing :—

We spoke about doctors and the way in which Nature occasionally asserts her rights, and the chief said that once, when he had been on a long journey for two days with some duke, he had been all wrong in his inner man. "I went on for two days' hunting and the fresh air did nothing for me. I went to dine with the Cuirassiers at Brandenburg, who had been getting a little tipsy, and was to drink out of a bottle first and handseil it, then it was to go round the bottle. I took a bottle ; I held my breath, drank it to the last drop, and I set it on the table, which astonished them greatly, for they don't expect much from men of my rank. It was the Göttingen way. The remarkable thing, though perhaps not the most important in it, was that I was never so right inside as in the four weeks after that. I tried to cure myself in the same way on other occasions, but I never had any success. I remember, too, once when we were with the Duke of Brunswick, under Frederick William IV., one of those puzzle bottles which were used by Frederick William I. was emptied at a draught. It was a bottle of champagne, and that the drinker could not put the mouth of the horn, which was only a few quarters of a bottle, to his lips, and yet he was not allowed to spit. I took it up and emptied it, though it was very dry champagne, and a drop went on my waistcoat. The company stared when I said, 'No, your grace, the King said, 'No, there must be no more,' and the thing had to be done."

Apropos of distinguished authors, some years ago a great friend of mine, still alive, though considerably over eighty, sent me a letter he had just received from Mrs Henry Wood. As I was a warm admirer of her novels, I read it with great pleasure and some curiosity. In it she spoke of one of her children, who had recently been ill of something that she said the doctors called a sunstroke. But what so much struck me was the kind, loving tone: you felt at once that you were reading the words of a noble, large-hearted woman, capable, in spite of her unceasing literary labour, of giving time and thought to those who were far nearer and dearer to her than even fame and wealth. My friend, when sending her letter on to me, said that she was a truly good woman, and that he was proud to include her among his friends. Letters do not always reveal the writer's true character—sometimes they show him in over-dark colours—but in Mrs. Henry Wood's case no one could question that her letter—frank and motherly to a degree—was in perfect harmony with the generous, lofty strain of her wonderfully popular works. The author of "The Channings" and "Roland Yorke" could not be anything but a good woman.

But diet has a more practical bearing still; it is closely connected with much of the sickness which causes the sufferer more uneasiness than he cares to confess. Diet, it may often be truly said, is health or sickness. Few illnesses would last long on bread and water. "Of course not," sharply retorts some fastidious, self-indulgent sufferer; "such treatment would kill the strongest outright." "Not so," I rejoin; "it expels the disease unceremoniously, and to the manifest advantage of the invalid." Were fashionable sufferers to live on sixpence a day, and to earn it—though how many of them could manage the latter I do not know, for many a well-bred gentleman is not worth sixpence a day to any one in any capacity—it would take the horses from many a prosperous physician's carriage, and close half the chemists' shops in the land. There would be little dyspepsia were the principal meal to consist of one dish; for who but an Irishman, for example, could go on eating potatoes *ad nauseam*? Nature would rebel, and the diner would rise satisfied long before he had done himself irreparable mischief.

Over-eating is bad enough, but over drinking is ten times worse—the former stupefies, the latter infuriates. We might easily deal with over-eating were not over drinking to baffle us. Among the best substitutes for alcoholic beverages water holds a high place, but many people do not relish it, and are always craving for something combining the refreshing, solvent properties of water with the

sharpness of alcohol. Will they ever succeed in getting what they want? Dr. B. W. Richardson, if I understand him aright, says emphatically, *No*. A friend of mine, one of the partners in the well-known firm of Idris and Co., of Ascham Street, Kentish Town, equally intent as myself on the solution of this great difficulty, has favoured me with some samples of natural wines specially prepared for total abstainers : they are absolutely perfect, and, as far as a lifelong water-drinker can presume to express an opinion, the nearest approach to real substitutes ever offered. Many sorts are prepared—orange champagne, ginger, lime fruit, Morella cherry, and maraschino. The last is my favourite, and must surely, as it becomes known, meet the formidable difficulty still discouraging temperance advocates. The maker, nevertheless, who may be supposed to understand the national requirements best, thinks that his orange champagne will have the preference. Truly it is a drink that should satisfy any natural palate.

“It’s an ill bird that fouls its own nest,” says a homely proverb, and for a medical man to laugh at the weaknesses of his fellows is a sorry spectacle. Let us not present that opprobrious sight. But would that I could be proud of my cloth, and feel that I could honour the gentle professors of the healing art—friends of all mankind, but standing ever ready with dagger drawn to stab to the very death, fairly or foully, their medical rivals ; and to the average practitioner every *confrère* who has ever seen, or who is within reach of seeing, his clients is a foe. But how sadly dark the picture really is. Medicine is a scientific calling ; nay, it is *the* scientific calling according to its professors. Other people, with small flattery, call it the most uncertain of all the arts, once based on imposture and ignorance, now drawing its facts from ill-arranged and imperfect observations on human beings, no two of whom ever have the same constitution or respond in the same way to the tests applied to them. But let me not be misunderstood ; although it has been urged that we attain certitude in politics, religion, and medicine by accumulated probabilities, in the practice of physic, at any rate, intuition and experience seem to amount to more than theory and general principles. Science forsooth ! Knowledge methodically arranged—the knowledge of the one brought within the reach of the many. Why, it still remains true that the best physician is he who finds his way about, something like the man who knows every turn and winding of the paths traversing some vast common : he can reach his goal with undeviating certainty by daylight, but in a fog or at night he is liable to miss his path, while from the absence of landmarks he cannot tell any one else

how to get over. The explorer must wander and grope, hoping that some day al. will be equally well with him. These ungenerous reflections are forced upon me by daily observation. Certainty? why there is no certainty. In my former article, in November last, I mentioned that Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, had been running down coffee, therein following the sage and brilliant Savarin; and now, according to the *British Medical Journal*, a certain Dr. J. N. Lane has taken up the defence of coffee. Once coffee was called a stimulant, now it is a narcotic. O Science! famous for thy unerring certainty. Dr. Lane, happy expositor of the errors of his brethren, has been publishing the fruit of observations on himself, thus proving that even the scientific physician of an enlightened age does not always disdain to experiment on himself, though usually better satisfied when, like Flourens or Majendie, more correctly—he vivisects 4,000 dogs to prove that black is white, and then sacrifices 4,000 more to show that white is black. Our last coffee experimentalist recommends a cup of strong black coffee, without cream or sugar: this is to be preceded and also followed by a tumblerful of hot water—the first glass to be taken an hour before breakfast, or, still better, before rising. At four Dr. Lane advises a second cup. Now Dr. Mendel proved that sixty-four grains of caffeine a week poisoned its victims, ruining mind and body, whereas Dr. Lane regards fifty grains as the *elixir vite*, the water of perpetual youth, the true stimulant, the veritable source of power, fire, brilliancy, and professional success; to hurl hated rivals from one's path, drink cups of black coffee twice or thrice a day; to come out first in much dreaded examinations, have strong coffee ever at your elbow; to set the lunatic asylum and the fashionable physician at defiance, drink coffee. At last the panacea of all earthly troubles is discovered. Pity 'tis, tis not true! It were so easy to give a bag of prime coffee to a friend one values, and to debar him whom one hates from any share in this cheap and easy cure of all disease. "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" exclaimed the not immaculate Madame Roland to the statue of Liberty, at the foot of which was erected the scaffold on which she perished. And we may sadly parody her dying words: "O Science, what folly is uttered in thy name!" or, to give another version of Madame Roland's apostrophe, "O Medicine, how they have played with thy name!"

But to leave the treacherous quicksands of medicine, and to pass to pleasanter topics. I am an enthusiastic votary of the cycle, and pass half the time I can spare from my desk and professional duties in long excursions; many of these are semi-professional, but

though they give me pleasure, they are not, strictly speaking, undertaken for pleasure. I have often, on these long and hurried expeditions, when sorely pressed for time, found the value of convenient and portable food greater than I can easily express. Experiment long ago taught me that chocolate was one of the best and most convenient. I was not aware that this was generally known, and was rather astonished when looking over a circular a few days ago to find the reader's attention pointedly directed to chocolate as a help to the cyclist and the pedestrian. I have used with advantage cakes of Fry's Ceylon chocolate, most delicious and delicately flavoured. Such a winter as the present is not the best for long tricycling expeditions, though even at this season I cover great distances several times a week; but next spring, when the long evenings again make forty miles at a stretch a pleasure, I shall regularly supply myself with chocolate, which has the advantage, in addition to its palatableness, of being dry and clean; it can be eaten as one is travelling along country lanes, where confectioners' shops are unknown and coffee-houses seldom seen. Cadbury's Mexican chocolate is equally excellent, and contains a great deal of nourishment in small compass. Brand's meat lozenges are also most useful, and so are the meat biscuits of the same firm; while Huntley & Palmer's meat wafers are superior to any others. The matter is not of small importance, for, even when refreshment rooms are plentiful and cheap, it is a serious thing to a busy rider, pressed for time, to halt for half an hour or longer while coffee or cocoa is being prepared; but it often happens that such loss of time is entirely out of the question, and the cyclist or pedestrian must hurry on; this I frequently found to be the case last summer. Some food is a great help, and, though a solid meal has superior advantages, it is out of the question. Plain sweet biscuits have many a time done me yeoman's service, and carried me over nearly forty miles of road on foot; but as most grown-up people do not relish sweets, I venture to urge the claims of chocolate—plain or in *crème* form—as well as of meat wafers; the latter will be much appreciated.

Cleanliness, it has been said, comes next to godliness, but a daring lady-lecturer at Chautauqua, in the State of New York, has been claiming the second place for good cookery. "The drink question," said Mrs. Emma P. Ewing—

lies contiguous to the food question. A deranged stomach longs for stimulants. Of the 50,000 drunkards who die in the United States every year, a large proportion have the appetite for intoxicating drinks aggravated, if not implanted, by the food which constitutes their daily diet. Grease-soaked

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meat, watery vegetables, sloppy coffee, and bad bread compel the resort to stimulants. Bad cookery is a foe to everything that elevates and ennobles and a friend to everything that debases; whereas good cookery is indispensable to the highest type of Christian life, and everywhere makes for righteousness. You may have a school house on every hilltop, a church in every valley, and a summer assembly in every county in every State of the Union, but you cannot elevate the standard of Christianity to its topmost level until you elevate the character of your cookery." "I say Amen to that," cried Bishop Vincent, fervently. "I hope the time will come when we shall train our boys to be judges of cookery, so that none may marry women who are bad cooks. Fried beef! Good Lord, deliver us. Weak coffee when you might as well have strong coffee, but that it wastes its aroma on the third floor of the house forty-five minutes before the breakfast-bell rings. Heavy bread or bread made light by artificial means! When shall we learn wisdom, and lay the foundation of good health and good morals by good cooking?"

The worthy bishop's plain speaking cannot be denied, although he might have expressed himself with rather more refinement and dignity.

Diet has been quite as much influenced by fashion as dress. In many cases the origin of a custom is lost in the dense haze of antiquity; but in not a few it is very curious that when we can get at the truth on the subject, the origin of certain familiar enough fashions can be traced to deformities or other peculiarities, which persons of high rank have thought it desirable to conceal. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-shaped legs; full bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber to cover an unsightly lump on the shoulder of the Dauphin; and those hideous *patches* which once disfigured the faces of persons of quality are said to have been introduced by a lady of rank, who was thus enabled to conceal a wen on her neck. Many instances of a similar kind could be given; for example, an empress in our own day revived the fashion of wearing hoops, so pleasantly ridiculed by Addison a century and a half earlier in the *Spectator*, to prevent her condition from being known. Again, a lady of very high position having hit upon the expedient of wearing a long curl on one side of the neck to hide a hideous scar, before long almost every woman who could grow or buy a long tress of hair appeared with a one-sided curl. To crown modern female folly, when a certain royal person had the misfortune to suffer from a hip-joint affection, thousands of Englishwomen had one heel made higher than the other, so that in walking they might be compelled to limp as completely as that lady, whose temporary bodily ailment they probably found it easier to imitate than

Could anything be mor

tion of a dinner-party in the country many years ago? It was a grand thing in those days to give a formal dinner-party, and, in spite of all that is often urged against the dulness and pretension accompanying them, they have much to recommend them when the surroundings and the means justify large expenditure; but when, as in the party which Sydney Smith's graphic pen has immortalised, they do not, ridicule visits the unhappy host, and the guests make merry over their entertainer's discomfiture:—

Did you ever dine in the country? What misery human beings inflict on each other under the name of pleasure. We went to dine last Thursday with Mr. ———, a neighbouring clergyman, a haunch of venison being the stimulus to the invitation. We set out at five o'clock, drove in a broiling sun, on dusty roads, three miles, in our best gowns; found squire and parsons assembled in a small hot room, the whole house redolent of frying; talked, as was our wont, of roads, weather, and turnips; that done began to grow hungry, then serious, then impatient. At last a stripling, evidently caught up for the occasion, opened the door and beckoned our host out of the room. After some moments of awful suspense, he returned to us with a face of much distress, saying "The woman assisting in the kitchen had mistaken the soup for dirty water and had thrown it away, so we must do without it!" We all agreed it was perhaps as well we should under the circumstances. At last, to our joy, dinner was announced, but, O ye gods! as we entered the dining-room what a gale met our noses. The venison was high; the venison was uneatable, and was obliged to follow the soup with all speed. Dinner proceeded, but our spirits flagged under these accumulated misfortunes. There was an ominous pause between the first and second courses; we looked each other in the face. What new disaster awaited us? The pause became fearful. At last the door burst open, and the boy rushed in calling out aloud, "Please, sir, has Betty any right to leather I?" What human gravity could stand this? We roared with laughter; all took part against Betty, obtained the second course with some difficulty, bored each other the usual time, ordered our carriages, expecting our post-boys to be drunk, and were grateful to Providence for not permitting them to deposit us in a wet ditch. So much for dinners in the country.

Over-eating is not the vice of any one class; given the chance, most men can sink to the level of brutes. A gentleman-farmer in the Midlands, according to *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, some time ago engaged a ploughman, and gave him permission, in the middle of the first day's work, to go to the kitchen for some bread and cheese. The cook put a whole double Gloucester and a peck loaf before him, and told him to help himself. After waiting over an hour the gentleman became impatient, and went to the kitchen to see what the man was doing; he found him munching the last crust of the loaf, while more than half the cheese was gone. In answer to an inquiry as to what had detained him so long, the man replied, "O master, you don't consider what a time it takes to eat up a whole cheese, especially when there is

only one loaf—and no beer.” This anecdote has a touch of the Joe Miller about it—something very similar to it I distinctly remember reading when I was a very small boy. Great appetites were once rather common in that part of the country—perhaps they are still—and a certain carter in the neighbourhood earned an enviable reputation for his gastronomic feats. The same gentleman farmer was so impressed by the gormandising powers of his ploughman that he determined to match him against the carter to eat for a wager at a public-house in the village. Unfortunately, on the appointed day the squire was obliged to be away in London; but his interest was sufficiently keen—had he not to pay the bill?—to induce him to arrange for telegrams to be sent him by his bailiff, giving the progress and termination of the contest. A message was received dated 6 P.M. It ran as follows:—“The men sat down at twelve. At this time our man is ahead of the other by a pound of sausages, half a roast pig, and an apple pie.” Needless to add, the ploughman won.

“Foods for the Fat” is the homely title of a useful little book by Dr. Yorke-Davies, of Craven House, Northumberland Avenue, London. This gentleman is making a specialty of the relief of obesity, and, according to what one hears, is singularly successful. He has put together a very simple, unpretending volume: the substance of it is that obesity can always be relieved and often cured, and that every case demands skilful, special treatment, no hard-and-fast rules being of the smallest service. The author herein shows his wisdom: it is the routine treatment of sickness that brings such discredit on the professors of the healing art. Some of the disciples of Galen have their favourite remedy for every disease, instead of adapting their remedies to each case according to its requirements. Many anti-fat systems have lost favour from their unpleasant character or want of success: these mistakes of his predecessors Dr. Yorke-Davies is evidently bent on avoiding. He credits over eating with being the primary cause of much obesity—and herein will most inquirers agree with him—while he does not hold guiltless the unwise selection of fat making food that covers the surface of the body with a thick layer of fat. Something, too, must be allowed to the fatal tendency in some constitutions to corpulence, however sparing the diet, standing in such contrast to equally curious cases in which leanness is in the ascendant, take what food or drink the lean one will. Saccharine is a mighty help in the intelligent treatment of obesity, and its introduction was the starting point in the new and more successful departure of the present day: it comes in for many a

good word from Dr. Yorke-Davies. Our author gives patients at a distance a paper of questions to answer, and when this is properly done the physician possesses invaluable information for the benefit of his clients, and can at a glance take in all the broad outlines of the particular case ; in fact, he resembles the astute traveller equipped with a trustworthy map of the country he is about to explore.

A gentleman named Austin once made a bet that he would cook a big pudding ten feet below the surface of the Thames. He managed it in the following ingenious manner : He put the pudding into a large tin vessel, and enclosed that in a sackful of lime, and sank sack, pan, and pudding to the stipulated depth at Rotherhithe. Two hours and a half over, he hauled the pudding up, when it was found to be well cooked, and was eaten with relish, its only fault being that it was somewhat overbaked.

One of the most elaborate treatises on food and eating ever written was compiled by Dr. Reich, of Berne, during such a time of hunger, cold, and wretchedness that, in ending the preface to the first part, the author said he was on the brink of the grave, and might not live to complete what he had so laboriously commenced. To write on dainty diet might be a pleasure to a well-fed man, but what could be more tantalising to the half-starved scribbler ?

A few months ago a well-dressed man is said to have entered a Boston restaurant and to have called for a raw egg and a glass of sherry ; the order was at once attended to. A few minutes later he called for a second dose, and for seven mortal hours he sat at table drinking eggs in sherry until he had swallowed twenty-four. He then paid his reckoning, and quietly left the restaurant, apparently none the worse ; but rumour leaves us to conjecture whether eccentricity or a bet were the explanation.

The household book of the Northumberland family for 1515 gives a thousand pounds as the sum annually expended in house-keeping. This maintained 166 persons ; but wheat was then only 5s. 8d. a quarter. The family rose at six in the morning, and at seven o'clock my lord and my lady had set on the table for breakfast a quart of beer, the same quantity of wine, two pieces of salt fish, half a dozen red and four white herrings, and a dish of sprats. They dined at ten and supped at four in the afternoon. The gates were shut at nine, and no ingress or egress permitted. How great the change in our times, when

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our streets esteemed the greatest ;
But, surely, greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

Apropos of family papers, those of the Cokes have been reprinted in the Appendix to the last volume issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. The Cokes have now Earl Cowper as their head. His lordship is grandson of Lady Palmerston, who married first Lord Cowper, then Lord Palmerston. She was the only sister of the once famous Lord Beauvale. Some passages are sufficiently entertaining perhaps I ought more correctly to say interesting. The first I shall give is a notice which was read by George Lamb, Lord Melbourne's brother, in the House of Commons in a debate on a Bill against bear-baiting in 1825. The Bill was thrown out, by the way, but that goes without saying.

At the Bear Garden in Hockley-in-the-Hole, near Clerkenwell Green.— These are to give notice to all gentlemen, gamesters, and others, that on this present Monday, being April 27, 1702, a great match is to be fought by a bald faced dog of Middlesex against a fallow dog of Cow Cross for a guinea each dog. Five let-goes out of hand. Which goes farthest and furthest in wins all. Being a general lay of sport by all the old gamesters, and a great mad bull to be turned loose in the game place, with fireworks all over him and two or three cats ty'd to his tail, and dogs after them. Also other variety of bull baiting and bear-baiting. Beginning at two of the clock.

Another passage, still more curious, and perhaps more appropriate to my present subject, is taken from a leader in the *Times* on the Coke family papers. I shall merely explain that the passage is from a letter written by an officer quartered at Kilkenny. As an illustration of the economical condition of Ireland in 1704 it tells, perhaps, both ways:—

Provisions here are mighty cheap. The carcass of the best sheep that comes into the market is bought for two shillings; beef at six half penny the pound. The people in this country make the old proverb good, that God sends meat, and the devil cooks. The malt drink is bad, but to make it mends we have good French claret at sixteen pence the quart.

Perhaps these low prices were more apparent than real, for, were wages only correspondingly low, beef and mutton might not have been, any more than at present, within reach of the peasantry. An Irish gentleman was once telling Dr Johnson that in Ireland a goose sold for sixpence, and salmon fetched twopence the pound. "Why did you come to England?" inquired the great lexicographer. "Ah, but where were the twopences and the sixpences to come from?" rejoined the impecunious Irishman. Low prices, unless one has the wherewithal, are no proof of general prosperity; indeed, low prices seldom mean plenty and prosperity, but, on the contrary, poverty and destruction.

These remarkable papers were collected by Thomas Coke, the

popular and politic Vice-Chamberlain at the Courts of Queen Anne and King George I. They are especially valuable for the light they throw on an age when coarseness was more pronounced than in our day, and, although people might not then be actually worse, they were bolder and less delicate, and used less art to conceal their vices and faults.

Almost any kind of animal can be cooked and eaten with relish if one only has sufficient resolution. For instance, among the most curious of all food is that strange little worm, the *palalo* of the Samoans: it rises to the surface of the sea in enormous quantities, although it only remains a few hours in the same place. The islanders eagerly watch for its appearance, load their boats with it, and, returning to land, cook the savoury though unsightly morsel in the leaves of the breadfruit tree. So regular is the advent of this little worm that the Fijians call October and November Little Palalo and Big Palalo respectively. In spite of its loathsome appearance, the natives relish it highly, while even delicate European ladies, when they have conquered their first natural repugnance, eat it with undisguised satisfaction, thus showing how thin a veneer of civilisation covers our native savagery.

It is often said that a French cook can make a savoury stew of a few crusts of bread and scraps of meat and a little spice ; but, whether the ingenuity and resources of the average Frenchwoman are equal to this emergency, the average Englishwoman is more likely to spoil the best material than to serve up a palatable and nutritious dish. This is disgraceful and sinful incompetence, and had our countrywoman to cook a dish of palalo worms her want of skill would be even more conspicuous than usual. Nature herself subjects some foods to a process analogous to cooking. For instance, the Hon. C. A. Murray describes the persimmon as an excellent fruit when over-ripe and slightly touched and softened by frost, which plays the same part as heat in cookery ; but woe to the inexperienced wight who ventures to taste it before thorough maturity, for then its astringency and bitterness are so astonishing, and so capable of suspending for a time all movement of the lips, that the unlucky eater is filled with astonishment, while the spectators find it impossible to restrain their boisterous merriment ; for the initiated know that, however disagreeable the unripe persimmon may taste, no harm is done by attempting to eat it ; but beyond the attempt the adventurous gourmand does not get, as surely no human throat was ever able to swallow the overpowering morsel.

In relation to the subject-proper of my article, the habits of real,

not reputed, centenarians may well detain us a little, more particularly as a useful lesson may be learnt. I shall accordingly describe a centenarian now living, whom I frequently call upon. Some time ago I was paying the hairdresser a visit, when the worthy operator inquired if I knew old Mrs. Adams. I replied, though positively blushing at my unpardonable ignorance, that I had not the honour of being acquainted with that no doubt estimable lady. "What," he exclaimed, "not know Mrs. Adams—Mrs. Reeks's mother!" Again I had to confess with shame and humiliation that I had never been presented to her, and was positively ignorant of her existence. Then my worthy fellow-townsmen unfolded a tale of wonder. Mrs. Adams was one hundred years old, the proofs were complete—even the newspapers, most veracious and trustworthy of authorities, had had to admit that, and had published paragraphs relating to her. But even this did not convince me; nor did I accept the authority of the London Press as indisputable. I might once have done so, but since I was the subject of an attack for delivering a particularly disgraceful lecture in a town I had never even visited, my confidence in the weekly press has received a sad shock, nor can I admit the manly frankness of all editors, for when I wrote, humbly protesting that I could hardly have given such a lecture in the town in question, as I had never even set foot in it, I was curtly informed that, though my letter was put into print, the authority for the statement that I had visited the town and made such an exhibition of myself was so excellent that my denial could not be accepted as satisfactory. Since then, I say, I have not believed in the papers as once I did; so when I heard that the London dailies were satisfied that Mrs. Adams was a centenarian, I could but suspend judgment; although so little did I think of the matter and of the investigations made by the clergy—kindest and most credulous of mortals whenever their prejudices are concerned—that I never even troubled to spend half an hour in going to see her, though I pass her house a score of times a week.

Yet there is such a woman, and she is over a hundred, and thus it came about that I have seen her and examined the proofs of her age.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., apostle of scientific temperance and wise preacher of sanitary reform, was recently staying at Swanage, and I was spending a day with him, when it occurred to me to mention old Mrs. Adams. His curiosity was at once aroused. He had known many very aged people, among them he had a connection aged ninety-six, and he had visited Mrs. Horrocks of Birmingham, a

very moment being taken in. In spite of some remonstrance part the dishes were, however, removed, and we were ushered into the august presence, and there, lying in bed, we found a very old woman. We at first feared that our visit would lead to little, for the object of it was stone-deaf, but we were informed that when she began to know our voices she would not be slow of comprehension and so it turned out, and before long she was extremely conversative and lively, and showed much interest in our visit. Dr. Richardson particularly wanted to examine the condition of the heart and to make out something relating to her habits ; we then, to our dismay, that she was not partial to doctors—in fact, “could not abide the sight of them.” But to such a wise, persuasive man as Dr. Richardson few things are impossible, and he soon gained her confidence ; nay, when he took his leave, she actually begged him to come again shortly, and this he did a few weeks later, when he examined her still more thoroughly, while I have also taken her temperature three or four times. She bore all these tests with patience.

I cannot easily describe an old lady muffled up in sheet and nightcap, and lying in a bed in which she has passed twelve years, indeed, ever since she had a seizure. She looks sharp and well cared for. Her maiden name was Cole, born February 7, 1794, a survivor of a family of five brothers and sisters. At twenty-five years of age she went into service, and after some years in service, she married, and her eldest son, now dead, was then alive, would be seventy-five ; while Mrs. Reeks, the invalid who takes care of her, is over seventy, and fully looks her age. Mrs. Reeks is a middle-sized, well-developed, stout woman, but feeble in degree ; she keeps a small fruit shop, and seems to have met

She settles down for the night, three other hearty meals. She is never troubled with indigestion, but lies awake whole nights, unable to sleep, like many very aged people, with whom the difficulty of getting sound, refreshing rest is one of the most serious trials of existence. Up to two years ago her memory is said to have been perfect, and her conversational powers remained unusually good. She is not reserved now, but since increasing deafness has cut her off from society, she has thought more and talked less. She can distinctly remember, when a young woman, sitting up dressed for several nights awaiting the arrival of Napoleon and the French invading army, and, like hundreds of thousands of other people, she was no doubt disappointed that he never came. She can perfectly remember Trafalgar and the national mourning for Nelson.

Life at such an age ceases to be a pleasure—at least so it seems to the young. Nevertheless the aged cling to this world of troubles and long to live on. A poor woman at Hampreston, near Wimborne, who lived to see the end of a century, retaining good health, eyesight, hearing, and unimpaired digestion to the last, told her vicar, the late Mr. Patey, that she was very lonely, having so long outlived all the companions of her younger days. Probably old Mrs. Adams will some day pass away after a few hours' sickness—that is the end of most very aged people. Death comes without a struggle or a pang—quietly, painlessly, gently, but not the more welcome.

Dr. Richardson tells me that she reminds him strongly of Mrs. Horrocks, another centenarian, whom he once carefully examined. She, too, had a good digestion and an unimpaired appetite; and this morning I have been told of an old man who died, four months ago, at Hinton Martel, a village five miles from Wimborne, aged ninety-nine. He had to the last a splendid appetite. This sharp relish for food is characteristic, I think, of most aged people—at least it has distinguished nearly all whom I have known. The opportunities in East Dorset of seeing nonagenarians are favourable, more particularly in the neighbourhood of Wimborne, which is famous for its patriarchs. Long Cichel, a village a few miles to the north of the town, is credited with having an old woman alive who is 106, and there was another at Salisbury nearly as far advanced in years, but poor Ann Haylic died early in January.

Now for the lesson which I wish to draw. Mrs. Adams has always been an abstainer, not from conviction, but habit, and because she did not like alcohol, the smallest quantity going to her head and causing discomfort; so that she is an aged, though hardly an illustrious abstainer—a living instance that stimulants

are not indispensable to long life and physical and intellectual activity.

Her baptismal entry can be seen in the parish register. The rite was performed on February 13, 1790; she also has an old family Bible, in which, in faded ink, but in a very legible hand, the births and deaths of several members of her family are recorded, and among them figures the name of Mary Cole of Wimborne, born February 7, 1790—one of the few cases in which unexceptionable proof of the real age of a reputed centenarian is forthcoming. Reputed centenarians, not quite the same thing as real ones, are, I grant, "thick as autumnal leaves strewing the brooks in Vallombrosa."

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

THE SCOTTISH "BEADLE" AND HIS HUMOURS.

THE Scottish beadle is not what he used to be. Indeed, he is no longer the beadle; in the march of civilisation he has become the church officer. Angler Stoddart's description of him as quite

An oracle, with wit enough
To serve the parish,

is no longer applicable, for he has grown into a sober-visaged individual, whose aim in this life is to preserve intact his own dignity and to eagerly watch for "tips."

But the genuine beadle of the olden time—what an important and what a witty customer was he! In country places, at least, it was his duty to attend the minister in his pastoral visitations and at baptisms; he had to keep out and put out from the church stray dogs which dared to disturb the devotions of the congregation; to hand up and take down the minister's Bible and psalm-book; to advertise sales by auction, and give other notices after divine service. He had, likewise, to act as officer to the Kirk Session, and to summon culprits who had rendered themselves amenable to Church discipline. He often also undertook, as a labour of love, to attend upon and patronise young clergymen who officiated in the absence of the regular minister; and he was, in addition to all this, newsmonger and chronicler for the entire parish. His *bon mots* were the cause of endless mirth to a wide circle, and have furnished the collector with the choicest specimens of Scotch wit and humour of the dry and caustic order.

Of course, he was fond of his snuff, and made free with the "mull," as the Scot terms his snuff-box, right and left. An old beadle himself tells of having got a sharp reproof from the pulpit because of his too devoted attention in this particular. "When the minister was preaching," says he, "a neighbour asked a snuff, and I him my box. The minister saw us, and just leaned over—looked straight in our faces, and said, 'There are 7

concerned about your noses than about your souls' salvation.' After that I was very careful never to pass my box in church again."

No one was a better judge of whisky than the old Scotch beadle, and many good stories are told of his weaknesses in connection with the "dram." "You have been drinking again, John," said a minister to his beadle. "Why, John, you should really become a teetotaler." "Do you never tak' a drop yersel', sir?" inquired John. "I do; but, John, you must consider the difference between your circumstances and mine." "Very true, sir," said John; "but do you know why the streets of Jerusalem were kept sae clean?" The minister confessed himself unable to answer this query. "Well, then," remarked John, "I'll tell you. It was just because everybody kept their ain door-stane swept"—which was a polite way of saying, "Mind your own business."

Very often the beadle's ready wit was sharpened by something stronger than water. "Drunk again, John," remarked a minister to his beadle; meaning, of course, that John was clearly the worse for liquor. "Don't mention it," said John, complacently; "I'm pretty weil on myself, sir."

In most parishes the beadle was also grave-digger, and many excellent anecdotes are recorded of him in this second capacity. Of course, he had generally a single eye to business. One is reported to have made merry because an epidemic had broken out in the locality; "for," said he, "I havena buried a livin' soul for the last six weeks, exceptin' a wee thing o' a bairn." "Run away home, bairns," another was in the habit of saying to any children who ventured into the churchyard—"away home, and dinna come back here again on your ain feet." A physician in Dumfries, meeting the grave-digger the worse for liquor one day, threatened to report him to the Kirk Session. "Man, doctor," said the offender, "I have covered *many* a fault o' yours, and I think you might bear *one* o' mine."

As grave-digger the beadle is entitled to a small sum fixed by the heritors, generally a few shillings, for each interment. At the burial of an old man in the churchyard of the parish of King Edward, Banffshire, the grave-digger charged the relatives of the deceased thirty shillings as grave-digger's dues, which was much more than he was entitled to exact. On the people complaining to the minister, the latter sent for the grave-digger and rebuked him sharply for the overcharge. At first he made no reply, but after the minister had asked him repeatedly, "What could you mean, Tammas, by making such an over-charge?" Tammas at last said in self-justification, "Well, ye

see, sir, the way was this : When the corpse an' me was twa boys he cheated me oot o' thirty shillings i' the trock¹ o' a watch ; an' ye see it was my last chance. If I hadna gotten it aff o' him noo I wadna ha'e gotten it aff o' him at all."

In country parishes the beadle, as "minister's man," performed a good deal of private work at the manse, and his knowledge of what was going on there made him a welcome visitor at the houses of the gossiping members of the congregation. It is told of one member of the fraternity that, being sent out to deliver certain notices among the congregation, he returned to the manse in the condition described as "fou." The minister rebuking him for his improper conduct, John pleaded the pressing "hospitality" of the parishioners. The preacher, however, would not admit the plea, and added, "Why, John, I go through the parish oftener than you, and you never see me return home as you have done." "Ay, minister," replied John, with an emphatic shake of the head, "büt then you're nae sae popular in the parish as I am."

The beadle was strong in criticism of his ministerial chief, doctrine generally dividing his attention with the prayers, which were always, of course, extemporaneous. "I think our minister does very well," said one beadle to another. "Man, how he makes the dust fly out of the cushions !" "Dust fly out of the cushions !" replied the other with a sneer. "If you've a notion of powerful preaching, come over and give *us* a day's hearing. Would you believe it? For all the short time our man has delivered the Word among us, he has knocked three pulpits all to shivers, and sent the insides out of five Bibles." On the other hand, not a few beadles seem to have exemplified in their own case the truth of the old proverb, "The nearer the church the farther from grace," and thinking they had enough of his Reverence throughout the week, on Sunday preferred meditating among the tombs to sitting in the pew.

In a certain church not far from Glasgow a beadle got into trouble through being outside the sacred edifice, and that in a very simple manner too. The afternoon being fine, John ensconced himself in a corner of the porch, and, to beguile the time, took out his pipe, lit up, and luxuriated in a quiet smoke. By-and-by the portion of the congregation nearest the door began to feel decidedly uncomfortable ; a strong odour of tobacco "reck" permeated the building, and there were one or two involuntary coughs on the part of the ladies, varied at intervals with "sneezing." One gentleman ventured out to see what was the matter, and

¹ "Trock" means an exchange—French *à*

the door he discovered John quietly reclining on his seat in the porch, puffing away, and reading the advertisement columns of a missionary magazine. "John," whispered the pillar of the kirk, "put out your pipe, man; the smoke's comin' in at the door and disturbin' the folk." John hastily pocketed his pipe, remarking, "If the folk had been mindin' the discourse, they wadna ha'e bothered about a bit puff o' reek any more than about a cauld draught. But," he added with a sigh, referring to the sermon, "it would be dry as usual."

The genuine old-school beadle had a thorough contempt for the budding minister. One such worthy had a young relative who, much against his advice, had taken to the ministry, and at the time of the occurrence related was making his first efforts at preaching. One morning, to the beadle's great surprise, the juvenile divine appeared in the vestry of "his church," and proceeded to don the minister's gown. "What are ye gaun to dae wi' that?" asked Jame in his sternest tones. "Oh, I'm going to preach to-day," said the aspirant. "Ay; wha bade ye?" "The minister, to be sure." "Well, I'm glad I ha'e naething to dae wi't. Wha's gaun to listen to you?" "You, for one, surely, James, seeing we are kith and kin." "Na! na!" said James, shaking his head; "but I'll tell you, Tam, what I'll do. I'll tak' up the Bible and close ye in as well as I can; but you can brawly [quite easily] mak' a fool o' yersel' without me."

Before carrying the books to the pulpit it was, of course, the beadle's duty, especially when a strange minister was to preach, to see that the book-board was adjusted to the proper height. On one occasion a certain minister was to officiate in a church in Edinburgh after the lapse of several years, during which he had become much stouter. Being near-sighted, he required to have the Bible placed rather higher than was usual, and expressed the hope that the necessary arrangements had been attended to. "The book's just the same height as when ye were here afore, sir," said the beadle; adding, as he surveyed the minister from head to foot, "I dinna think ye ha'e grown muckle frae north to south since then, but ye ha'e grown a good bit frae east to west."

The celebrated Robertson of Irvine had a beadle, by name Andrew Clark, of whom some laughable stories are told. His father, honest man, had been beadle before him, and Andrew regarded the minister, the kirk, and all its belongings as his lawful inheritance with which no man had a right to interfere. A young clergyman, who was a frequent visitor at the manse, and often preached for Mr Robertson, was a great favourite with Andrew, and it was the ob-

man's desire always to see the young divine look his best in the pulpit. "Come back, James; come back, I tell ye," cried Andrew after him on one occasion, as he was leaving the vestry in full canonicals to enter the church. Somewhat surprised at the abrupt and unexpected command, the young clergyman turned round and asked what was the matter. "Brush your hair," was Andrew's laconic answer. "Noo ye'll dae," said Andrew, as the operation of hair-brushing was concluded. "I couldna see ye gaun up the pulpit wi' yer hair in sic a state." Strangers occasionally came in for a share of Andrew's free-and-easy attention, and were sometimes not a little shocked by it. "Is this a pay sermon, or an exchange?" he would ask a strange minister when attending him at the close of the service, as coolly as if he were inquiring of a brother weaver how much per yard he was to get for his new cloth.

Here is another anecdote illustrating Andrew's sense of proprietorship. Colonel Ferguson, who resided at Shewalton House, was an admirer of Mr. Robertson's eloquence. He was a very precise old gentleman, and was lame of one leg. Arriving at the church one Sunday morning he made his way down one of the passages, evidently intending to take a seat in the front of the area. While still in the passage, however, and before getting into any of the pews, he was overtaken by the beadle, who, in a stage whisper, asked him the question, "Are ye deaf?" The stately old Colonel turned round in amazement and asked the beadle what he meant. "I'm askin' are ye deaf, sir." "No, thank God, I have all my senses; I'm not deaf," was the Colonel's reply. "Well, well," said Andrew, quite coolly, "if ye're no deaf I'll give ye a back seat." When Andrew lay dying, the duties of his office were temporarily discharged by his daughter. There was to be a baptism on the Sunday, and it gave him great concern. The minister having called to inquire for him, and while seriously speaking to him concerning the eternal world, on the life of which he was soon to enter, the faithful old beadle, ignoring all that was being said, looked up and asked, "Will she manage it?" Thus his ruling passion—his duty to the church—was strong even in death.

Preaching an old sermon is not now so common as it used to be. "What makes you laugh, James?" inquired a rural minister of his beadle one Sunday in the session-house, between the services, as the humbler functionary stirred up the fire and laughed in a semi-suppressed manner. "It is unseemly, James. What is there to amuse you?"

"Oh, naething particular," said James, still laughing, how-

was only thinkin' o' something that happened when the kirk was emptying a moment since."

"What was it? Tell me about it."

"Weel, minister, dinna be angry wi' me, an' I'll tell ye. Whether ye ken it or no, sir, ye're blamed for preachin' an old sermon now and again, and I think I rather got the better o' some o' them the day some o' the kirk-folk, I mean."

"How so, James?" said the minister.

"Deed, simply enough, an' I'll tell how. Just as soon as the last Psalm was finished, ye see, I went off as usual and opened first the west door, an' then ran round an' opened the east door: an' as I was comin' back round the kirk again, who should I meet but Newmains and some other farmers, an' by the way they were laughin' an' nudgin' ane anither. I kent fine what they were wantin' to say, so I tak's the first word wi' them, an' says I, 'Weel lads,' says I, 'ye canna say that was an auld ane ye got the day, for it's nae mair than six weeks since ye got it afore.' An' so I think I got the better o' them, sir. An' that's hoo I canna help laughin'."

"You have been so long about the minister's hand, John, that I dare say you could preach a sermon yourself now," said a gentleman one day to a beadle of his acquaintance.

"Oh, na, sir," replied John, "I couldna preach a sermon." Then, after a brief pause, he remarked, "But perhaps I could draw an inference, though."

"Well, John," said the gentleman, humouring the quiet vanity of the beadle, "what inference could you draw from this text—'A wild ass . . . snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure'?" (Jeremiah ii. 24).

"Weel," replied John, "the only natural-like inference that I could draw frae it is just this—that she wad snuff a lang time afore she would fatten on it."

The beadle of other days is still found in some Sleepy Hollow. One such we have just heard of. It appears that in a certain out-of-the-way corner of the country the question of standing or sitting to sing was being discussed. The minister was for standing, and quoted as his warrant a verse from the Revelation of St. John. The beadle, being seated near by, was asked his opinion on the question, whereupon he delivered himself thus: "Eh, man! I think in heaven we'll neither stand nor sit. Man, we'll a' be flecin' through the air like a covey o' pairtnicks!" (partridges).

TABLE TALK.

CAN ENGLISH PROSE BE TAUGHT?

PROFESSOR EARLE has issued an important treatise, in a sense the first that has seen the light, upon English Prose.¹ Upon poetry under its multifarious aspects a library has been compiled, and the general question of rhetoric has occupied innumerable writers since the days of Aristotle. I recall, however, no previous work wholly occupied with English prose. The question which the appearance of his volume suggests is, Can prose be taught? We are all of us, at the outset, in the case of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme of Molière, who spoke prose without knowing it. A man who essays to write prose has probably fitted himself by a preliminary study, however casual, of masters of style. Not difficult is it, in the case of a man of no very assertive individuality, to detect who have been his models. The more he reads, the better the chance of his acquiring ease and correcting defects. I doubt, however, whether prose is any more to be acquired by tuition than is poetry. Professor Earle's book, then, seems to me a readable and an interesting history of the development of prose style, and a valuable treatise, grammatical and philosophical. As such it is to be recommended. The only indispensable outfit for a writer is, however, an extensive knowledge at first-hand of the masters of English prose.

PAINTER'S "PALACE OF PLEASURE."

AMONG the reprints for which I have long hoped, that of the "Palace of Pleasure" of William Painter has always seemed the most desirable. The original editions of this treasury of old narratives, from which Shakespeare derived very many of his plots, are very scarce. I once owned a fragment of one of the two volumes—which sold by auction for £10. I can trace no recent sale of a perfect copy of the original edition. A reprint, by Joseph Haslewood, 3 vols. (1813), limited to 172 copies, is itself a rarity, bringing from £5 to £8. Every rarity is not, however, a work of solid value, such as, to the student of early English, the "Palace of Pleasure" must be pronounced. It gives practically, with many historical records from Livy and Plutarch, other, and sometimes not too edifying, stories from Boccaccio, Bandello, and other Italian novelists. To no single work, perhaps, except the "Plutarch" of Sir

¹ Smith, Elder & Co.

Thomas North, was Shakespeare equally indebted. The first edition bears date 1566-7. A reprint was discussed by the New Shakespeare Society, but the scheme was abandoned as beyond the resources of the society. It has now been carried out under the direction of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, and published in three handsome volumes.¹

With the previous version of Haslewood—which is closely followed, though the text has been collated with the original—Haslewood's preliminary matter, which Mr. Jacobs not too graciously characterises as "dry-as dust," is reprinted. Concerning Painter, many particulars of interest have been gleaned. These, it is sad to say, place the character of our author in a not very satisfactory light, since he, with his illustrious patron, the Earl of Warwick, and some others, seems guilty of gravely dishonest dealings with State property. The story of Giletta of Narbonne, from which Shakespeare took "All's Well that Ends Well," is that to which everyone first turns. It is a pleasant translation from Boccaccio. The entire work is welcome.

ROGER ASCHAM ON "ENGLISH ITALIANS."

PAINTER'S work failed to win the approval of Roger Ascham, who appears to have regarded both book and author with scant favour. In an interpolation made in "The Schoolmaster," about 1568, soon after the appearance of Painter's second volume, Mr. Jacobs traces "a distinct and significant reference" to our author. As becomes a teacher, Ascham is stern in judgment upon all who go to Circe's court; especially severe is he upon "English Italians," and he quotes the saying, which I give with his orthography, "Englese Italianato e un diablo incarnato." The special reference to Painter is when Ascham speaks of "fonde bookes of late translated out of Italian into English, sold in every shop in London, commended by honest titles the soner to corrupt honest maners; dedicated overboldlie to virtuous and honourable personages, the easieler to begyle simple and innocent wittes." Somewhat later he affirms that "Ten sermons at Paules Cross do not so much good for moving men to trewe doctrines as one of these bookes do harme, with inticing men to ill living." This is a little hard upon Painter, some of whose tales are a little—well, realistic, but whose work generally is moral in teaching, and not a few of whose stories are delightfully natural and touching. In taking into account this censure of Painter's volume it must be remembered that Ascham is not less severe on the "Morte d'Arthur," "the whole pleasure of which book," he holds, "standeth in two special poyntes. in open mans slaughter and bold bawdrye."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ David Nutt.

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SALLY.

BY ALBERT FLEMING.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a hot day in August, one of those reeking days that begin to be hot early in the morning and go on getting hotter and hotter till nearly midnight.

In the West End the heat did not much matter, because nearly everyone was out of town ; but in Cow Court, Gray's Inn Road, such a day mattered much. It meant a hundred additional smells, more disease, dirt, and drunkenness. It necessitated the emptying of the inhabitants into the court itself, with the certainty of many quarrels and pitched battles. When the shade temperature is eighty, and each room has six occupants, life within doors becomes burdensome ; even Lady Clara Vere de Vere could scarcely maintain repose of manner under such circumstances.

In the year 1870 Cow Court and its unwholesome cluster of neighbours still clung to the skirts of Holborn and festered round St. Alban's Church, stretching from Gray's Inn Road to Leather Lane. The fine shops and warehouses that now adorn Gray's Inn Road then only existed in the brain of some City architect. Of all these alleys Cow Court carried off the palm for squalor, dirt, and general decay. You had to turn out of Leather Lane to get there ; the turning was flanked on either side by a tavern, and these taverns, with their plate glass and gilding, were the only things that were bright and cheerful in this region. If you explored farther you saw an archway on the right, made by sweeping away the ground floor of one of the crazy tenements. This was the postern-gate to Cow Court. If any one ever got so far as this and retained his chain, he always lost them on approaching this

iron post stood in the middle of the archway, so that no scavenger's carts or dustmen's barrows could penetrate into the court beyond. The boys played at leap frog over the post, drunkards leaned against it, shrieking wives dodged pursuivant husbands round it, and on Saturday nights the post was usually the only thing that could stand upright. Any one could see at a glance that Cow Court was a royal preserve in the kingdom of want, dirt, and misery. Down either side crazy three-storied tenements leant and staggered; the windows were patched with rags and paper; the walls black and rotten with filth; and the sodden side walks were trampled into black, glutinous mud. An open gutter ran (or rather oozed and soaked) down the middle of the court; the flowers that sprang beside that foul stream were fever, contagion, and death. Frowsy men leant on the window-sills, cursing each other across the court; women, still more frowsy, stood gossiping shrilly in the doorways. The distant roar of the larger life outside filled Cow Court with a continuous murmur; but Cow Court had a continuous murmur of its own, made up of oaths, blows, and ribald songs. On this particular evening the entire residential population were taking the air in the open court. They sat on the door-steps or lounged against the walls; but one lady was provided with a chair. When every one else has to sit upon the bare ground, a chair, even if unsteady on its legs, confers a certain air of distinction on its occupant. The lady seated on it was very shrivelled, yellow, and old; she was lame, too, and walked with a stick. The stick was recognised by the court as a sceptre of sovereignty, for "old Biddy" was undisputed queen of Cow Court. She had lived there the longest, drunk the hardest, and swore oaths of an unsurpassable quality. In her palmy days, before her leg was broken, she had been victress in many a gallant fight; rivals had arisen, but Biddy had fallen on them and overcome them. Towards seven o'clock Cow Court pulled itself together for a little diversion. This generally took the form of a fight, sometimes originating on the pavement, and spreading contagiously until there was a general *mêlée*; but it was considered more consistent with recognised traditions for the quarrel to arise indoors, and to be intimated to the outside world by the smashing of glass and the passage of bulky articles through the windows; then Cow Court felt a glow of expectation, and exhorted the belligerents to come down and fight it out like men. A ring would be formed, and the fight conducted in a legitimate way. On such occasions Biddy was always summoned as queen of these most unchivalric tournaments.

On this August evening a young man was passing through Leather

Lane in search of Cow Court. He was dressed in the latest West End fashion ; but even the hideous chimney-pot hat, pointed shoes, and rigid collar, could not disguise his comeliness. At a guess he was three-and-twenty. Being of a trusting nature, he allowed his gold chain to disport itself across his waistcoat, and his jewelled pin remained in his scarf.

Kenneth Gordon was down from Oxford and had been calling on one of the clergymen at St. Alban's, who had asked him to take a letter to a dying girl in Cow Court. He strode through the dingy street, sometimes asking his way of one of the residential ladies of Leather Lane, and always winning a civil answer by the force of his genial smile. When he reached Cow Court, a pleasant thrill of excitement pervaded that locality : the watch and chain had survived Leather Lane, and now flashed gaily in the evening light ; his pin held its accustomed place ; his handkerchief gleamed white against his coat. He paused at the low archway : this was doubtless the place there, at any rate, were the remains of its name. The "w" had dropped away from the "Cow," and much of the "Court" had vanished too. He stared in amazement at the throng of haggard, unwashed people compared with this, Leather Lane was as Bond Street. At his feet ran the gutter, choked with filth ; on either side the black crazy houses leant and staggered ; dreadful odours and sights greeted him. Inquiring of a boy, he learnt that Polly Turner lived at No. 7, and was escorted there by a crowd of loafers. The girl was dying ; the stuffy room, crowded with friends, nearly dark and unspeakably miserable. Kenneth gave her the letter, but had to take it back and read it to her. In the presence of that deathly white face he felt all usual forms of speech to be useless. He held her hand for a minute, tried to say a few kind words, and then felt that he had failed ; but the gentle touch and words went straight to the girl's heart, and there rested until it ceased to beat. When Kenneth left No. 7, a child was lying in a doorway just opposite. Dirt, famine, and ill-usage had effectually obscured the bloom of youth in her. Her face was so dirty that he could only see two large eyes flashing from a tangled mass of hair. This was "Sally." As she never owned a surname, it is impossible to introduce her more formally ; if her friends wished to identify her with precision, they called her "Tim's Sally." Tim was her father, and his surname also was hidden in obscurity. Sally had heard that a young swell had come into Cow Court, and was waiting to have a look at him. On that she reckoned without her father, for Tim coming down the passage behind her, enforced parental discipline.

a vigorous kick on her shins. When you have kicked a body for ten years you acquire precision in the art, and Tim planted his kick with such exactness that the girl fell down on the door-step, and there she lay too listless to cry out. Now nothing is tamer or more monotonous than to waste good kicks on an irresponsible person; so Tim was aggrieved, and followed up his first kick by others, accompanying them with a volley of inspiriting oaths. The last kick must have caught Sally in a sensitive place, for she gave a sharp scream of agony.

"What's that?" cried a woman from an inner room.

"Oh," said another, "it's only Tim awaking up his gell."

As Kenneth left No. 7 he saw this kick and heard Sally's scream. He instantly strode across the court. Tim was girding himself up for more kicks. For the first time in his life he found this simple pastime of his interfered with.

Kenneth faced him sternly.

"Leave the girl alone, you blackguard! How dare you kick a woman?"

Not kick a woman! Cow Court was convulsed. Why, women were kicked every day; they expected it—accepted it as a law of nature. Tim and the bystanders paused for a moment to grasp the full absurdity of the idea; but only for a moment. Then Tim turned on him like a wild beast, the veins in his great bull's neck swelling like cords.

"Who the — are you? Can't a man kick his own gell? Get out of this, or I'll kick you too!" Then, in mere bravado, he lifted his foot to give the girl another refresher.

"Touch her at your peril!" cried Kenneth, flushing to the roots of his hair. In another moment he heard the thud of Tim's foot as it drove lustily into the girl, and, at the self-same moment, Kenneth's fist crashed into Tim's face, catching him on the jaw and sending him reeling backwards down the passage. Then Cow Court perceived that there was a joyful prospect of a Homeric combat. In a few moments a ring was formed, and old Biddy was whisked aloft in her chair in the arms of two stalwart supporters. Kenneth's blood was up; he flung his coat and waistcoat to one bystander and his hat to another. Cow Court accepted them with alacrity. Tim divested himself of some superfluous rags, bared his stalwart arms, and prepared to "smash the swell." Biddy surveyed both combatants with a critical eye; she knew the points of a man.

"Blood 'll tell," she said oracularly, as she saw Kenneth straighten himself for the fight; he had boxed at Oxford, and was

in fair condition, sound in wind, above all temperate and cool. The first round revealed to him that Tim fought in a very effective but utterly unscientific manner. He came at his enemy with a furious rush and planted terrific chance blows; but he left himself unprotected, and wasted a lot of strength to no purpose. Kenneth quietly bided his time, parried Tim's blows, and let him exhaust himself. Tim drew first blood, beating down Kenneth's parry, and landing on his temple with considerable force; still Kenneth kept his temper, and the cooler he was the more savage grew Tim; the ring cheered him on, exhorting him to go in and do for the swell. Kenneth now began to act on the offensive: letting drive, he caught Tim full on the mouth with all the strength of his sturdy left hand. His knuckles cut deeply into Tim's lips, and sent him crashing to the ground. Bidy rapped approval with her crutch; she loved to see a straight blow well planted. Tim was set on his feet, rather giddy and dazed—he was not a pretty sight: his lips were like raw liver, and his face distorted with passion; what little steadiness he had he then threw to the winds, and Kenneth's next blow caught him full in the eye. After this he summoned his strength for one more furious onslaught. His blow was partially parried, but landed on Kenneth's shoulder; in reply, Kenneth caught him full in the forehead, felling him to the ground as a butcher does an ox. After this Tim did not come up to time; he was dragged off into some back region, and left Kenneth undisputed master of the field. Old Bidy took a pull at her pipe, expectorated, and said simply:

“Ah, blood *has* told!”

When Kenneth pulled down his shirt sleeves, and turned to the crowd to demand his coat and waistcoat, they were not forthcoming—they had vanished. Then Kenneth flashed out, called them curs, sneaks, and thieves. Cow Court being accustomed to language of far greater pungency, preserved an unbroken calm. Then Bidy rose in her wrath, and steadying herself on her crutch, vowed, with many blood-curdling oaths, that the nussing garments should be forthcoming, and that quickly—condemning, *en passant*, the eyes and limbs of the thieves to infernal torments. The clothes appeared, and it was an ennobling sight to see the old crone stand up and order him to search his pockets while she asked categorically—“Purse? Wipe? Cigar-case? Watch? Chain?” &c. Each had been honestly replaced. Kenneth then shook Bidy by the hand and gave her a sovereign to distribute amongst her subjects.

Just then he felt something at his feet—the girl he had fought for: she had

them ; there was a pathetic and dog-like fidelity in her look and gesture.

"Don't leave me here," she said. "He'll do for me worse nor ever when you're gone."

Kenneth paused. It was easier to fight than to know what to do with the damsel he had rescued ; but he acted on impulse and threw his card to Biddy.

"There, mother, is my card ; I'll take the girl and get a good home for her. That's my address ; come and see her when she has pulled round."

"You have fought for her and won her," said Biddy. "I'll bet you're honest, and will do well by her—so take her."

CHAPTER II.

KENNETH lived in an old-fashioned house in Kensington, fenced from the outer world by well-grown trees. His father and mother had lived there before him, and had died there. Kenneth then asked his two aunts to live with him. Aunt Hannah was tall, bony, and vigorous ; Aunt Matty fat and gentle. Hannah Gordon was well known in the philanthropic world ; she was an active member of the Charity Organisation ; in fact, organisation was her *forte*. Her special season began about November, when the first touch of winter woke up the poor. Then, take up what paper you like, and ten to one that in some corner of it you would find Aunt Hannah enlightening the world as to what they should do or not do. Exeter Hall knew her not, nor did she subscribe to African Missions or soup-kitchens. What she gloried in were boards. School boards, poor boards, parochial boards, all kinds of boards ; nothing she enjoyed more than ferreting out abuses and getting them remedied. Her abomination was promiscuous charity. It was beautiful to put her on the track of some philanthropic impostor, and observe with what holy zeal she would hunt him down to the death. It was she that opened people's eyes to the iniquities of that arch impostor, the Archdeacon of Saratoga ; before that he was the darling of West End drawing-rooms. When she took him in hand he exchanged Belgravian boudoirs for Holloway Gaul, and wasted much persuasive penitence on the chaplain. How many sham mendicants did she not expose !—pouncing upon them in the highways and byways, and

giving them in charge with joyful alacrity. It was Aunt Hannah who plunged into a crowd in Piccadilly when a poor man, seized with an epileptic fit, was surrounded by a ring of sympathetic bystanders. Elbowing her way through them, she speedily seized him by the collar.

"Epileptic fit is it? I'll soon cure you!"

"Leave the poor man alone!" cried a tender-hearted bystander. "Don't you see he's foaming at the mouth?"

"Soap!" cried Hannah contemptuously; and lo and beho'd! the man did come out of his very artistic fit, spat out a lump of soap, and said:

"Let me go, can't yer? You're either the devil or old Hannah!"

"You're right!" she said triumphantly. "I *am* old Hannah, and, what's more, if ever I catch you having a fit again, I'll run you in."

Aunt Mattie was the very reverse of this. Aunt Hannah always alluded to her in her milder moments as "Poor dear Mattie," and in her more vigorous ones as "that fool Matilda." Matilda had never been on a board in her life; but if you looked down the subscription lists of any missionary society you would be sure to find her modest initials.

"I never put my full name," she said meekly. "Hannah makes such a fuss."

It was to this household that Kenneth brought Sally. The girl had fallen asleep as they drove along. Kenneth placed her on the seat, but Sally preferred lying on the floor of the cab, and coiled herself up at his feet like a dog.

When they got home Kenneth carried the tired girl in, and seeing that she was not fit for the drawing-room, placed her on the mat in the hall, where she lay—a little heap of rags, dirt, and towzled hair. As he entered the drawing-room he heard Aunt Hannah reading in a very emphatic voice the summary of a paper she intended to deliver at a Charitable Organisation conference next day. It was entitled, "Sixteen reasons against the present system of outdoor parochial relief." She had got as far as the tenth. Kenneth's entrance was hailed with joy by the long-suffering Mattie.

"Oh, here you are!" she cried. "Ten o'clock, and you were to be here by five."

"I've brought home a girl."

Aunt Hannah dropped the sixteen reasons, and ejaculated, "What?" Mattie started. Those five words might mean "With the calm that precedes a storm, Aunt Hannah's glasses, rubbed them slowly, and waited; but fur!" interrupted by a scream from Aunt Mattie.

"Why, Kenneth, you've got a great cut on your temple, and there is blood on your collar!"

"It's nothing. I've had a fight. A brute was kicking a girl, and I licked him, and brought the girl home. She's only a child."

Aunt Hannah put her glasses into their case with a snap and recovered her voice. "Brought her home! Is this house a casual ward or night refuge? Why, heaven bless us, the boy's gone stark staring mad!"

Mattie had forgotten the girl and was giving her mind to sticking-plaister.

"I've left her on the mat outside," added Kenneth, apologetically; "she isn't as clean as she might be." Hannah strode to the door. The hall was pretty with fresh flowers, ferns, and bright tiles—its prettiness emphasised the incongruity of Sally's appearance. She was lying where Kenneth had left her; her one shoe was tied on with a bit of string, her frock was ragged, but the rents did not show, for her skin was as black as her frock. One frightfully bony arm fell across her knee and the other hid her face.

Mattie peeped from behind Hannah. Hannah said authoritatively:

"Get up, and be off with you!" Sally immediately gave vent to such a torrent of bad language that the two ladies rushed away and shut themselves in the drawing-room. Mattie began to cry, but Hannah seated herself rigidly in her arm-chair.

"This is too much, Kenneth!"

"It's getting awfully late," said Kenneth. "Suppose we don't talk of this till to-morrow. I'll get Bridget to wash Sally, and make her up a bed somewhere."

"Keep that thing in the house and be murdered in our beds, and have the house ransacked from top to bottom!"

"You can't turn her into the street at ten o'clock at night. Bridget can surely give Sally some supper and a blanket, and we will lock her in the back kitchen."

The aunts protested, but yielded. Sally followed Kenneth downstairs like a lamb; but fresh difficulties arose with Bridget—they increased when Sally announced that she would tear anybody limb from limb who touched her. But when Kenneth said that he wished her to be clean and neat, the child changed, and she informed Bridget that "she might boil her alive if the boss wished it done."

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning Kenneth surveyed the position. Of course he could send Sally to a workhouse school, or to a refuge; but he did not want to let the girl he had won by his bow and spear drift away from him.

His old nurse was now living on a pension, and he resolved to send Sally to her. This seemed easy while he was dressing, but much less easy when he saw his aunts. Mattie was nervous, Hannah full of repressed vigour.

"It's a comfort that we still have spoons to stir our tea with," said the latter.

"I have been thinking about Sally," he began. "I am sure, Aunt Hannah, you will help me." He was interrupted by a sound of crashing china—a scuffle accompanied by piercing shrieks and the sound of hurrying feet. Aunt Hannah made a dash at the bell, exclaiming:

"Has the devil broken loose?" The door was flung open, and the servants dragged in Sally. She resisted violently, kicking, plunging, and swearing like a trooper. Bridget began: "And I do say, sir, it's too bad to go and bring home such scum, and expect decent people to sit with her. She's half killed James!"

"Yes!" cried the housemaid, "she up with a plate and broke it over his head, and he's a mass of gore in the kitchen this minute."

"Come here, Sally!" cried Kenneth sternly. They released her, and she stood before him with flashing eyes and cheeks, flushed with the glow of combat. An old dress of the cook's had been pinned round her—it was half torn off now; her matted hair had been combed out and rolled up—it lay on her shoulders now in a shaggy mass; and, as Aunt Hannah said, she looked a little demon. But when Kenneth took her in hand and spoke kindly, the flash in her eyes turned to tears.

"Sally, what have you been doing? How dare you attack James?"

"What call 'ad he to lay 'ands on yer boots?"

"What on earth does she mean?"

"Why, sir, after breakfast James began to clean your boots as usual, and she flew at him like a tiger, tore them out of his hands, broke a plate over his head, and swore she'd kill him. And as for her language——"

"If he touches them again, I'll
Sally.

"Now, look here, girl!" Aunt Hannah began.

"One moment, aunt," said Kenneth, turning Sally's tear-stained face to the light. At his touch the hunted, wild-beast look passed from her eyes; then he said, "Now, Sally, listen. I want you to forget your savage ways, and be a good child. If you use bad language, and frighten and hurt people, you must go back to Cow Court, and I shall be sorry I tried to save you from your father. I know it will be hard for you at first; but all good things are hard. You must tell James you are sorry you hurt him, and I'll promise that every day you are good you shall clean my boots yourself."

"Blest if I won't try, and I'll go this moment and ax his blooming pardon." And, so saying, Sally picked up her trailing garments and rushed out of the room.

"A perfect little savage!" said Hannah. "Two years at a reformatory might do good; but I doubt it."

"I thought I saw tears in her eyes," said Mattie.

"And what handsome eyes!" said Kenneth.

"Now just answer me this," said Hannah. "What on earth made you bring this vagrant here? You plunge into some filthy court, get your head cut open, and have this creature flung on your hands. If it is sentimental rubbish, you are a bigger fool than I thought you. If you flatter yourself it's philanthropy, you have begun at the wrong end."

"It is a little of both. You do your philanthropy in a scientific, wholesale way; I am beginning mine with a small retail sample. And it is sentiment too, for I feel rather like a knight who has rescued a maiden, and is forbidden by the laws of chivalry to abandon her."

"Then, by the laws of the Round Table, the knight is bound to wed the maiden, and—I wish you joy of your bargain."

"Well, aunt, let Sally have a month under your supervision, and then we will hold another meeting upon her." The aunts at last reluctantly agreed to give her a trial.

CHAPTER IV.

THE month passed, and even Aunt Hannah owned that there was "good stuff" in that girl. Mattie had her baptized and called her Sarah Hope. Hope was a name of good augury. She quickly fitted herself to the ways of the house, never forgot anything, never shirked

her work, and only had two outbreaks—but they were bad ones, and crockery flew about so freely that Aunt Hannah tied her hands behind her back and locked her up till Kenneth returned. Never in Sally's life had she known what it was to blush, but when he saw those discreditable bonds a flood of shame and contrition dyed her young cheeks. This was the last of her outbreaks. When the month was over she was sent to Nurse Brown and the nearest Board School. Every Sunday afternoon she went to Bedford Lodge; and soon Aunt Hannah owned that Sally was growing quite a decent-looking girl. She was indeed rapidly changing in everything but in what was unchangeable—her fidelity to Kenneth and her love for him.

Six months after Kenneth's memorable fight there was no little commotion in Cow Court one afternoon, for old Biddy announced her intention of "looking up that gell." Out of a dirty receptacle she produced Kenneth's card. It had changed to a dull yellow: for whenever the famous tale was told of how the "young swell licked Tim," the card was handed round to finish off the story. The call was to be made in style: so at three o'clock a costermonger's barrow with a donkey harnessed to it was drawn up at the entrance to the court; in the barrow was placed an upturned fruit-basket, and on to this Biddy was hoisted. The crutch went too, as a sign of her temporal power in Cow Court, and to be handy to belabour the donkey with. According to the tradition of the court, the best female head-gear was a shawl thrown over the head, and thus attired Biddy drove through the stately streets of the West. As the day wore on she maintained her seat on the basket with increasing difficulty, for it became necessary for her to pause at sundry taverns to refresh herself, and when she reached Bedford Lodge her face was aflame. Many vagrants had stood at that door, but never a more disreputable figure than old Biddy. She did not limit herself in the matter of bell-pulling, and her peal rang through the house.

"Go away!" cried the maid, trying to shut the door. "It's like your impudence to come to the front door!"

"No you don't, my gell!" chuckled Biddy, adroitly slipping in the end of her crutch. "I've come to see Mr. Kenneth Gordon; and I don't go till I've seen him, that's more." The housemaid was so astonished that her vigilance relaxed, and Biddy established herself on the mat inside. The maid called to the cook to keep watch, and ran to Aunt Hannah.

"A dreadful woman in the hall!" cried she. "I'll see
And, like a hawk sweeping down on its quarry."

Biddy. "Be off at once!" she cried. "How dare you enter my house!"

"Stow your jaw!" said Biddy, unmoved; and then she produced Kenneth's card, and thrust it aggressively under Aunt Hannah's nose. "That's his card, ain't it? Well, I've come to see him and Sally, and don't budge till I do."

"What have you to do with Sarah? We don't want all the riff-raff of Cow Court here!"

"That's just what yer will have unless I sees the gell," replied Biddy; and then she seated herself on the hall chair, took out her pipe, and announced her determination to stay till Kenneth came.

To the great disgust of his aunts, Kenneth, when he returned, ushered Biddy into his study, and was closeted with her for half an hour. Biddy explained that as Tim was dead she considered herself Sally's guardian, and Cow Court entirely ratified this view. Before leaving, Biddy reminded Kenneth that there was an ancient and laudable custom of drinking one's host's health. Kenneth ransomed himself from this obligation by a cash payment of half a crown.

The aunts never knew what had taken place at this interview. He merely said that Biddy had something to tell him about Sally's early life.

"Nothing creditable, I'll warrant," said Hannah, and he made no reply.

CHAPTER V.

SEVEN years had rolled by. They had passed lightly over Kenneth, only changing the youth of twenty-two into the man of twenty-nine. They had brought a few more grey hairs to Aunt Mattie, a few more angularities to Aunt Hannah; but they had absolutely transformed Sally. During the first two years Kenneth had stayed at home, then he had accepted an appointment in Buenos Ayres, where he had to stay five years. When he left England Sally was a promising girl of fourteen, and he was easy about her future, for step by step she had won her way into the household, first gaining the hearts of the servants, then Aunt Mattie's, and then by slower degrees Aunt Hannah's. Sally as a child, girl and woman, was unchanged in one thing—the little wild heathen heart had gone out to Kenneth when he fought for her, and remained his always. Her love had grown with her growth—education and refinement were as

sunshine and dew to it, fostering and feeding. At first it was arranged that she was to be trained for service, but her wonderful development altered their plans. Then she was to be apprenticed to some first rate shop ; and, lastly, trained as a teacher. So she was sent to Kensington High School, and spent her holidays at Bedford Lodge. She was gardening one June morning soon after Kenneth's departure, and Aunt Hannah watching the tall lithe figure moving about among the flowers.

"Who," she exclaimed, "would ever have believed that the dirty child Kenneth brought home that memorable evening would ever look like that?"

"She might be Flora amidst her own flowers," said Mattie gently. The very sight of the girl seemed to bring gladness into the hearts of the two old spinsters. Aunt Hannah had softened wonderfully under Sally's pretty influences; and, as for Mattie, Sally was enshrined in her heart next to her own dear Kenneth.

"Sister," said Hannah abruptly, leaving the window, "we ought to think seriously about Sally. We love her dearly, but——"

"But what?" asked Mattie anxiously.

"But of course she comes out of the gutter. Our first duty is to Kenneth—we must let him run no risk."

"He has no thought of that; besides, he won't be back for five years."

"She must go to a good boarding-school and be trained as a governess. She is pretty now; what will she be when she has out-grown the awkward age?"

"But, Hannah, don't let us lose her altogether."

"Men always make fools of themselves over beauty, and always will." At this moment Sally came to the open window with two posies in her hand. Her cheeks were flushed with a tender, rosy glow, her eyes sparkled with happy life.

"This is for you," she cried, pinning the posy in Aunt Mattie's dress.

"Flowers are for the young, dear; the old never want them till the end comes." Nevertheless, Mattie tucked them in prettily and glanced at the mirror. Then Sally made a rush at Aunt Hannah, but was repulsed with:

"Be off with your tom-foolery, Sally! Put your flowers in water and go and practise." But Sally coaxed till she gained her point; and the servants stared to see Aunt Hannah's uncompromising shoulder daintily adorned.

After lunch Mattie tried to look stern. Her loving old eyes

"Sarah, my dear," she said (Sally started at the unusual "Sarah"), "you are fourteen now, and we have determined to send you to a good boarding-school."

"What! leave you all?" cried Sally, turning pale.

"You will spend part of your holidays here, perhaps," said Aunt Hannah. "Remember, you have to earn your living. My nephew can't always keep you in idleness." Sally's dark eyes flashed, as she answered:

"He has done so much, you may trust me to do the rest. They said at school I had a fine voice. If I worked hard I might——"

"You'd have to toil for years to earn even your bread; but I'll see to it."

She did so, and speedily. The very next day Aunt Hannah walked Sally off to a professor to give his opinion of her singing. Aunt Hannah sat upright, umbrella in hand.

"You will understand, professor, my opinion is there's been no real singing since Malbran died, and I'd have half your modern screeching women gagged. This girl thinks she has a voice, so let her sing to you and have done with it."

When Sally had finished one verse of a ballad Aunt Hannah ejaculated, "Goodness gracious, bless the girl!"

At the end of the second the professor said, "The voice is a real contralto of great beauty; but it needs training, and years of hard study."

"It shall have both," said Aunt Hannah.

Five years afterwards, when Kenneth returned from Buenos Ayres, Sally was still at school. Almost the first thing he said was:

"What have these years done for my little Sally?"

"That style of talk won't do," said Hannah. "When Sally scrubbed floors it didn't matter; she is a pretty young lady now, and things are different."

"There was nothing pretty about Sally when I left, but her eyes. I shall never forget how frightfully sharp her elbows were."

"She's the best and dearest and prettiest girl in the world," said Mattie.

"I hope she is unchanged in some things," said he.

If he could have looked into Sally's heart he would have seen one thing unchanged. It still seemed as right and natural to her to love Kenneth as to love God, both had been so good to her. Sometimes she recalled the dark vision of Cow Court, but even that caught

a glory from the thought that there Kenneth first found her. There was one black memory connected with those days that nothing could brighten, but that she kept hidden in the depths of her heart.

"There's a letter from Sally," cried Kenneth one day at breakfast; and then he said, "She has had an offer of marriage. Her music-master has proposed to her - of course she has refused him."

"And why of course?" asked Aunt Hannah sharply.

"For the best of all reasons: she doesn't love him."

"Fiddlestick! The man's honest, I suppose, and can give her a good home. She sprang from the gutter, and can't expect to pick and choose."

"She had better go back to the gutter than marry without love," answered Kenneth.

Sally wrote simply and straightforwardly. The trouble of it was that there had been so much talk that Miss Addison thought she must leave at once, and had (subject to Kenneth's approval) obtained for her the post of pupil-teacher in a school at Streatham. Then came a pretty little bit, in which Sally said she hoped she had acted in a way that Kenneth approved.

"She's a brick!" he said emphatically.

"She must come here for a week before going to Streatham," said Mattie.

CHAPTER VI.

SALLY was to come at five. Kenneth wondered what she was like. He expected to find her neat, orderly, and well-mannered. At five he went into the drawing-room and waited. Five-fifteen and no Sally - five-thirty and she came. For a moment he stared at her in silence: the years had done so much. She stood with outstretched hand - her great soft eyes sought his. He noticed in a stupefied way that she moved with exquisite grace and lightness. He would have liked to kiss her, but that was clearly out of the question, so he warmly grasped her hand in both h.s.

"Why, Sally dear, my little girl grown into a tall young lady!"

Deep as any "inmost heart of rose" the young blood flushed into Sally's cheeks.

"Yes," she answered, "but still the same Sally." Then Sally took sweet count of him in one quick, shy glance. Her heart told her that never had she seen anything so goodly as this bright young

Englishman, as he stood before her with gay glad eyes. Half playfully, half tenderly, he led her to a sofa, and said :

"Now, Sally, tell me everything."

"Where shall I begin?"

"From the moment I left England. When I left, you had high shoulders and wore short frocks, and called me 'sir.'"

"I must call you 'sir' still. But look at the dear old room—it isn't a bit changed. I wonder who has dusted it since I've been away!" Then she went to seek the aunts.

"To think that she came out of Cow Court!" said Kenneth, watching her cross the hall, "and that weeds can grow into such sweet flowers! But I won't make a fool of myself."

"And now, Sally, sing to us," said Aunt Hannah after dinner.

This was the supreme moment Sally had looked forward to for years. She knew she had a superb voice—knew exactly what her powers were, and felt in full possession of them. When she sat down to the piano a soft flush came to her cheeks and a light to her eyes. She chose an old Scotch ballad—a simple, tender thing, that needed perfect style and expression. Kenneth started as her first notes fell on the air. Hers was one of those thrilling deep contraltos, soft as velvet, rich and rounded, with the strange power to stir and move that a good contralto has. The spell of her voice fell upon him, tears came to his eyes; he moved forward to see her sweet impassioned face as she sang; he saw her soul flashing in the sweet dewy eyes, and a great awe and love arose in his heart. The song ended in a deep solemn chord, like the echo of an amen.

Sally turned to Kenneth.

"Did you like it? I have laboured so hard for your praise."

He did not speak at first, but when she raised her eyes to his she saw there a look so eager, so ardent and sweet, that she almost wished she had not spoken. He caught her hand in his.

"Am I pleased? Oh, my dear, surely you know; it is too beautiful for praise of mine."

Sally sang no more that night, but felt she was rewarded. That song had changed the world for Kenneth. Could a man's heart be sung out of him in such fashion? Were the days of magic still with us, and had this sweet witch of nineteen summers made him forget all prudence and wisdom?

Next morning he was full of content, bathed in the brightest mental sunshine; joy was in his heart, love ruled his life. Sally was in the house. Sally was his—surely all his; had he not fought and conquered for her? He sang as he dressed, breaking off to laugh

at the contrast of his rough baritone with Sally's velvet tones, and it was not till he saw his aunts—the very models of family propriety—that he realised the difficulties of his position.

But little sleep had come to Sally that night. Love has divine insight, and when their eyes met after her song she knew that he loved her. But he should never marry her. Her valiant heart screwed itself up to the sticking-point and settled that for ever. The consciousness of his love came on her as a bitter, sweet surprise. When, flushed with her song, she looked into his eyes and saw love there radiant and enthroned, her difficulties were at one stroke doubled. When her own heart was her only foe she had buckled on her armour and gone down into the fight; but now she had to face another foe, before whom she felt powerless. Flight was her only chance. At six she rose and packed; at seven she went to Aunt Hannah.

"I am going away," she said. "I ought never to have come." Aunt Hannah's honest eyes searched her face in silence. "I shall never come back; it is the only way. I thought I was strong, and I *was*, till he was weak."

Aunt Hannah took her in her arms, kissed her, and said, "I honour and respect you, Sally. I saw it all last night. You are a good woman."

"A grateful one, I hope. After all your and his kindness, can I let him run any risk?"

"But it is terrible for you, my child."

"I can bear my own grief. I have loved him for so long, my heart has got used to its ache. It is harder now, but still I can bear it."

At breakfast Aunt Hannah said Sally had slept ill and could eat no breakfast. All Kenneth's inquiries got nothing more out of her than that.

At twelve Sally went quietly out of the back door, her eyes full of tears, her heart like lead.

At lunch Aunt Hannah said, "Sally has gone, Kenneth—for your good as well as her own. She has saved us a terrible trouble by acting so nobly."

Then Kenneth lost his head; but Aunt Hannah presented a front of iron.

"It was the right thing to do, and so you will own in time. Be patient. My heart is sore for you both; but you are w^o with its duties is before you. At any rate, don't beat you in self-sacrifice."

But Kenneth flung family pride to the winds, and said, "You may say what you like ; I'll marry her to-morrow if she'll have me." After an hour's hot debate he agreed to wait a month.

CHAPTER VII.

SALLY went to Miss Parker's school. She had to face all the drudgery of preparing the girls for their lessons, and taking them safely through the rudiments. She knew what awaited her, and did not flinch. During the last five years she had learnt how to master her love, to use it as an incentive to hard work ; but it was easier to fight the battle alone, to fight at all in Kenneth's presence was impossible. Day by day she plunged with feverish vigour into the work of teaching, plodding on with a pale face and heavy eyes through the long list of pupils. During the night watches she thought it was a hundred times better that she should suffer than he ; better that the wrench should come now than that he should marry her, and his good name be clouded by her shameful story.

Time passed more quickly for Kenneth, for at the end of it shone hope. Sally had none.

When the month was over Kenneth said, "To-day I am going to Sally."

"What ! you will let the whim of a moment ruin your life ?" said Hannah.

"If I followed your advice two lives would be ruined."

That very day he went to Streatham.

Sally's work had been harder than usual. The everlasting exercises, the never-ceasing scales, the persistent wrong notes, the enormous difficulties of teaching suburban young ladies without voice or ear to sing had worn her out.

Suddenly a pupil exclaimed, "Oh ! there is such a handsome young man coming up the drive." (Sally was unmoved ; no young man was likely to call on her.) "He must have come to see Miss Davison. That's four cousins in three weeks !"

Sally looked up and saw Kenneth. Her heart seemed to rush into her mouth. She dismissed the girl, and steadied herself. A mirror was in front of her, and she saw her own face pale as death, with dark shadows round the eyes. She wore a dingy old black dress, but even that could not conceal the grace of the lovely young neck and the sweep of the beautiful shoulders. And now Kenneth

entered, and when she saw his radiant face, full of strength and fervour, she felt that he looked years younger than she did. That sorrowful, girlish face, full of pathetic endurance, appealed to his heart irresistibly, and without a moment's thought he flung his arms round her and kissed her.

All Sally's nineteen years of life culminated in that first unwarrantable embrace. As her pretty, flushed face rested for a moment on his shoulder, her heart whispered, "Why not rest there for ever?" Then she wrenched herself free, and her blush ebbed away, leaving her as pale as marble and as hard.

"You might, at least, have spared me this, and left me some self-respect," she said, looking like a young Joan of Arc. He ought to have been abashed and humbled, but he wasn't.

"Sally!" he whispered, so tenderly that she drew back again, mistrusting herself and him. "Sally, I love you—you know I do." Sally tried hard to keep back the flood of joy that welled up from her heart into her eyes.

"Do men in your rank of life act like that and speak afterwards?" Looking down into the sweet depths of her eyes, he said.

"Oh, my love, you are wasting moments that might be so sweet. We love each——" Ere he could finish Sally flashed in:

"Who told you I loved you? Have I ever led you to think I loved you?" He gazed at her with such sweet manly assurance that she felt her anger melting away.

"Sally, my darling, I see it in your eyes—I hear it in your voice. Love has given me insight."

"Of course you know it." And her voice took those thrilling tones which had moved his heart so when she sang. "I dare say everyone does. I have loved you for years, and shall love you always. I am not ashamed to own it. It has been the strength of my life. If you had never spoken I should have gone on loving you all the same, and gone down to my grave single for your sake, but oh, my love, I shall never wed you—never be with you."

Kenneth would once more have flung his arms around her, but she composed herself by a great effort, and said:

"Wait just a moment and I will tell you all."

"You told me all when you said you loved me."

"Not all. Let me speak once and for ever. What I am you made me. All I have you gave me; and in return I mean to guard your good name—to guard it from yourself and—"
rupted her with an impatient gesture
what I was when you found me

one ever told you that I had been in prison for theft—that I had my hair cut short—wore prison dress and ate prison food, and——” Her voice failed her—her face grew deadly white—her hungry eyes searched his face to see if he shrank from her. To her joy the brightness of his eyes never clouded for a moment. He took her hand with a sweet gesture of love and reverence, and holding it steadfastly between his own, he spoke :

“Dear, I know it—have known it for years. Biddy came and told me long ago ; and knowing all, I still ask you to be my wife.”

Sally's blood slowly came back to her pale cheeks, slowly flooded her fair face with its tender rose, slowly the sweet light mingled with the tears in her eyes and conquered them. It was so doubly sweet that he should know all and yet love on. Her joy at first was too great for words. She moved a little closer to him, then with swift, sweet abandonment she flung her arms round his neck and drew his face down to hers.

“But, dear,” she whispered, “the world will know.” As their lips met he answered :

“You are all the world to me.”

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

THE rapid advance of education in all its branches, since 1850, is one of the most marked movements of the age. The Universities, as might have been expected from such eminent seats of learning, have been foremost in supplying instruction and encouraging study in accordance with their traditional policy. An endowment deed, dating from the fourteenth century, records how Clare College, Cambridge, was founded "to the end that knowledge, a pearl of great price, when they have found it and made it their own by instruction and study in the aforesaid University, may not be hidden under a bushel, but be spread abroad beyond the University and thereby give light to them that walk in the dark by-ways of ignorance." This fervently expressed declaration of the true end of learning seems in no slight degree to have been grasped, and recognised as a duty by those in authority in all the Universities of England.

In 1872 Nottingham made a formal appeal to the University of Cambridge, desiring that it would send lecturers to give instruction in the studies pursued there, and provide adequate assurance that the lectures should be kept up, and comprise a continuous course of instruction. In reply to this appeal the University appointed a syndicate of thirteen members to report on the petition, and to consider the advisability of making such permanent provision for supplying lecturers as requested. The report was favourable, and in the following year courses of lectures were arranged for at three centres, viz. Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester.

In 1874 a munificent gift of £10,000 to the town council of Nottingham caused the formation of University College, Nottingham, upon the express condition that so long as the University of Cambridge should maintain provision for supplying lecturers, such lecturers were to deliver courses in Nottingham. At Sheffield the noble gift of Mr. Mark Frith of £20,000 increased local University teaching. At Hull the ^W hand in hand towards this object with

The Universities of Cambridge and Durham have united their efforts in supplying the north of England with such instruction.

At a meeting held at the Mansion House on June 10, 1875, under the presidency of the then Lord Mayor, the following resolution, moved by Mr. Goschen, seconded by Lord Lyttelton, and supported by Dr. Carpenter and Lord Hampton, was carried: "That the principle of the Cambridge University Extension Scheme be applied to London, and that the various educational institutions of the Metropolis be requested to co-operate in an endeavour so to apply it." The founders of the Society succeeded in obtaining the desired co-operation of the principal educational institutions in London towards this end. Representatives from University and King's Colleges have sat upon the Council of the Society from the outset, thus giving it the desired representative and impartial character on which the success of the Society, in great part, depends. Two years ago the representative element was still further strengthened by the admission of nominees of the conference of local secretaries.

The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London have consented to appoint three members each to form a Universities Joint Board in order to nominate lecturers and examiners, and undertake, in conjunction with the Council, the general supervision of the teaching supplied, and thus give to the work that University status which the absence of a Teaching University in London rendered necessary.

A similar scheme was undertaken by Oxford, which, however, was for a time abandoned.

In 1885 the Oxford work was revived, and in 1886 a change in the statutes of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge empowered the Universities to affiliate colleges, while later they were allowed to affiliate local centres. The effect of the change is, in the words of Canon Westcott, to make "University education practically co-extensive with the country."

A student attached to any affiliated college or centre under the new regulations can proceed to a degree after two years' residence, instead of three, and obtain certain other privileges as well.

Seven centres are now affiliated to the University, namely, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sunderland, Scarborough, Hull, Derby, Exeter, and Plymouth.

The object of the University Extension movement is to bring the University to the people when the people cannot come to the University. The system by which this object is effected is described by Mr. R. S. Moalton, in an interesting pamphlet on the subject, as University education for the whole nation by an itinerant system

connected with the old Universities. The education it affords is rather of an advanced than elementary character, yet it is not technical, *i.e.* directly preparatory for manual trades, or professional, *i.e.* directly preparatory for professions or commerce, but it is an education which consists in training the mind and stimulating the mental faculties.

A chief feature of its usefulness is in the direction and advice it affords to students, thus saving a large amount of valuable time.

The organisation of the system is due in no small degree to Professor Stuart, who, by first delivering specimen courses of lectures, and afterwards by strenuously advocating the movement, while placing his educational experience at the service of the University, rendered possible and successful this latest extension of University influence throughout the country.

The details of the system pursued by Oxford and Cambridge respectively differ considerably. The plan which Cambridge, the originator of the movement, has adopted is based on the following principles :

(I.) That the education afforded is addressed to adults, and is thus distinguished from merely school education, while it strives to provide for the intellectual wants of those who have business or domestic duties occupying the greater part of their time.

(II.) The actual *teaching*, as well as testing by examination, must be directed by the University. This principle recognises emphatically that the value of Higher Education lies, not in the amount of knowledge that may be possessed at any moment, but in the mode in which the knowledge has been imparted, and the habits of mind formed under the process of instruction.

(III.) That residence in a University town, as affording the education of mutual intercourse by bringing together the largest variety of minds in an area small enough for contact with one another, is an important factor in Higher Education. The application of this principle has been rendered possible by the change in the University statutes, above referred to, enabling and encouraging students to reside in the University as a crowning point in the educational system of which it is a part.

These principles have been carried out by a carefully-arranged plan, the leading features of which consist of lectures delivered weekly, in connected courses of three months, on a single subject. In no case are either single lectures, or so connected subjects ever given. The younger men, willing to devote th

the lecturing departments. The substance of the lectures is comprised in a Syllabus, which is intended as a condensed text-book of the course. The Syllabus is prepared by the lecturer and receives the sanction of the University, or is altered so as to bring it into conformity with the views of the University.

Weekly exercises on the subjects of the weekly lectures are comprised in the Syllabus. These exercises are intended to be done by the students at home, and at their leisure, every encouragement being given to the use of books, since the purpose of the questions set is not so much to test memory as to train students in working for themselves. A lecture usually lasts for an hour; the hour preceding or following it is taken up with what is known as the Class. In this the formal method of the lecture is abandoned, and the time is occupied in any way that seems desirable for elucidating and driving home the matter of the lectures. The "class" is open to all who attend the lecture, though, as a rule, only a portion of these avail themselves of it; amongst those who do so, it is no uncommon experience to find the class considered the most interesting part of the work. At the close of each course of lectures and classes (twelve weeks), a final examination is held. This is a written examination, conducted, not by the lecturer, but by an independent examiner, under direction of the University, upon the matter of the lectures as indicated in the Syllabus. It is, of course, voluntary, but is only open to those who have done the weekly exercises to the satisfaction of the lecturer.

In connection with each three months' course certificates are granted by the University to students satisfying the double test of the lecturer's report of the weekly exercises, and the examiner's report of the final examination. The certificates indicate not only the passing of an examination, but also a regular course of study, followed out for a specified time, under the superintendence of the University. The certificates are of two kinds, Pass and Distinction, but order of merit and competition generally have no place in the work of the movement. These main features of the Cambridge University Extension Scheme are grounded upon practical experience, and have been found to work smoothly. The teacher has freedom to regulate his teaching in whatever way may be suggested by his own studies, and by the circumstances of his pupils, and the University with whom the responsibility rests can, by requiring its lecturers to make use of the Syllabuses for the departments entrusted to them, at any moment interpose where the Syllabus shows the lecturer to be taking an undesirable departure.

This is the system adopted by the London Society for the Extension of Higher Education, with a success which bids fair to secure its further development.

The University Syndicate, under whose management the work is carried on, has worked steadily and persistently towards securing greater continuity of work, and a more systematic treatment of subjects at the various centres. With a view to the encouragement of continuous work, there was instituted about twelve years ago the Vice-Chancellor's Certificate, which is awarded to students presenting six term certificates. Each term certificate represents a full term's work of eleven or twelve lectures, no certificates for shorter courses being awarded by the University of Cambridge.

The plan of forming students' associations, which dates almost from the beginning of the movement, has proved increasingly valuable. The associations of the affiliated centres above named are among the most flourishing.

At intervals of two or three years a conference of local secretaries and representatives of centres is held at Cambridge. The Syndicate has decided to hold such a conference next July, and also to arrange a special gathering for students during the month of August.

About five years ago arrangements were made in an informal way at Cambridge to receive four University Extension students from the colliery district of Northumberland for a month's course of study. Two practical classes were arranged for them in the Physiological Laboratory and the Geological Museum, with a view to supplement the theoretical knowledge they had acquired during the winter at the extension lectures in their own villages. The experiment proved so great a success that it was repeated two years later. The Cambridge Syndicate have now determined to establish such summer work in a formal and permanent way as part of their University Extension system.

The University of Oxford is also at work in the matter along similar lines, partly independently, partly conjointly, as in London, and partly in conjunction with other institutions. It has of late years entered in good earnest into the field of University Extension, and is now able to record a large number of students under its care. It has, further, the merit of leading the way in organising summer gatherings of students.

The courses of instruction given by Oxford University, however are not so long or thorough as those given by the C University, their average duration being nine weeks.

Thus, in a generous rivalry along closely sim

Universities contend in extending over the face of England the blessings they are so well calculated to convey.

From the small beginning of the Cambridge Extension Scheme in 1873, with courses given in three centres only, giant strides have been made. During the session 1889-90, according to the statements in the report for 1890, lectures and classes have been given in 67 populous centres. The percentage of persons attending the lectures who have sent up weekly papers is 21.7, and of those examined at the end of the course 15.5, a large advance on all former results. The average attendance at the lectures has been 11,201, at the classes 5,314; the average number of weekly papers has been 2,433, and the number examined 1,734.

The London Society in its first year gave 7 courses attended by 139 persons. In its thirteenth year, 1889, the courses have increased to 100, and the persons attending them to 10,881. The weekly papers which were not given till 1881, and then numbered 610, now number 1899, and the number of certificates awarded amounts to 1,329.

The movement at Oxford has also greatly increased: 109 courses were delivered under the supervision of the University in 82 towns by 16 lecturers. Examinations were held at the conclusion of 71 courses, and certificates have been awarded to nearly 1,100 students. The courses were attended by 1,435 students, and the average period of study covered by each course was rather more than 9½ weeks. A summer meeting is to be held for the third time this year in Oxford, where from August 2 to August 12 short courses of lectures and a number of evening lectures will be delivered. These will be followed by more detailed study, private tuition, and further lectures on "Art," "The Method of Teaching," "Botany," "Physiology," &c.

The large advance made this year is due to the efforts of all the Universities to extend the work in various parts of the country. The formation of at least five of the new Cambridge Extension centres is due to the Gilchrist People's Lectures. This method of short courses of these lectures has led to the foundation of many centres, which have been taken charge of by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. These lectures are purely preparatory to University Extension Lectures.

The two new district associations, the South-Eastern and Yorkshire Association for the Extension of University Teaching, have been formed in addition to the South-Eastern Counties and the Northern Associations constituted in 1887. These consist of all the centres (whether connected with Cambridge or Oxford) who wish to join throughout the district covered by the association, each centre sending its dele-

gates to the annual meeting held in the spring, when by friendly conference an attempt is made to group the centres in such a way as best to meet their several needs. The Yorkshire Association, which was formed at a meeting in York on April 19 of the present year, has for its chief objects—(1) The organisation and extension of University teaching in Yorkshire and the North-East of England. (2) The suggestion of subjects and lectures, and the grouping of centres for lectures. (3) The organisation of lectures and systematic work in vacation time. (4) The formation of a students' library and the lending of books. (5) The promotion of higher education, generally.

An association with these objects has only need of a strong executive to exercise a great and important influence in the district.

This account of University Extension is of necessity incomplete, but it will serve to show what has been already done in this direction. The only difficulty in the way of its more rapid advance is a financial one. The average cost of a course, including local expenses, is £65 or £70. This sum cannot be raised by the sale of tickets alone if it is to benefit the classes who now attend these courses. If some solution of the financial difficulty could be found, there is every reason to believe that the movement would spread into towns and districts where it is impossible to raise a large subscription fund.

The total cost of all the University and local expenses roughly amounts to 10s. per pupil for the course. This is not the fee charged, for the cost is partly defrayed by subscriptions; but the 10s. is the total cost, and includes everything—teaching, rent of rooms, advertising, and all other expenses. So complete a system was never offered at so low a cost. Surely all this is work well worthy of being done, well worthy of the Universities. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to look outside the work for help, to lay the foundations of a large and comprehensive scheme of national higher education on a secure basis. The opportunity is one which might well be embraced by Government. In whatever way the further extension of this movement may come, the system stands to-day as a most interesting example of a natural and spontaneous growth; the outcome, on the one hand, of an urgent demand for higher teaching in the country, and on the other, of a deeper sense in the Universities of the responsibilities of their unique position, and a growing sympathy with the educational needs of the time.

THE FUR-SEAL FISHERIES OF ALASKA.

UNDER the above title the United States Government have recently issued the report of a committee appointed to "investigate the fur-seal fisheries of Alaska . . . and to fully investigate and report upon the nature and extent of such rights and interests of the United States in the fur seals and other fisheries in the Bering's Sea in Alaska ; and whether to any extent the same have been violated, and by whom ; and what, if any, legislation is necessary for the better protection and preservation of the same."

The report, which was ordered to be printed January 29, 1889, is of the usually exhaustive nature of those presented to the House of Representatives, and contains a vast amount of information on a subject which is not only of great importance both to the United States and to this country, as affecting a very lucrative branch of the fur trade in London, but as bearing upon a question which has recently assumed a very serious aspect owing to the regrettable differences which have arisen between these two great English-speaking nations, as to their respective rights in the waters frequented by the fur seals at the only season when their pursuit is practicable.

The subject, which is a very wide one, has many aspects, and as it cannot be fully understood without some knowledge of the origin of the "fishery," the restrictions under which it has hitherto been prosecuted, and of the habits of the seals themselves, I trust you will allow me, as briefly as possible, to furnish your readers with such information as I am able on each of these subjects.

Stretching far away from the westernmost point of the Alaska Peninsula, still to the westward for some twenty-six degrees of longitude, extends the chain of islands known as the Aleutian Islands, the last of the group, Attoo by name, in long. 173° E., seeming almost to meet the Russian group of the Commander Islands in long. 167° E., thus enclosing a vast extent of ocean, the only outlet from which to the north is the narrow strait named, like the sea which it closes, after that intrepid navigator Bering ; beyond this to the north the

Arctic ice soon blocks further progress. The chief passage into this almost land-locked sea from the American side is between the islands of Oonalaska and Oonimak, known as the Oonimak Pass, and 192 miles W.N.W. lies the little group known as the Pribylov, or Seal Islands, consisting of the main islands of St. George and St. Paul, the former with a superficial area of thirty-three, and the latter of twenty-seven square miles, and these are attended by their satellites Otter and Walrus Islands. The larger islands form the summer home and nursery of countless numbers of fur-seals, *Otaria (Callorhinus) ursina*, whose skins yield the fur known as seal skin, so justly prized for its beauty, in which respect it is only exceeded by the still more costly sea otter.

The discovery of these islands was due to the enterprise of the Russian fur hunters, for although there is an Aluet tradition that they were known to and visited by these people long before Russians landed there, it is certain that the latter had to re-discover them for themselves, and that until the year 1786 they were practically unknown. Elliott¹ says that, having exhausted the sea otter fishing on their own coast, and observing that the fur-seals passed through the passages between the islands of the Aleutian chain northward in spring, and again southward towards the Pacific Ocean in autumn, the hunters determined to find the summer resort of these animals. At first they were unsuccessful, but on the third voyage, after cruising in the immediate vicinity of one of the islands for three weeks in this sea of fog and storm, the mist lifted, and Gehrman Pribylov (son of one of the survivors of Bering's ill-fated vessel) sighted land, and eventually in a thick fog made the shore, naming the newly-discovered island St. George, after the vessel which he commanded. This was in the month of July in the year 1786.

Finding no harbour in which to take refuge the "St. George" returned to winter at the Aleutian islands. In the following summer, on June 29, 1787, the hunters who had remained behind sighted an island to the northward, and this being the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul they at once named it after these saints. Time, however, has resulted in the final adoption of the latter name only, and the second island is universally known as St. Paul's.

Such in a few words is the history Mr. Elliott gives of the discovery of these islands. Let us see what use the Russians made of their valuable acquisition. Pribylov and his companions finding that the islands abounded with fur-seals, the object of their search

¹ *A Monograph of the Seal Islands of Alaska*, by H. W. Elliott
Government Printing Office, 1882.

but that they were otherwise uninhabited, imported natives from Oonalaska to do the work of killing and skinning, and the descendants of these people still continue — but under circumstances greatly changed for the better — to fulfil the same duties. Of course there was a rush to secure a share of the seals, and so regardless of consequences were the unrestrained operations of the rival traders, that the Russian Government soon took the alarm, and in 1799 the islands, with the whole territory of Alaska, were handed over to the control of the Russian America Company, under whose management they remained for sixty-seven years.

At first the Russian company appear to have conducted the sealing almost as wastefully as had been done previously to their coming into possession of the islands, and Mr. Elliott states that in 1803, 800,000 seal skins had accumulated, and that as it was impossible to make advantageous sale of so many skins “in this great number, so many were spoiled that it became necessary to cut or throw into the sea 700,000 pelts.” Reliable statistics are not to be had, but “in the first thirty years (according to Veniaminov's best understanding) there were taken ‘more than two and a half millions of seal skins’; then in the next twenty-one years, up to 1838, they took 578,924. During the last taking, from 1817 to 1838, the skins were worth on an average “no more than thirty rubles each (\$6 apiece).”

During the period the company was under the management of Alexander Baranov it continued to prosper, but shortly after the death of this man, who was described as cruel and unscrupulous in the extreme, its affairs went from bad to worse, till July 1867, when Alaska was purchased by the United States, and a new era soon dawned upon the history of the Pribylov Islands.

The American flag was hoisted on the islands in April, 1868; but it was not till 1871 that the lease to the Alaska Commercial Company for a period of twenty years from May 1, 1870, came fully into operation, and the interregnum tells a sad tale of wastefulness. Mr. Elliott gives the following returns of seals killed about this time. In 1867 were taken some 48,000 skins; but in 1868, the islands being open to all comers, 242,000 seals were slaughtered; the next year, 1869, only 87,000 could be procured, these fell off in 1870 to 9,965. In 1871 the Alaska Company killed 63,000, and in 1872, 99,000, and about the latter number has been the return ever since.

Before speaking of the enlightened policy pursued by the United States Government, and the remarkable results which have followed their judicious management of the valuable property which had come

into their possession, it may be well very briefly to explain how it comes about that these interesting animals are so amenable to treatment; and in order to make this intelligible it will be necessary to say a few words as to the natural history of the group to which they belong, their distribution and habits.

The *Pinnipedia*, or as the name implies "fin-footed" animals, form a well-marked sub-order of the carnivora, and include three very distinct families—first, the *Phocidae*, or true seals, which have a very wide distribution indeed, the chief resorts in the northern hemisphere during the breeding season being the ice fields off Newfoundland and in the Greenland seas. These animals are of considerable commercial value, but chiefly for the oil which they yield; their skins, which are for the most part converted into leather, are useless for the furrier after shedding the first coat, as they are covered with short stiff hair and hence are known as "hair-seals." The true seals spend their lives almost entirely in the water, merely resorting to the ice, or to sand banks, for the purpose of reproduction. On land they are very helpless, progressing with difficulty, and being unable to raise the body from the ground.

The second family, a very restricted one, is that of the *Trichechidae*, and is represented by the walrus. Our American cousins believe that the walrus of the Pacific differs from that of the Atlantic; whether that be the case or not, the animal is circumpolar, and at the present day confined to very high latitudes. At a certain season of the year the walrus seeks the shore, and at that time vast herds have been met with sleeping their time away without eating or changing their resting-place. These animals have much greater freedom of motion on land than the hair-seals, their hind flippers are directed forward and their bodies almost destitute of hair. They are chiefly of value for their hides and tusks.

The third family is that of the *Otariidae*, and consists of several genera and species. These animals possess external ears, and generally an under coat of very beautiful fur, from which they are known as the "eared" or "fur-seals." They are more active on the land than the walrus, and spend a greater portion of their time, at the season of reproduction, on the shore, the breeding males not even entering the water to feed for several weeks; they inhabit the lonely islands of the North Pacific Ocean and South seas, and it is to members of this family that we are indebted for the beautiful "seal skin" of commerce. Formerly countless numbers of fur seals, or sea lions, were found in many localities, but unhappily the ruthless slaughter to which they have been subjected has practically exterminated them

in all but the two stations I shall shortly have to mention ; first, however, it may be well to enumerate some of the former breeding places from which they have disappeared.

Mr. J. Willes Clark, in his "Davis Lecture" on "Sea Lions," delivered at the Zoological Gardens in 1875, and published in the *Contemporary Review* (Vol. xxvii, p. 21), is of opinion that there are nine well-recognised species of Otaria, which are distributed as follows:

Otaria ursina	}	North Pacific.
„ gilliespii		
„ stelleri		
„ jubata	}	South Pacific, Cape Horn, and South Atlantic as far north as River Plate.
„ falklandica		
„ pusilla, or antarctica	}	Cape of Good Hope, and adjacent islands.
„ hookeri		
„ lobata	}	Coasts of Australia and New Zealand.
„ gazella		
		Kerguelen's Land.

In some of the localities named these animals were found in countless numbers, but from the wasteful manner in which they were pursued they are practically exterminated, except where protected; the only breeding stations or "rookeries" in the present day where such protection is extended to them being the Islands of St. George and St. Paul (the Pribylov group), from which 100,000 skins are allowed by the United States Government to be taken; Bering's and Copper Islands (the Commander group), belonging to Russia, all in Bering's Sea, and also, till recently (and the latter still), leased to the Alaska Fur Company, who take from the latter about 40,000 skins annually; and third, a small "rookery" in the Lobos Islands, in the mouth of the River Plate, belonging to the Government of Monte Video, the annual produce from which is said to be about 12,000 skins. With these exceptions, the seals are destroyed in season and out of season, without regard to age or sex, at the will of the first comer.

Mr. C. A. Williams, a gentleman living at New London, Conn., whose family had been connected with sealing and whaling for three generations, gave valuable evidence to the United States Commission, from which I glean the following facts. The Island of Kerguelen, when discovered about the year 1772, was found to be teeming with fur-seals. "Between the date of its discovery and the year 1800 over 1,200,000 seal skins were taken by the British vessels from the island, and seal life thereon was exterminated."

The Crozetts were also visited and hunted over, and the seal life there totally exhausted.

Massafuero, "an island in the South Pacific, lat. $30^{\circ} 48'$ S., long. $80^{\circ} 34'$ W., came next in order of discovery, and from its shores in a few years were gathered and shipped 1,200,000 fur-seal skins." Captain Delano says that the Americans first frequented that island in 1797, when he has no doubt there were two to three million seals there; he made an estimate of more than three million skins which had been carried thence to Canton in the space of seven years. On one occasion he carried a cargo of 38,000 skins which he disposed of for \$16,000. He has carried away 100,000 skins, and has been at the place "when there were the people of fourteen ships or vessels on the island at one time killing seals.

"In 1821-23 the South Shetland Islands, a group nearly south from Cape Horn, became known to the seal hunters, and in two years over 320,000 seals were killed and their skins shipped from these islands.

"Later still seals were found on the islands of South Georgia in the South Atlantic Ocean, and from this locality was obtained over one million of fur-seals, leaving the beaches bare of seal life.

"From the coasts of South America and about Cape Horn many thousands of fur-seals have been taken, and of the life once so prolific there nothing is now left save such remnants of former herds as shelter on rocks and islets almost inaccessible to the most daring hunter.

"The localities were no man's land, and no man cared for them or protected them or their products save as through destruction they could be transmitted into a passing profit."

One paragraph more from Mr. Williams's report, in which he sums up the whole matter:

In 1872, fifty years after the slaughter at the Shetland Islands, the localities before mentioned were all revisited by another generation of hunters, and in the sixteen years that have elapsed, they have searched every beach and gleaned from every rock known to their predecessors, an Hoan in a few secluded and inhospitable places before unknown, and the net result of all their toil and daring for the years scarcely amounts to 45,000 skins; and now not even a remnant remains, save on the rocks off the pitch of Cape Horn. The last vessel at South Shetland Is this year of 1888, after hunting all the group, found only thirty five skins, and the last at Keiguelen Land only sixty one, including pups. So, in wretched waste and wanton destruction, has gone out for ever from the southern seas a race of animals useful to man, and a possible industry connected with them. And it is plain that, without the aid of law to guide and control, no other result could have been expected or attained.

This wasteful fishery was carried on in such a desultory manner that the markets were sometimes bare of skins, at other times

overstocked that they were almost worthless and nobody benefited by the destruction. Mr. A. W. Scott, in his useful little handbook of the "Mammalia, Recent and Extinct" (Sydney, N.S.W., 1873), states that in the "two years 1814 and 1815 no less than 400,000 skins were obtained from Penantipod, or Antipodes Island alone, and necessarily collected in so hasty a manner that many of them were imperfectly cured. The ship "Pegasus" took some 100,000 of these in bulk, and on her arrival in London, the skins having heated during the voyage, had to be dug out of the hold and were sold as manure" (p. 19).

Enough has been said to show by what cruel and wasteful processes the islands of the southern seas, once teeming with these useful animals, and which with prudent management might have yielded vast returns, have been reduced to barren wastes, frequented only by the wandering birds of the ocean, which resort to them as nesting places. It is now needful to say a few words as to the habits which render the fur-seals so peculiarly amenable to economic treatment, and in doing this, the habits of these animals having been frequently written about, I will be as brief as possible.

Very peculiar conditions of climate and soil are necessary for the welfare and comfort of these animals during the somewhat protracted period they pass upon the shore. Heat and sunshine they cannot endure; fog and moisture are grateful to them in the extreme, and as fog is the normal condition of the atmosphere in these lonely islands, in this respect they are well suited. Sand is painful to their eyes, and clay attaching itself to their hair causes them great annoyance, and by their passage to and fro is soon converted into a quagmire; the drainage, too, must be perfect. On the basaltic rock ledges and tufa slopes, to be found on the shores of the Pribylov Islands, they find a resting place perfectly suited to their requirements, and possessing a combination of climate and sea-shore very rarely to be met with.

Mr. Elliott, in his evidence before the Committee, thus describes the order and method of their arrival on their "rookeries":

The breeding seals are composed, as we find them on the rookeries, of old males and females. I call every full grown male an old male. No male under six years old can put a flipper on these breeding grounds and stay there alive. The old males arrive first. They come cautiously about the shores, and are the earliest arrivals. Along about the 2nd, 3rd or 4th of May the first old fellows will be seen. They may be noticed here and there, their heads peering out of the surf, looking around, and then soon after shaking themselves out dry on the ground that they have as a rule previously occupied. A few weeks later more and more old ones come. Along about the middle of May all the bulls have arrived as

rule. Scarcely a female has yet arrived. The old bulls locate themselves on the breeding grounds about five to ten feet distant from each other. Those that first arrive locate near the shore. Those that come next have to fight to get in at all, and gradually work back, keeping these bounds, and dotted themselves like checkers on a checker-board, fighting all the time, maiming, and sometimes killing each other. About May 20 all the bulls have arrived. They have got the breeding grounds pretty well pre-empted. A great many young males have attempted to land and have been forced off. About the end of May or June 10 the first cows appear. They do not land like the males. Their period of gestation is about to expire, and they cannot bring forth their young in the water. About June 14 or 15 the cows begin to come in quite large numbers, and by the 24th they land so as to appear in great waves or streaks as they move up on shore; by the end of June or July 20 the whole breeding ground has become covered with a solid mass of their bodies, so that it looks at a distance like a swarm of living bees. When the female lands, she gives birth to her pup anywhere from a few hours to a couple of days. . . . About July 20 the entire breeding of the islands is at its height; that is, the cows have arrived, nearly all the pups have been born, and the cows have had coitus with the male, so that by August 4 or 5 it is pretty nearly over; the cows then scatter, and this perfect organization of the rookeries is broken up. In the meantime the killing season has expired. The non-breeding seals arrive nearly as early as the old males, but do not go on shore in any numbers. The great body of the bachelors arrive from June 14 to 20. The yearlings do not come in a body until about July 20 (p. 137).

As the females come on shore they are appropriated by the old males till each has his full complement, the number averaging about ten, but depending upon the courage of the male and the position he has assumed and maintained against all comers. When once landed the old males never leave the rocks, even for feeding or drinking, till they finally go down to the sea, passing a period of three or even four months of absolute fast. The whole of the portion of the islands occupied by the breeding packs is carefully guarded against disturbance, and the greatest care taken to avoid alarming the occupants of the "rookeries," and no gun is allowed to be used on the islands. It will be observed that I have only spoken of the adult males and females, and as no male can obtain females for his harem till he is old and strong enough to hold his own against all comers, it follows that there are vast numbers of young males which have no mates; these Mr. Elliott estimates at one third to one-half of the whole aggregate of near 5,000,000 which resort to the Pribylov group. These young "bachelors" are compelled to resort to a hauling ground of their own, entirely separate from the breeding rookeries. Here they are approached by the natives, who, getting between a portion of the herd and the sea, detach a convenient number from the main body, which are slowly driven inland to the killing ground, allowing all males less than two or more than five years of age to e

way. Great care is taken that no pups or females are killed, and a sufficient number of males are always spared to succeed the breeding bulls which may die or be in any way incapacitated, thus insuring a sufficient supply of old males in the breeding pack. On arriving at the killing ground the seals are rested for a time and then despatched by a blow on the head with a seal-club, and a knife which is thrust into a vital part. The skins are then removed, salted, packed in bundles and shipped on board vessels sent by the lessees of the islands for their reception. All this is carried on in the most humane manner possible, and with absolutely no waste of life, the whole herd being as carefully tended, and its due maintenance provided for, as systematically as that of a herd of domestic cattle.

The legal time for killing is from June 1 to August 15, but in practice it is rarely commenced before June 12 or 14, and ends so soon as they can obtain the full complement of skins, which may not be till August 20 or 25.

The killing and all the subsequent operations are watched by an officer appointed by the United States Government, by whom the skins are finally counted as they are consigned to the vessel, to be again counted on their arrival at San Francisco. There is therefore no possibility of the lessees committing any breach of faith by killing more than the 100,000 seals allowed for the two islands by their contract with the United States Government. The natives receive forty cents for each skin, and \$1 per day if they engage in other labours, which they show very little disposition to do. Under the recently-expired lease of the Alaska Commercial Company¹ which dates from May 1, 1870, the annual rental was \$55,000, and a tax of \$2.62½ on each skin shipped from the islands. The total amount received by the United States Government on account of the contract with the Alaska Commercial Company up to June 30, 1888, including customs duty on the skins imported by the company under its contract with the Russian Government, and on the dressed skins re-imported from Europe – for it must be remembered that nearly all these skins are sent to London to be dressed, and are there sold amounted to \$9,525,283, exceeding the price paid for the purchase of the Alaska territory (\$7,200,000) by the sum of \$2,325,283, the expenses incurred by the United States Government for agents on the islands and revenue cutters amounting only to \$400,000. It will thus be seen what a valuable property these desolate islands have

¹ It will be observed that I here speak of the Alaska Commercial Company. Under the new lease to the North American Commercial Company the rent is fixed at \$60,000 and \$9.62½ for each skin.

become under the careful management of the United States Government, and but for practices which have of late years called forth the just protests of that Government, and have seriously endangered the welfare of this, the only produce of the Alaska territory of any value, they might have continued equally productive for an indefinite number of years to come. Looking back upon our own folly in permitting the vast breeding haunts of these valuable animals on British possessions in the southern hemisphere to be so wastefully destroyed, we can but admire the foresight and prudence of the American Government in legislating so wisely for the preservation and development of so productive a source of income in her newly-acquired territory, and it is incumbent upon us as a nation to assist, so far as we reasonably can, in so laudable an object—more especially as it is to our interest, as I think will be seen, to further this object.

Let us now see what has been the result to the natives of these islands of the paternal care exercised by the Alaska Company under the strict provisions of the lease granted them by the United States Government. All the inhabitants, as I have said before, have been imported; they were "passive, docile Aleuts," natives of Oonalaska and Athka. Under the Russian American Company Mr. Elliott says, "their life must have been miserable. They were mere slaves, without the slightest redress from any insolence or injury which their masters might see fit, in petulance or brutal orgies, to inflict upon them. Here they lived and died unnoticed and uncared for, in large barracoons half under ground, and dirt-roofed, cold and filthy." Their labour was enforced, the compensation being \$10 per annum, coarse food and wretched shelter. When the territory passed to the United States in 1870, many of these people elected to leave the islands and return to their former homes, leaving about 150 labourers to do the work of taking the seals, for which they are peculiarly fitted. According to the census taken on January 1, 1887, there were present on the island of St. Paul 67 families, consisting of 58 adult males and 79 females, 41 male and 62 female children under 17 years of age, 240 in all. On St. George there were 28 families, consisting of 29 adult males and 40 females, 19 male and 24 female children under 17 years of age, 112 in all. By the terms of their lease the Alaska Company undertake to provide a school on each island, to be kept open eight months in each year, to supply 25,000 dried salmon and 60 cords of fire-wood¹ for the use of the natives, and the salt and barrels necessary for preserving

¹ Coals are now supplied instead of wood, forty tons to St. Paul's to St. George's.

the required supply of seal meat; all these free of charge. They also engage not to allow any spirituous liquors on the islands except through a physician. By the regulations of the company, their agents pay 40 cents to the Aleuts for every skin delivered at the salt-houses (they also pay \$1 per day for other work which the natives seldom care to do). All labour is perfectly free, but of course those who do not work receive no share of the earnings. Provisions or merchandise supplied from the company's stores are charged at not more than 25 per cent. above the wholesale price at San Francisco. All widows and orphans are supported by the company, school books are found free of cost, and a resident medical attendant, also medicine, are paid for by the lessees. The old mud huts have disappeared, and each family dwells separately in a well-built house free from all charge. No interference in the local government of the people on the islands, or in their domestic relations or religious rites or ceremonies is tolerated, and the employes of the company are strictly enjoined at all times to treat the natives with the utmost kindness, and to endeavour to preserve amicable relations with them. That these benevolent regulations have been honestly carried into effect by the agents of the company is vouched for by witnesses examined before the Committee, one witness even stating that he knew of "no violation except that they do more than is required of them."

The hoisting of the American flag on these islands must indeed have been a blessing to the simple inhabitants, whose welfare is watched over in every respect, and their attachment to the Russian Church, which is very pronounced, respected. For their work, which lasts only about two or three months (the actual number of working days being generally less than thirty-five, but the duration of the season depending entirely upon the weather), they are paid sufficient to provide them with their little luxuries (the chief necessaries being found by the company) during the rest of the year. The only restrictions imposed upon them are with a view of protecting them from the effects of their own improvidence. Like all half-civilised people, they are utterly unable to withstand the temptations to drink, and one of their chief complaints is that the company will not allow them to brew an intoxicant called "quass"; they are also much addicted to gambling, but that, in the idle hours of their long winter, it has been found impossible to stop; this is not, however, considered a matter of much importance, as under no circumstances are outsiders allowed to sell to, or receive money in any form from, the natives, and such sums as change hands in their games or chance still remain among themselves. They are also unable to deny

themselves the pleasure of spending their money, and show a desire to buy everything which is placed before them, but the agent refuses to allow them to purchase beyond their means, and tries to induce them to place their money on deposit; these savings on August 1, 1887, amounted to \$94,128, some \$29,000 of which belong to the people of Oonahaska and Kodiak. This amount is invested in United States Bonds, and the people are allowed 4 per cent. interest.

I have been induced to enter somewhat fully into the past and present condition of the inhabitants of these islands not only to show the careful manner in which their wants were studied by the Alaska Commercial Company, and doubtless will still be by the successors of that company under the supervision of the United States Government, but chiefly to emphasise what must be the fate of these interesting people should from any cause the seal fishery of their islands ever fail. They have absolutely no other resource, have forgotten their skill in otter hunting, even had the white hunters left any of these animals for them to hunt, and the seals once driven from their islands they must either starve or be transported to the larger islands, where their life would be one continuous struggle with hardship and privation.

But it may be said there is no danger of such a calamity occurring! This is by no means certain, and I have now to refer to certain facts, which have mainly instigated me in calling attention to the interesting volume issued by the United States Congress. We have seen how peculiarly the habits of the fur-seals lend themselves to render the preservation of these animals a matter of ease and certainty, provided they are unmolested when they are assembled for the purposes of reproduction, and that notwithstanding large numbers of the young males, the most valuable fur-producing members of the herds, being annually killed under certain restrictions the breeding herds remain undiminished in numbers, and that the peculiar combination of climate and of the conditions favourable for their hauling grounds renders spots suitable for these "rookeries" few and far between. We have also seen that our own folly in allowing the indiscriminate slaughter of these valuable animals in our possessions led in a very few years to the utter destruction of what, properly fostered, might have remained to the present day a most valuable source of revenue. Can we therefore be surprised that the Government of the United States, learning wisdom from experience of the past, should be very jealous of intrusion upon their preserves?

During the past few years the seas in the neighbourhood of the seal islands have been visited by numbers of small vessels, some of these sailing from ports in the British Colonies, with the express purpose of shooting and spearing the fur-seals that resort to these localities to breed. Doubtless the Washington Government would be quite competent to deal with their own subjects, but the presence of vessels flying the British flag has been a source of almost constant annoyance and loss to the lessees of the islands, and has led to a controversy between the authorities of this country and the United States which every sensible person of both nationalities must regret. A return printed in the "Report" shows that in August 1886 three British vessels were seized by the United States cruiser, and in July and August 1887 six others; since that time the number has been a constantly increasing one. These vessels kill the seals in the sea surrounding the islands upon their arrival to breed, most of those falling to their lot being "cows" with young. Occasionally, under cover of fog, the crews will land and attack the seals on the shore, greatly to the disturbance of the "rookeries," but they are usually shot or speared whilst in the water, and large numbers are said to come ashore wounded. By the journal of one of the vessels seized it was shown that only one in seven of the seals shot was secured, the others sinking or getting away wounded. Dr. McIntyre stated that in the years 1886 and 1887 the number of illicit skins actually sent to market from Bering Sea was more than 40,000 each year, and that every year they find "embedded in the blubber of animals killed upon the islands large quantities of bullets, shot, and buck-shot," and that 80 or 90 per cent. of the skins taken by the marauders are females, the killing of which means the death of two seals, and the loss of so many members of the breeding pack, not one of which would be destroyed in the usual way. The Committee reports that during the three years ending 1888, "The number of contraband seal skins placed on the market amounted to over 97,000, and which, according to the testimony, destroyed nearly three quarters of a million of fur-seals, causing a loss of revenue amounting to over \$2,000,000, at the rate of tax and rental paid by the lessee of the seal islands."

The United States Treasury Agent, in his report from the islands in 1887, says that he is convinced from "questioning the men belonging to captured schooners, and from reading the logs of the vessels, that not more than one seal in ten killed and mortally wounded is landed on the boats and skinned. . . . I think 30,000 skins taken by the marauders is a low estimate; on this basis, 300,000

fur-seals were killed to secure that number, or three times as many as the Alaska Company are allowed by law to kill. You will readily see that this great slaughter of [breeding] seals will, in a few years, make it impossible for 100,000 skins to be taken on the islands by the lessees." More evidence is added in support of this view.

During the past season of 1890, it is estimated that no less than 20,000 skins were taken by "poachers" from the Bering's Sea, and it is said that fifty scaling-vessels are being fitted out for the approaching season's fishing.

I have said that, practically, all the skins find their way to this country. London is the great centre of the fur trade, and from thence, after being dressed, they are dispersed by auction to the various capitals of Europe and America; the loss, therefore, of the Alaska furs would be a considerable one to our merchants and tanners. In proof of this I may mention that, at the sales in 1890 I am informed 50,000 of these skins were offered, which produced in the raw state from 45s. to 65s. each for small ones, and that the cost of dressing and dyeing would be from 15s. to 18s. each additional, representing no inconsiderable industry. The valuable sea otter skins, now so scarce, at the last sales realised from £30 to £100 each, one very fine skin being purchased by the International Fur Company, Regent Street, for the large sum of £195! These also are all dressed in London at a cost of about 20s. each.

The lease of the Alaska Commercial Company having just expired, this company has been outbid in the market by the North American Commercial Company, who have secured the right of the fishery for the ensuing twenty years at considerably advanced terms compared with the previous lessees; they contract to pay a rental of \$60,000 per annum, and a duty of \$9.62½ per skin, which, assuming 100,000 skins were taken annually, a number until recently by no means excessive, the gross annual income to the United States from these islands would be \$1,022,500, or \$20,450,000 for the full period of twenty years, a sum largely in excess of the previous rental. The Alaska Commercial Fur Company, however, will still maintain possession of the Russian fishery at the Commander Islands, and an element of competition will by this means be introduced which it is possible may prove adverse to both companies.

Under these circumstances, therefore, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the United States Government should be desirous to put an end to this wasteful destruction of their valuable fishery; but, unfortunately, they have not approached the matter in a conciliatory manner; their claim at first to treat Bering's Sea as a *mare clausum*

is, beyond what could be reasonably expected to meet with the approval of the British and Canadian authorities, and although their pretensions have become somewhat modified in character, affairs have drifted from bad to worse, till the dispute has assumed a very serious character, and the slightest indiscretion may lead to results which would probably place the dispute beyond the province of diplomacy. It is most sincerely to be hoped better counsels will prevail, and that both nations may be actuated by the wise course advocated by the *New York Times*, July 25, 1890. The following passage (quoted from the *Standard*) indicates the policy which should actuate two great and friendly nations in a dispute which should never have arisen. "The only honourable course," says the *New York Times*,

now is to resort to honesty and good faith, and take a fresh start. For that purpose it would be well to discard ancient controversies about the extent of Russia's traditional rights, which were transmitted to us, and candidly abandon all pretension to exclusive jurisdiction in Bering Sea. The practical question is whether the seal fisheries are to be protected from the consequences of the promiscuous slaughter of seals in open waters beyond the line of national jurisdiction. It is plain that this cannot be done by the assertion of an exclusive right on our part, or any attempt by forcible means to exercise such right. It can only be done by an international arrangement; and if our Government will devote itself to a straightforward effort to secure such an arrangement on honourable and reasonable terms, there is little doubt it can succeed.

In conclusion, I am sure it only requires that the nature of the present dispute should be thoroughly understood¹ by the people of this country, and that the United States Government should approach us in a conciliatory spirit, for the difference to be at once satisfactorily settled to our mutual advantage: for in all respects it would be a matter of extreme regret should these interesting animals become exterminated for want of due protection during their breeding season. The new aspect which the question has recently assumed by its transference to the Supreme Court may open a way of honourable retreat for both disputants, and lead to a speedy and satisfactory settlement.

THOMAS SOUTHWELL.

¹ To show how little is known by the British public on this question, it is evident from the principal cartoon in a recent number of *Punch*, that even the Editor of that usually well informed journal is under a misapprehension as to the species of animal in question, for he represents England and the United States disputing over a *harr-seal*—a totally different creature from that which forms the subject of the present misunderstanding!

"INCENDIARIES" & "PLOTTERS."

WHEN it was first agreed that negotiations should be opened at Ripon with a view to restore normal relations between Charles I. and his Scottish subjects, the King was minded to appoint the Marquis of Hamilton and Lord Traquair as two of his commissioners. These two noblemen, however, were rejected by the Scots, on the ground that they intended to "pursue" them as "incendiaries" that is, as belonging to those who had been "the authors and causes of the late and present combustions and troubles." Charles naturally protested that he knew no persons of that character, and demanded for his adherents an indemnity similar to that he was willing to accord to his enemies. The Covenanters, however, stood firm, though they ultimately consented to remit to His Majesty the responsibility of punishing or pardoning the convicted. The Scottish Parliament in the preceding year, 1640, had passed an Act with meshes strong enough to hold their mightiest opponents, and close enough to catch the small fry. To use the quaint phraseology of Sir James Balfour, that Act was levelled against "leasing makers of whatsoever quality, office, place, or dignity: this Act was made purposely to catch Traquair, the Treasurer; Sir John Hay, Clerk Register; Sir Robert Spottiswood, President of the Session; Maxwell, Bishop of Ross, and others, who, by ranting and lying had done much mischief to the kingdom"—or, more correctly speaking, to "the Cause." It was under this Act that such an insignificant individual as Mr. John Stewart, the younger, of Ladywell, lost his head on the scaffold to gratify the vindictiveness of the Earl of Argyll. The story is worth retelling. On his own confession the unfortunate man had been found guilty of "leasing making," that is, of bringing false charges against the King, or the King's subjects, with a view to create mischief and discord. It so happened that when Argyll was in command of the Covenanting forces in the North, in 1640, he surprised and took prisoners the Earl of Athole and eight other gentlemen at the Ford of Lyon, among whom was this ill-fated individual, evidently a person of a plastic character and

addicted to gossiping. There is nothing improbable in the supposition that Argyll may have uttered sentiments liable to misinterpretation in the hearing of, if not actually addressed to, the prisoners in his tent. Dr. Hill Burton was of opinion that he said nothing worse in effect than that the Acts recently passed by the Estates in Session needed not the royal assent to confer upon them validity, though a very different version found its way into general circulation. According to Bishop Guthry, a contemporary, and closely mixed up with this affair, at a meeting of the Committee of Estates held on May 26, Mr. John Graham, Minister of Auchterarder, was accused of having spoken in disparagement of the Earl of Argyll. The charge was admitted to be true, but the committee were referred to Mr. Robert Murray, Minister at Methven, as Graham's authority. Murray likewise confessed and denied not, mentioning as his informant the Earl of Montrose, who, "being challeng'd, acknowledg'd it, and condescended upon the speech, viz., that when the Earl of Athole and those eight gentlemen with him (whom my Lord Argyll made prisoners) were in Argyll's tent at the Ford of Lion, Argyll spoke publicly to this sense: that they had consulted both lawyers and divines anent the deposing of the King, and gotten resolution that it might be done in three cases—1, desertion; 2, invasion; 3, vendition; and that once they thought to have done it at the last sitting of Parliament, and would do it at the next sitting thereof." Montrose further explained that such was the statement made to him by Mr. John Stewart, who was present on the occasion when those treasonable words were uttered. Fearing that Argyll, or some of his followers, might get hold of Stewart and induce him to deny what he had said, or at least weaken its significance, Montrose hastened with some of his friends to secure the person of his witness, and brought him safely to Edinburgh. On the morrow Stewart appeared before the committee and subscribed a paper confirming Montrose's account of what had occurred. "Whereupon Argyll broke out into a passion and with great oaths denied the whole and every part thereof, whereat many wondered." Montrose had certainly taken the surest means of throwing suspicion upon Stewart's evidence by his eagerness to prevent him from holding intercourse with any one but himself, and it was well known that a bitter feud existed between Montrose and Argyll. Until further investigation, however, could be made, the committee had no choice but to order the talebearer to be taken into custody, and confined in the Castle. There he was visited a few days later by Lords Balmerino and Dury, and according to his own positive assurances to Guthry, only a few hours before he ascended

the scaffold—was persuaded to sign a paper retracting the charge he had made against Argyll, whom he "cleared of those speeches, and acknowledged that himself had forged them out of malice against his lordship." He further confessed that at the instigation of Montrose, Lord Napier, Sir John Sterling of Ker, and Sir Andrew Stewart of Blackhall, he had sent a copy of the alleged speech transcribed by his own hand, to the King, by Captain Walter Stewart, a dependent of Traquair. This messenger was intercepted on his return from court, and in the flap of his saddle was found a letter from Charles to Montrose, though it could not have contained anything to the prejudice of either the writer or the addressee, for in that case it would assuredly have been published and subjected to all manner of unfavourable comments. Be that as it might, Captain Stewart was straightway arrested and carried off to the Castle, as likewise were the four noblemen and gentlemen named by John Stewart, who came thence to be described as "the Plotters." The result to Stewart himself was very different from what he had fondly anticipated. The Earl of Argyll and the committee consulted Sir Thomas Hope, officially the King's Lord Advocate, but in reality a rank Covenanter and Argyll's most humble servant, and by him were advised to let the law take its course, for otherwise it would be rumoured that the prisoner's recantation had been purchased by the promise of his life. He was accordingly beheaded at the Cross a few days before the receipt of an intimation from the King that he proposed to visit his northern capital on the 15th of August. Nor is it unlikely that the execution was hurried on lest Charles should extend to Stewart the same mercy that had—unfortunately, as it proved—saved Lord Balmerino from a similar fate on a similar charge of "leasing-making." Bishop Guthry, at that time Minister at Stirling, attended the doomed man during the last two days of his life, and describes the querulous self-condemnation he never wearied of passing upon the miserable cowardice and fatuity which had led him to be a false witness against himself. In the end he adhered to his original statement, and repeated the charge he had brought against Argyll.

Between Montrose and Argyll, as already remarked, there had long existed a feeling of mutual repulsion. Argyll was a Covenanter by temperament; Montrose through a misunderstanding, or rather through Hamilton's misrepresentations. Both were ambitious to hold the foremost place in the government of Scotland, while Argyll was even suspected of aiming at a separation in the hope of placing a crown on his own brow. The people had likened them to Cæsar

and Pompey, the one enduring no superior, the other no equal, and they fought their Pharsalia, from which Pompey (Argyll) fled away in a small skiff. Clarendon relates how Montrose claimed to have contributed to bringing about the Scottish rebellion in a larger proportion than his rival, whereas Argyll, being a member of the King's council, was looked upon as at heart a Royalist. After the first pacification, however, Argyll declared emphatically against the King, whereupon Montrose waxed lukewarm towards the Covenant, and gradually grew devoted to the service of his sovereign. The old personal rivalry between the two Scottish leaders thus became embittered and intensified, until in the end both attested their sincerity by bowing their necks to the headsman's axe.

At its outset Montrose's career had been checked and diverted from its natural course through Hamilton's excessive regard for his own interests. Resigning his appointment of captain of the Scottish Guards in the pay of Louis XIII, Montrose was desirous of entering the service of his own monarch, and with that view applied to his fellow-countryman, the Marquis of Hamilton—whose influence at court was then in the ascendant—to present him to His Majesty. He was assured, however, that Charles cherished a deep-rooted dislike to all Scotchmen, and openly slighted them on every occasion. Hamilton further lamented his own hard fate in being obliged to remain at a court where he was regarded with disfavour, protesting that he did so only from a sense of duty to his country. To the King, Montrose was represented as a dangerous man, whose extreme popularity in Scotland, by reason of his royal blood, was likely to encourage him to put forward the most audacious pretensions. The immediate result of this double-dealing was in accordance with Hamilton's prevision. When Montrose made his humble obeisance Charles coldly extended to him his hand to kiss and turned away without a word. Such treatment was not to be brooked by a haughty spirit, and Montrose reluctantly cast in his lot with the Covenanters, though at heart he secretly remained attached to the Royal cause. It has been said, and even Dr Hill Burton favoured the ungenerous suggestion, that he joined the Covenanters at the early age of twenty five, through a mere impulse directed by Lord Rothes, and that he subsequently abandoned the faction for no better reason than the selection of old General Leslie as commander-in-chief of the army of invasion, with Lord Amond as his lieutenant-general, though Leslie had been second in command to himself when serving against the King's party in the north of Scotland. Whether or not Montrose fancied himself slighted in being subordinated to

such a war-worn veteran, it is certain that he distinguished himself by his personal valour in crossing the Tyne at Newburn. To encourage his men he dismounted and led the way across on foot, though the river was running full and strong at the time. He had, however, been an object of suspicion to the Covenanters ever since his interview with the King in 1639, at the time of the pacification of Berwick. He was also the promoter of the Bond of Cumbernauld, a harmless instrument of very little use or detriment to either party. While staying in the house of his relative, the Earl of Wigton, Montrose prevailed upon his host, together with the Lords Fleming, Boyd, and Amond, to sign a paper professing their adherence to the Covenant, but at the same time asserting their loyalty to the King, and pledging the signatories to defend one another against all adversaries. Like the Covenant itself, it was a revival of the old Scottish practice of drawing up "Bands," whereby certain persons bound themselves to act together in concert for some particular purpose, usually, it must be acknowledged, to the prejudice of the government of the day. The Cumbernauld Bond was afterwards signed by a considerable number of influential personages, but its existence was betrayed by Lord Boyd in a fit of delirium previous to his death. His words being reported to Argyll, that shrewd politician, a born conspirator, hurried off to Callendar on a visit to Lord Amond, from whom he quickly extracted all that he wished to know. Furnished with the desired information he proceeded to Edinburgh, and laid before the committee what he had heard, who immediately summoned Montrose and his friends to appear before them and explain their conduct. No attempt was made at concealment. The bond was produced and burnt by order of the committee, who thereupon scrupled not to throw out hints of a diabolical plot against the liberties of the country. Some of the more fanatical ministers forthwith demanded the lives of the Malignants, and even Principal Bailie applies to the almost colourless bond the unclerical epithet of "damnable," though subscribed by "our sure friend" the Earl of Mar, and by Lord Erskine, "a very noble youth of great expectations." Argyll, however, was unwilling to press the matter too far, as most of the subscribers were men of great influence, and as some of them commanded regiments and might therefore give trouble.

But prior to the discovery of this mare's nest Montrose had lost the confidence of the extreme faction. Shortly after his interview with the King at Berwick, a paper was affixed to the door of his bed-chamber, bearing these words: "*Invictus armis, verbis vincitur.*" Suspicions grew stronger in the following year, while the negotiations

were pending preparatory to the Treaty of Ripon. Dissensions had arisen in the Scottish camp through the arrogance of a small minority who presumed to speak and act in the name of the entire army, or rather of the entire nation. Montrose, Erskine, Drummond, and others complained that they were seldom if ever consulted, and that the conduct of public affairs had passed into the hands of a few. The committee evaded the charge by accusing Montrose of holding secret communications with the King. The fact had been discovered in a curious manner. Despatches were, of course, frequently sent from the Scots' Committee at Newcastle to the King at York, and this business lay within the province of the Marquis of Hamilton's brother, the Earl of Lanark, as Secretary of State. Among the papers he had to forward was a letter from Sir Richard Graham into which he slipped a note from Montrose to his sovereign. Carelessly tearing open his despatch Sir Richard Graham let the inclosed letter fall to the ground. Sir James Mercer, the bearer of the packet, picked up the missive and courteously handed it to Sir Richard, but not before his quick eye had taken note of the address and recognised Montrose's handwriting. Returning on the morrow to the Scottish camp he related the incident to General Leslie, who brought the matter to the knowledge of the committee. Montrose readily admitted that he had written to the King, and insisted that he had a right to do so, though he somewhat inconsistently asked indulgence for his fault if he had done amiss. Leslie's Articles of War denounced death against whoso should speak evil of "the Cause," or use disparaging language with reference to the Lord General, or secretly correspond with the enemy. Of this last offence Leslie actually accused Montrose, who indignantly retorted, "Who is he who durst call the King an enemy?" To that exclamation there was no answer, and the committee contented themselves with calling upon him to produce a copy of the letter in question. This order he obeyed without hesitation, and probably submitted a genuine transcript, being satisfied in his own mind that although Sir James Mercer had seen only the address, the contents were perfectly well known to the committee.

It had long been notorious to the Scottish leaders that the King's pockets were systematically searched every night by the gentlemen of the bedchamber, who straightway made copies of his private correspondence and forwarded them to the committee. At first Montrose was disposed to unjustly suspect the Marquis of Hamilton; but after a time he became convinced that the real traitor was William Murray, who enjoyed the entire confidence of Charles I. As too often happens, this blind trustfulness was quite misplaced,

William Murray's father was the Minister at Dysart, and in his early youth William was taken to court by two of his uncles, and at once inspired Charles with a sympathy and faith that steadfastly refused throughout to listen to anything to the disadvantage of "little Will Murray," as he fondly called the treacherous spy. He was described by Bishop Burnet as being "very insinuating but very false, and of so revengeful a temper that rather than any of the counsels given by his enemies should succeed, he would have revealed them, and betrayed both the King and them. It was generally believed that he had discovered the most important of all his (the King's) secrets to his enemies." His uncle, the Minister at Methven, was his ordinary channel of communication with the Covenanters, until the infatuated monarch, at the request of the General Assembly, in January, 1642, authorised him to act as agent for the affairs of the Kirk. This was the same William Murray who, at a later date, undertook to have a ship in readiness to convey his royal master to the Continent, but contrived to let his proceedings be discovered, when, at the suggestion of the Scottish Commissioners, he was imprisoned for a short time, probably to prevent the King's eyes from being prematurely opened. From his accession to the throne to the final overthrow of the monarchy Charles was surrounded by spies. The court swarmed with Scotchmen, who believed themselves justified in betraying their too confiding master in the name of religion as understood by fanatics. The Scottish faction at court was intimately connected with the Puritans, who, as it were, sat at the feet of the northern sectarians, and largely adopted their political dogmas and Biblical jargon. John Hampden himself made several visits to Scotland, and was in constant communication with the Scottish leaders. At night time, while the King slept, his pockets were emptied by his confidential attendants, and his most private correspondence made known to his enemies. In vain did Archbishop Laud entreat him not to leave any valuable papers in his dress; in vain did Montrose warn him that there were traitors in his bedchamber, notably William Murray; equally in vain did Secretary Nicholas complain that his secret letters to His Majesty were publicly divulged. Charles refused to suspect any but his few loyal and devoted adherents.

To rightly understand the false position occupied by Charles I. during his second visit to Scotland, it is necessary to review, however briefly, the Marquis of Hamilton's previous career. That he was sincerely attached to the King, so far as such attachment was consistent with the overruling principles of self-preservation, may be fairly admitted. He may not have been such a loyal and chivalrous

nobleman as he was depicted by Bishop Burnet, but neither was he the "subdalous and artificial" individual portrayed by Isaac D'Israeli; still less was Warburton justified in dubbing as "knaves" both Hamilton and his younger brother, the Earl of Lanerick or Lanark. Bishop Williams, a shrewd observer of his contemporaries, protested he could not decide whether Hamilton were a good or an evil genius. "I have found him," he says, "to be very opposite to the vulgar opinion formed of him, which considers him cunning and false; I believe him not to be false to the King, nor do I find any great cunning in him, but rather that he wants a head piece." It may perhaps be not unjust to say of him that, though he loved the King much, he loved himself much more. His death compensated for many failings and defects in his earlier manhood, nor should it be forgotten that his apparent duplicity was approved and encouraged by Charles himself, who never really doubted his honesty, but believed to the last that in any circumstances he "could have commanded him back with a motion of his hand."

On the death of his father who had been highly esteemed by James I., the young Marquis withdrew from court on the plea that his estates were so heavily encumbered it would be necessary to practise a strict economy. Another and more powerful reason may be found in a prudent disinclination to enter upon any sort of rivalry with the reigning favourite, for on the assassination of Buckingham he returned to his former immediate attendance on the King, in the capacity of his Master of the Horse. His influence was paramount, and at that time his loyalty was probably untainted with thoughts of self-preservation; for, in truth, he had seemingly nothing to fear. He even ventured, at the King's solicitation, to raise an auxiliary English and Scottish contingent to co-operate with Gustavus Adolphus, and was thus enabled to furnish an early and ample illustration of his utter unfitness for the conduct of military operations of any considerable magnitude. While he was engaged in collecting his levies, his enemies naturally took advantage of his absence from court to traduce his character. Lord Reay assured Lord Ochiltree that he had been informed by a Mr. Ramsay that Hamilton intended to employ these troops for the furtherance of his own ambitious projects. This story, with much embellishment and exaggeration, was repeated to Lord Treasurer Weston, who readily adopted it and warned Charles never again to admit the traitor into his privacy. On Hamilton's return to court, Charles drew him aside and told him what he had heard. For a moment the Marquis was greatly disconcerted, and seemed at a loss for a reply, but presently recovered

himself sufficiently to demand a fair trial. The King bade him be of good cheer, and made him sleep that night in his bedchamber—afterwards alluding to this touching reminiscence in the course of the strange debate upon "the Incident." Lord Ochiltree was brought to trial for circulating such an atrocious calumny, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. For twenty years he was a prisoner in Blackness Castle.

The late Marquis of Hamilton had acted as High Commissioner in Scotland, and had effected an arrangement more satisfactory to King James than to the rigid followers of Knox, or even to the bulk of the Presbyterians; but Charles proposed to go farther than his predecessor had ventured to do, and was resolved to introduce the Liturgy. To accomplish that object he made choice of the young Marquis, who expressed the strongest disinclination to undertake the duty. Unpopular in England, he was thoroughly distrusted in Scotland, nor was his natural disposition calculated to inspire confidence or sympathy. His melancholy cast of mind caused him to foresee or imagine dangers and difficulties for which he could devise no remedies. He was extremely reserved, and never unbosomed himself even to his most trusted friends, if he had any. He was subject to the depressing conviction that none of his enterprises would be successful, and was therefore quite averse from taking an active part in public affairs. For all that, he was calm, imperturbable, and self-possessed; and beyond the air of depression from which he was seldom free, he showed no outward signs of his habitual forebodings of evil. His mind was torn in two directions, neither of which exactly coincided with his favourite idea of self-preservation. He could not bring himself to decide whether it would be wiser to indulge "the madness of the people," or to enforce "the kingly way." He was thus clearly unfitted for the efficient discharge of the duties he was constrained to accept, nor perhaps could any man have issued triumphantly from the ordeal that awaited him, and Charles had but a narrow field whence to select a representative. Hamilton himself had no choice in the matter if he would not incur the King's serious displeasure. In vain he asked leave rather to go abroad and travel. To no better purpose did he insist upon the certainty of his failure to give satisfaction. At length he made an extraordinary suggestion. He proposed to affect sympathy with the Covenanters with a view to learn their secrets, and obtain sure and early knowledge of their machinations. The ignoble proposition was heartily approved by Charles, who never scrupled to make use of tortuous and underhand means of counteracting the designs of his enemies. Hamilton was assured

that such conduct would not be misunderstood or misconstrued, and that whatever he did would be generously interpreted. By this contrivance the Marquis managed to serve two masters, or rather he was authorised to hunt with the hounds while still holding with the hare.

It was at a very critical moment that Hamilton arrived in Scotland. The Covenant, which was really aimed at the abolition of Episcopacy, had been subscribed with enthusiasm by all sorts and conditions of men, and even by women and children. Episcopalians and Papists alike were designated Anti- or Non-Covenanters, and were equally the objects of popular aversion. From the first, Hamilton's conduct was marked by the duplicity which characterised the earlier part of his career, and for which, indeed, he had secured beforehand the King's condonation and sanction. One of his first acts was to cause to be published at the Cross of Edinburgh a proclamation enjoining the use of the Service Book, as the Book of Common Prayer was called in Scotland; but on the morrow he received the Covenanting lords and ministers in the most gracious manner, and, when they were about to take their departure, he himself conducted them through the gallery, and "drew them into a corner," where, according to Bishop Guthry, he addressed them in these words: "My lords and gentlemen, I spoke to you before those lords of council as the King's Commissioner; now, there being none present but yourselves, I speak to you as a kindly Scotchman. If you go on with courage and resolution you will carry what you please; but if you faint and give ground you are undone. A word is enough to wise men." Having thus trimmed his sails to catch the northern breeze, the Commissioner urged Charles to throw strong garrisons into Berwick and Carlisle, and to follow up that indication of vigour and determination by marching into Scotland at the head of a powerful and well-organised army. At the same time he attested the fervent sincerity of the Covenanters, and expressed his own belief that they would rather die than yield. And yet, a little later, he assured Charles that he could make short work of the Covenanters if he chose, and, naming their principal leaders, he added: "There are many others as forward in show, amongst whom none more vainly foolish than Montrose." Less than a week afterwards he dismissed the Assembly, and forbade them to hold any farther sittings "on pain of treason" a prohibition which they treated with contempt, finally separating when it suited their own convenience.

In the following year Hamilton was again compelled to return to his hateful post. This time he was entrusted with the supreme com-

mand of a naval and military expedition, with instructions to land troops at Aberdeen or Cromarty to co-operate with^d Lord Aboyne and the loyalists in the North. Instead of executing his orders he moored his fleet in the Firth of Forth, sent a large portion of his force back to England, and disembarked his remaining soldiers on a small island, without the slightest attempt to interfere with the fortifications of Leith, upon which men of high and of low degree were working side by side. It is true he kept the King advised of his inactivity, for which he assigned various seemingly cogent reasons; and, in any case, Charles relied upon him so implicitly that his faith seemed never to have been shaken by the most flagrant contradictions or the most glaring inconsistency. The Covenanters all along laughed at the idea that "the son of so gude a mither could e'er harm them," and when he affixed to the Market Cross in Edinburgh a royal proclamation in favour of Episcopacy, they contented themselves with placing alongside their own denunciations of that institution, and also of the Service Book. Hamilton's mother, it may be mentioned, was Lady Ann Cunningham, daughter to the Earl of Glencairn, and both she and her two married daughters were vehement champions of the Covenant. One day Hamilton would argue that the Covenant could not be illegal, for otherwise the King's Advocate would not have signed it, though he could not have been ignorant that Sir Thomas Hope was actually one of the King's most dangerous enemies. At another time he warned His Majesty that the Covenanters were prepared to invade England with an armed force, trusting to the support of the French Government, which had neither forgotten nor forgiven the Duke of Buckingham's ill-conducted expedition against the Isle de Rhé. He also denounced the Earl of Argyll as "the only man now called up as a true patriot, a loyal subject, a faithful counsellor, and above all, rightly set for the preservation of the purity of religion. And truly, sir," continues the Commissioner, "he takes it upon him. He must be well looked to, for it fears me he will prove the dangerousest man in the State. He is so far from favouring Episcopal Government that, with all his soul, he wishes it totally abolished. What course to advise you to take with him, for the present I cannot say; but remit it to your Majesty's serious consideration." In reply Charles expressed sorrow that matters should have come to such a pass, and complained that, so long as that "damnable" covenant remained in force, he would have no more power in Scotland than "a Duke of Venice"; protesting at the same time that he would rather die than suffer such a state of things to continue. In spite of these brave

words he gave way all along the line. While the Covenanters were insisting on their "innocent intentions," Charles surrendered the Episcopacy, and waived his royal prerogative, together with "the Buke" and the Five Articles of Perth. The battle was lost before a gun was fired. That same year a Scottish army marched to the southward, though hostilities were temporarily averted by the pacification of Berwick. In 1640, however, the Blue Bonnets were over the Border, and Leslie, crossing the Tyne at Newburn with shameful facility, captured Newcastle, and secured comfortable quarters for his rebel host. That disgraceful business also came to an end, and the Scots were delighted to return home after receiving the thanks of the English Parliament for their "brotherly assistance," and perchance not less pleased with a free gift of £300,000, after living at their ease for so many months upon the fat of the land.

In the fatuous hope of securing the help of the Scots in putting down the rebellious spirit that had permeated his English subjects, Charles impulsively resolved upon going down to Scotland and ratifying the various Acts he had hitherto refused to recognise. He had become unnerved and disheartened by Strafford's execution. He could no longer close his eyes to the fact that his personal influence had sensibly declined, and that the title and dignity of King were to a great extent discredited in England. He was therefore the more anxious to retain his hold upon his native land, and was further induced to turn his eyes towards Scotland by the letters he had received from Montrose and Lord Napier, assuring him that his presence would suffice to heal divisions, and to reconcile the disaffected. According to Principal Baillie, the Queen had spoken in affectionate terms of the Scottish people, and had even proposed to "convoy" her royal husband to the North. Wiser counsels prevailed, for at that time a Roman Catholic sovereign would have been exposed to gross insults from an Edinburgh mob of fanatics. Charles himself desired nothing so much as to gain the esteem and love of all his subjects, and was often heard to repeat the words :

Pax una, triumphis
Innumerus potior.

The accession of Lord Rothes, though somewhat tardy, and the chivalrous devotedness newly demonstrated by Montrose, had inspired him with the confident hope of winning to his side the more moderate Presbyterians, and of thereby counteracting the acrimony of the zealots. There was, besides, another motive which

weighed heavily among the various reasons that impelled Charles to take a step he must afterwards have bitterly regretted. He was eager to obtain possession of Lord Savile's audacious forgeries, to which he attached much greater importance than belonged to them. Suspicious at the wrong moment, and blindly trustful when he should have stood upon his guard, Charles was easily convinced by Lord Savile, whom he created Duke of Sussex, that the fabricated signatures were genuine, and that the possession of the papers, believed to be in the custody of the notorious Archibald Johnston—Cromwell's Earl of Wariston, hanged by Charles II.—would furnish him with an infallible clue to the names of his most bitter enemies. The singular instrument happily never fell into his hands, though he afterwards said he had "missed (it) but little." Moved by these different influences Charles set out for the North, and rode to York in less than four days. At Newcastle he was respectfully greeted by the Scottish army, and hospitably entertained by their "crooked little" General. Making good speed he arrived in Edinburgh on Saturday, the 14th of August, 1641, and on the morrow forenoon had to sit out "a good sermon" by Brother Henderson, who dilated on the eleventh verse of the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "For I long to see you, that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established." If Charles fancied he should escape farther persecution at the hands of the victorious ministers he was soon undeceived. For not listening to a second sermon in the afternoon he was straitly admonished by the same Rev. Alexander Henderson, and made to promise not to transgress again in like manner. "Mr. Alexander," as we learn from Principal Bailie, "in the morning and evening before supper does daylie say prayer, read a chapter, sing a psalm, and say a prayer againe. The King," he continues, "hears all duellie, and we hear none of his complaints for want of a Liturgie, or any ceremonies." Charles was as helpless in that matter as was his scapegrace son and successor some years later, and was compelled to listen in silence to the vulgar and virulent abuse of Episcopacy and the Bishops. Nevertheless, he was puffed up with idle hopes, and wrote to the Queen that the Scots would keep on foot 5,000 foot and 1,000 horse for his service, to be employed when and where he might be pleased to command. The Scots all the time were in constant communication with the English Parliament through their Commissioners, Lord Howard of Escrick, Hampden, Biennes, Sir Philip Stapleton, and two or three others, whom Clarendon truly described as "spies." The King moreover was sensibly weakened by his staunch adherents,

Montrose, Napier, Keir, and Blackhall being confined in Edinburgh Castle as "plotters," while more serious charges were being prepared against others conveniently grouped together as "incendiaries."

Affairs were in this unsatisfactory condition when Charles arrived in Edinburgh, little prescient of the annoyance and humiliation in store for him, in connection with "the Incident," which completely neutralised any good that might perchance have been brought about through his personal influence, and which virtually confirmed Argyll in his usurped position of Uncrowned King of Scotland.

JAMES HUTTON.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEER.

WHEN Judas Iscariot, as the legend has it, prompted by a presumptuous ambition to emulate Our Saviour in the performance of a miracle similar to that of Cana, spoke his cabalistic words over the water which he desired to make potable, it may be argued that a worse product might have resulted from the process than beer - at any rate from a non-teetotal point of view. According to another legend, of wider currency, the inventor of beer was not the apostate apostle, but a more or less mythical king of Brabant, named Gambrinus. His bine-crowned visage may be seen beaming from the walls of most tap-rooms in Germany and in those more or less German provinces which once formed, or should have formed, or still form, that political desideratum, the "Middle Kingdom." This is a case of *ex vocabulo fabula*. For Gambrivium is Cambray - the Cambray of the League and also of early brewing. And "Gambrinus" is either John the Victorious of Brabant, who fell in a tournament held at Bar-le-Duc on the occasion of the marriage of Henri, count of that country, with Eleanor, daughter of our King Edward I., or else - and more probably - it is Jean Sans-Peur of Burgundy, who, to ingratiate himself with his Flemish subjects, had a dollar coined, showing a wreath of hop bine encircling his head - and also instituted the order of the *Houblon*, giving no little offence thereby to his loyal clergy. Not that there was anything at all heretical in his act. No; but the case was really much worse. For the clergy, it turned out, in those days had a vested interest in beer. That was in the fourteenth century, when the liquor was still generally brewed without hops, a mixture of aromatic herbs being used instead, which was in most cases supplied from episcopal forests. So it was in Brabant. The Bishop of Liège possessed virtually a monopoly of the trade in *gruyt*, and when Duke John favoured the cultivation of hops, the bishops income suffered a serious diminution. Accordingly, his Eminence remonstrated - just as in our country, about 1400, and again in 1442, complaint was made to Parliament of the introduction of that "wicked weed, that would spoil the taste of drink and endanger the people." In the

dioceses of Utrecht and Cologne it was just the same thing. The bishops fought hard for their *gruyt* or *krut*, using their crostiers as a defensive weapon, but had eventually to give in. From this it would appear that what King Gambrinus really did introduce was not beer, but the use in brewing of hops, over which that eminent saint, Abbess Hildegardis of Rupertusberg, had already pronounced her benediction. S. Hildegardis was a saint of unquestionable authority, having been specially recognised at the Council of Trèves as a prophetess by S. Bernard and Pope Eugenius IV. She recommended hops on the ground that, though "heating and drying" and productive of "a certain melancholy and sadness" (she must have been thinking of the effects next day), they possess the sovereign virtues of preventing noxious fermentation and also of preserving the beer. (Burton, in partial opposition to the saint, asserts that beer—hopped, of course—"hath an especial virtue *against* melancholy, as our herbalists confess.") S. Hildegardis' opinion was given in the twelfth century. That was not by any means the earliest age of beer; for we find it referred to in history some centuries before. Whether the inhabitants of Chalcedon, when they shouted in derision after the Emperor Valens, "Sabajarius! Sabajarius!"—which has been translated, "drinker of beer"—really referred to beer, as we now understand it, must appear doubtful. In the same way, the reputed "beer" of the early Egyptians and Hebrews—alluded to by Xenophon, Herodotus, and other ancient writers—may or may not have been beer in our sense. But in the eighth century we find Charlemagne enjoining brewing in his dominions. In 862 we have Charles the Bald making to the monks of S. Denis a grant of ninety *boisseaux d'apeautre* a year *pour faire de la cer.oise*. In 1042 we have Henri I. conferring on the monks of Montreuil sur Marne the valuable right of brewing, and in 1268 S. Louis laying down rules for the guidance of brewers in Paris. Paris was then, as it now is becoming again—I cannot say that I like the idea—a very "beery" place. Its brewers, even at a very remote time, formed a highly respected corporation, using as their insignia and trade mark an image of the Holy Virgin—their patron saint—incongruously enough grouped together with Ceres, both being encircled by the legend, *Bacchi Ceres uenula*. No modern Pope would allow such crossing of the two religions. Ceres was of course in olden time looked upon as the especial goddess of beer, made of barley, which was after her named *Cerevisia*. Juvenal mentions *Demetrius* as its name, derived of course from Demeter. However, Fischart, a notable German poet, who lived in the sixteenth century, ascribes its invention to

Bacchus, as an intended substitute for wine wherever there are no grapes. Modern Germany has produced a very pretty song, which represents Wine as a wonder-working nobleman, making a triumphal progress in grand style, clad in silk and gold, and Beer crossing his path as a sturdy but rather perky peasant, in a frieze jacket and top-boots, challenging him to a thaumaturgic tourney, as Jannes and Jambres challenged Moses. After an amusing little squabble the two make friends, and henceforth rule the world in joint sovereignty and happy unity. At Paris, in the reign of Charles V., we find the local brewers, twenty-one in number, so wealthy as to be able to pay a million *écus d'or* for their licenses. Under Charles VI., beer had become a regulation drink at the French court, and we have our own Richard II. presenting the French king with a "*vaisseau à boire cervoise.*" From this it may be inferred that the famous verselet—

Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,

or, as some rigid Anglican has improved it—

Hops, reformation, lays, and beer
Came to England all in one year—

to wit, the year 1525—is a little wrong in its date, and that beer was known earlier. That after the date named it soon made its way even into the highest circles we have very good proof in the one shoe which Queen Bess carelessly left behind after that lunch, of which beer formed an item, with which she was regaled on her progress through Sussex, under the spreading oak still shown in that pretty village of Northiam—

O fair Northiam ! thou dost far exceed
Beckley, Peasmarsh, Udimore, and Brede :

which shoe may still be seen, by favour, in the private archæological collection at Brickwall House, in company with Accepted Frewen's toasting-fork.

Saxon descent may have had much to do with the development of our own peculiar cerevisial taste—taste, that is, for beer with some body and a good strong flavour of malt. There can be no doubt that, compared with the produce of other countries, our beer is still the best—if only one's liver will stand it—the most tasty, the most nourishing—"meat, drink and cloth," as Sir John Linger puts it—beer which will occasionally "make a cat speak and a wise man dumb." The Saxons always had a liking for beer with something in it—not merely "strong water," as Sir Richard l'Estrange calls the small stuff. The ancient Teutons, we know, were all of them furious drinkers. Accordingly, not a few of the modern generation hold, with

Luther's Elector of Saxony, that a custom of such very venerable antiquity ought not to be lightly set aside. Tacitus writes that the Germans think it no shame to spend a whole day and night a-drinking. The Greek Emperor, Nicephoras Phocas, told the ambassador of Emperor Otho that his master's soldiers had no other proficiency but in getting drunk. Rudolph of Hapsburgh grew vociferous over the discovery of good beer. "Walk in, walk in!" he shouted, standing at a tavern door in Erfurt, wholly oblivious of his imperial dignity, "there is excellent beer to be had inside." And "good King Wenceslas" of our Christmas carol—described as "good" nowhere else—was an habitual toper, and was "done" accordingly by the French at Rheims, where he thought more of the wine than of the treaty which he was negotiating. Henri Quatre would on no account marry a German wife. "Je croirais," he said, "toujours avoir un pot de vin auprès de moi." A modern writer, Charles Monselet, says that in Strassburg—in this respect a typically German town—"tout se ressent de la domination de la bière." Beer lends its colour to the faces of the inhabitants, to their hair, to their clothes; to the soil and the houses; and the very women seem nothing but walking *chopes*. But the Saxons in particular—not the modern ones, but those of the North, some of whom found their way into England—always loved good stout nutritious drink, such as that to which the German composer Von Flotow, ascribes our sturdy robustness:

Das ist das treffliche Elixir,
Das ist das kraftige Porterbier.

Obsopæus says of the ancient Saxons:

Coctam Cererem potant crassasque liquores.

And an old rhyme, still quoted with gusto, goes to this effect.

Ein echter Sachse wird, wie alle Volker sagen,
Nie schmal in Schultern sein, noch schlaffe Lenden tragen.
Fragt Einer, welches denn die Ursach' sei:
Er isset Speck und Wurst, und trinket *Mumm* dabei.

"Mumm" is our own good old "mum," about the meaning of which in an Act of Parliament there was recently some controversy, when even Mr. Gladstone did not quite know how to explain it. It is the good, thick, stout, nourishing beer *nil spissius illo*—which makes blood and flesh, and gives strength—"vires præstat et augmentat carnem, generatque cruorem," says the school of Salerno. Very presumably it is such beer as this, too, of which the unnamed witty poet quoted in Percy's "Reliques" writes:

nobilis ale-a
Efficit heroes dignamque heroæ puellam.

No doubt beer has had a good many nasty things said against it. The same school of Salerno lays it down that "crassos humores nutrit cerevisia, ventrem quoque mollit et inflat." It also affirms that ebriety resulting from beer is more hurtful than that produced by wine. But, notwithstanding this, it endorses the advice given by Matthew de Gradibus, which is, to drink it in preference to wine at the beginning of, or even throughout, meals, and above all things after any great exertion. "Cerevisia vero utpote crassior, et ad concoctionem pertinacior, non tam avidè rapitur : quare ab ea potus in principio prandii vel cœnæ utilius inchoatur. Cerevisia humores etiam orificio stomachi insidentes abluit, et sitim, quæ ex nimia vini potatione timetur, præterea et quamlibet aliam mendosam coercet ac reprimit." To say nothing of the censure pronounced by Crato, Henry of Avranches, and Wolfram von Eschenbach—that pillar of the Roman Church, Cardinal Chigi, charitably suggests that if beer had but a little sulphur added, it would become a right infernal drink. And Moscherosch, joking on the admixture of pitch with beer, common in his time—possibly copied from a similar practice applied to wine in the days of ancient Greece—speaks of "la bière poissée qui habitue au feu de l'enfer." "Pix intrantibus" used to be a familiar superscription placed for a joke over tavern doors. Then, again, we have Luther barely qualifying the old German rhyme —

Gott machte Gutes, Boses wir :
Er braute Wein, wir brauen Bier —

by laying down that "Vinum est donatio Dei, cerevisia traditio humana." And he went so far as to pronounce the leading brewer of his time "Pestis Germaniæ." But this same Luther was himself a zealous beer toper. He drank beer, it is on record, when plotting the Reformation with Melanchthon at Torgau. He called for *Bierseidel* when Carlstadt came to the "Bear" at Jena to discuss with him the subject of consubstantiation. And the two divines used their pewters very freely by way of accentuating their theological arguments, and, towards the close of the sitting, even in substitution of them. Luther records with satisfaction, in his "Table Talk," that many presents reached him from France, Prussia, and Russia, of "wormwood-beer." And at Worms, where he was pleading the cause of the reformed faith before a hostile Diet, the one ray of comfort which pierced through the gloom of his imprisonment was the arrival, particularly mentioned in his letters, of a small cask of "Eimbeck" beer from one of the friendly princes. Like our modern M.P.'s annually exercised about the matter, the German reformer had a fervent zeal

for the "purity of beer" --so fervent, that he actually threatened adulterating brewers with the Divine wrath. He wrote these lines.

Am jüngsten Tage wird geschaut
Was jeder für ein Bier gebraut.

On the other hand, Cardinal Chigi's Roman anathema is more than neutralised by any number of benedictions, expressed or implied, from holy men of his Church. There are the regulations of S. Louis, of S. Hildegardis, the enlisted interest of the Bishops of Cologne, Utrecht, and Liège, the patron-saintship of S. Amandus, S. Leonard, S. Adrian, and the Irish S. Florentius, and, moreover, the very close connection which from time immemorial monks and religious houses have maintained with brewing. In olden days they were the brewers *par excellence*. And M. Reiber will have it that there are still in Germany, at the present day, *des congrégations de moines brasseurs*. Then there is S. Chrodegang, a near relative of Charlemagne, the great reformer of monastic orders, who particularly directed and the rule is still observed that monks should be allowed the option of either beer or wine. And sensible monks, a communicative Carthusian confided to me the other day, prefer good beer any day to bad wine.

If, in face of all this, neither Romanists nor Protestants can say anything against beer, much less are Mussulmans in a position to do so. For Mahomet actually, though he expressly forbids wine, never says a word in prohibition of beer--thus leaving a convenient loophole to thirsty Mohammedans, of which French writers tell us the bibulous Algerians amply avail themselves.

From all this it will be seen that, despite teetotal disparagement, beer comes before the world, so to speak, with very respectable credentials, entitling it to a fairly good reception. Brillat-Savarin, it is true, admits to its detriment that "l'eau est la seule boisson qui apaise véritablement la soif." But "l'eau," says another French writer, M. Reiber, "est la prose des liquides, l'alcool en est la poésie." Speaking more particularly of beer, among alcoholic drinks, M. Dubrunfaut writes: "La bière occupe incontestablement le premier rang parmi les boissons hygiéniques connues." And he goes on to say that among the beer-drinking nations one finds, as a rule, manly qualities most developed--as among the English, the Germans, the Dutch, the Belgians, and the Northern French. Brillat-Savarin only objects that beer makes people stout.

Of course there is beer and beer. The wise doctors of Salerno very rightly gave particular attention to this subject--as well they might, for beer was adulterated in their days with no more scruple

than it is in ours. The Minnesinger Marner, in the thirteenth century, bitterly complains that brewers make beer even without malt. There was no minnesinging to be done on such drink. Then there was the manufacture of the aroma. Before there were hops—and even after—people had a violent fancy for spices, the indulgence in which was carried to such a point that the Church, meeting in council at Worms in 868, and at Trèves in 895, felt bound to take notice of the matter, and in a special canon laid down the rule that beer spiced after the manner then prevalent should be allowed, as a luxury, only on Sundays and saints' days. What those spices were may be gathered from the following recipe for making beer, which appears to have been first published at Strassburg (from early days a cerevisian city) in 1512, and which was twice re-issued, under special approbation—namely, in 1552 and in 1679. "To one pound of coloured 'sweet-root' (probably liquorice) add seven ounces of good cinnamon, four ounces of the best ginger, one ounce each of cloves, 'long' pepper, galanga, and nutmeg, half an ounce each of mace and of cardamom, and two ounces of genuine Italian saffron." Whatever might be added in the shape of malt, who would recognise in this decoction anything remotely worthy of the name of beer? It is of such stuff that Cardinal Chigi must have been thinking when he pronounced beer "infernal drink." For brewing beer the school of Salerno give the following good advice :

Non acidum sapiat cerevisia, sit bene clara,
Lx grana sit cocta bonis satis, ac veterata.

It must not, above all things, be sour. For acidity "ventriculo inimica est. Accutus nervosus offendit partes." As the Germans have it—and they ought to know—

En böses Weib und sauer Bier
Behat' der Himmel dica dafür!

It should be clear, because "turbida impinguat, flatus gignit, atque brevem spiritum efficit. Bene cocta" it should be, for "male cocta ventris inflationes, tormina et colicos cruciatos generat"—which Latin speaks for itself. As for good grain, the doctors appear to prefer a mixture of barley and oats, as making the beer less nourishing indeed, but lighter on the stomach and less confining. They allow either wheat, barley, or oats. Wheat, they say, makes the most nourishing beer, but heating and astringent. Barley alone, makes the beer cold and dry. A mixture of barley and oats renders it less nourishing, but also less confining and distending. The Germans nowadays brew beer of every conceivable grain and no-grain, even potatoes. But according to the material so is the product. Lastly,

say the doctors, beer, like wine, should be old, or you will feel the effects in your stomach.

We cannot at the present period dissociate from beer the idea of hops. But it was comparatively late in history before hops were regarded as an indispensable ingredient. The Slav nations are reported to have had them early; also the Mohammedans of the East. Haroun-al Rashid's physician states that in his day they were given as medicine. In France, the first record of their cultivation is of the year 768, when Pepin le Bref gave some directions as to the hop-grounds belonging to the monastery of S. Denis. (The monks were always the first to get hold of a good thing.) In Germany they are known to have been successfully cultivated about Magdeburg in 1070. We are supposed to have received them over here in 1525. In Alsace, beer-drinking country as it is, they were not cultivated till 1802. The soil being very suitable, they then made way with such rapidity that they soon crowded out completely madder and woad, which had previously been considered the most profitable crops—so profitable, that from the *coques de pastel* (woad), which were looked upon as the emblem of prosperity and well-being, the Lauraguais, and indeed the whole country round Toulouse, came to be christened *le pays de Cocagne*. Hence our own word of "Cockaigne," about the derivation of which so many contradictory guesses have been made. It may be interesting to note that in Strassburg the bakers at one time used to put hops into their yeast, and that in some foreign countries the young shoots of the hop bine furnish a favourite vegetable, dressed like asparagus, and passing by the name of "Hopfenspargel."

Drinking habits are of course by far the most developed in Germany, where beer has really become the object of a cult. Blessed with a healthy thirst, which made our own poet Owen exclaim—

Si latet in vno verum, ut proverbia dicunt,
Invenit verum Teuto, vel inveniet—

the nation has seized upon beer as a second faith, "outside which there is no salvation." Fischart, indeed, in his verses bade people who *must* drink beer, and would not be satisfied with German wine, "go to Copenhagen; there they would find beer enough." Denmark truly was of old—we know from "Hamlet" a grand country for drinking. But in respect of beer, in the present day, it is not "in it" with Germany. Tacitus wrote about German drinking. Emperor Charlemagne felt bound to pass a law against it. The earlier Popes, before consenting to crown a German emperor, exacted from him an

affirmative reply to the standing question: "Vis sobrietatem cum Dei auxilio custodire?" Of the old Palsgraves it used to be said: "Potatores sub cælo non meliores," and "bibere more palatino" became a byword. Maximilian I. felt called upon to pass stringent laws. In the sixteenth century Germany went by the name, "Die grossen Trinklande." And Luther, when resting from his *seidels* accompanying theological disputations, expresses "a fear lest this devil (of thirst) go on tormenting Germany till the day of judgment." The modern Germans have remained true to the custom of their forefathers, and have developed it scientifically.

Um den Gerstensaft, geliebte Seelen,
Dreht sich unser ganzer Staat herum.

The whole commonwealth literally "hinges" upon beer. The Emperor has drunk it as a student at Bonn, and presumably still drinks it—in moderation. The German Chancellor, instead of the parliamentary full-dress dinners customary among ourselves, invites the members of the Diet to "beer-evenings." If a learned professor discover a new bacillus and antidotal lymph; if an African traveller annex a new province; if a statesman attain his jubilee—there is but one form of public recognition for all varieties of merit and distinction, and that is a *biercommers*. No doubt the great extension of university education has a great deal to do with the spread of regulated beer-drinking. The learned classes set the tone, and the many follow it.

Cerevisiam bibunt homines, animalia cætera fontes.

That has become the general motto. It sounds very filthy to hear of the astounding quantities of liquor consumed. But, in the first place, where much is drunk, it is only very light stuff. And, to make it less trying, the drinkers adopt the Socratic maxim of "small cups and many," by frothing the beer up incredibly. Altogether they follow good classical rules, which it is curious to trace, and which make their symposia rather interesting. Drinking is not the end, but only the natural means for attaining hilarity. And there is a good deal of rough geniality about it. Like the ancient Greeks, these organised drinkers fix a well-recognised *τρόπος τῆς πόσεως*. They have their absolute ruler, the symposiarch, their accepted order of drinking, their proper scale of fines. And also, as in Greece, only too often drinking is not a voluntary act, but *ἀναγκάζεσθαι*, and it is made to be *ἀπνευστὶ πίνειν*—drinking without taking breath. There is the *προπίνειν φιλοτησίας*—drinking to one another—which *must* be answered. There are songs and jokes—though no *tania* and, fortunately, no kisses. And the small cups are duly followed

up with the large horns, the κέρατα, and the huge vessels which the Greeks called φρέατα. Nay, these modern classics even imitate the Greeks in respect of the ἄλεις καὶ κίμμινον. For in many places the well-salted and carawayed ἐπίπαστα forms a standing accompaniment to the liquor. And next day, if they are a trifle "foxed," they copy the Greeks in κραιπάλην κραιπάλην ἐξελευίρεις, or, as Sir John Linger calls it in better "understanded" language, they take "a hair of the same dog," with a pickled herring covered with raw onions for a companion, which is supposed to set all things right. There are beer-courts to adjudge upon disputes, there are indeterminate beer-minutes to settle the time—everything is "beer." In all this joking there is no harm. As little harm is meant to be in the *missæ cerevisiales* which tradition has handed down from the time when monks were both the greatest brewers and also the greatest drinkers, and, probably, in their refectories and misericords made as much fun of the service over their cups as do now—or did until lately—German students. There is the genuine chanting of versicles and responses, but the words have reference to beer. This practice, I am glad to say, is now very much on the decline.

All this is scarcely surprising. We all knew it of the Germans long ago. But it is a little strange to find France once more—few people know about the first time—taking her place among beer-drinking countries, and placing the *honestas chopinandi* among the precepts of the modern decalogue. The French are good enough to explain that they do this not for their own gratification, but as a public service, as "saviours of society," to "rendre les mœurs gambriales plus aimables." That may be. But the fact remains, that the annual consumption of beer per head of the population in France has now risen to 21 litres (about 14 quarts), which on the top of 119 litres of wine (however light), 20 litres of cider, and 4 litres of spirits, is a respectable allowance enough. For Germany the figures are said to be 93 litres of beer, 6 of wine, and 10 of spirits—and such spirits! France brews every year more than eight millions of hectolitres of beer, and consumes considerably more. To do this, of course it must import from abroad. And very rightly too, I should say. For though French beer may no longer deserve the description given of it by the Emperor Julian, who condemned it as "smelling strongly of the goat," there is still little enough that is really good. And it is drunk out of such tiny thimbles: I suspect that there is a dodge in this. The "bocks" have grown smaller and smaller, till in some places they are mere teacups. But then out come the *restaurateurs* with their old disused "bocks," now re-christened

bocks sérieux, and charge double price. That promises to make France a real brewers' paradise. But, large glasses or small, there is something about the beer which you must first get used to. Accordingly, many of those gorgeous *brasseries*, of genuinely German type, which seem so out of place in the Paris boulevards, are supplied not from Tantonville or Xertigny, but from Munich or Vienna, or else from Strassburg. For, of course, the attachment which Frenchmen feel for their lost provinces had a great deal to do with their new departure in the way of a liking for beer. Alsace is as "beery" as can be. Very little of its beer, indeed, is likely to prove to our own taste. Only to a slightly less degree than the French beers, it is what Sir John Linger would term "plaguy small; mere whip-belly vengeance—he who drinks most has the worst share." But even if Strassburg beer had not been—as, generally speaking, it decidedly is—better than French, the mere fact of its coming from "our annexed brethren" would be enough to make the French drink it by way of demonstration. France, it is true, owes some reparation to Strassburg, and more particularly to its brewers. For at various times it has treated the latter most unkindly. In the first place, the Second Empire unmercifully hastened on the hour of "Bruce," making it eleven "sharp," instead of the quarter past which had been previously allowed. This threatens never to be forgotten or forgiven. In the second place, the First Republic, though it honoured hops by assigning to them, in the place of the calendar saint, St. Omer, the patronship of the 9th of September, inflicted a very grievous injury when in the *An II* of its era its *tribunal révolutionnaire* imposed a fine of 255,000 livres upon the brewing trade, as is stated in the official *Livre Bleu*, "pour les abus qu'ils ont pu se permettre sur leur comestibilité." The mulct is explained in this wise. "Considérant que la soif de l'or a constamment guidé les brasseurs, il les condamne à deux cents cinquante-cinq mille livres d'amende, qu'ils doivent payer dans trois jours, sous peine d'être déclarés rebelles à la loi et de voir leurs biens confisqués." There is no talk of "compensation," as among ourselves. To be sure, the bakers, with nothing against them—except it be on the score of weight—fared worse. For they were declared *hostes generis humani*, and fined 300,000 livres. The brewers really paid only 188,000 livres. But that was considered heavy enough. In spite of this imposition, the brewing trade in Strassburg has made tremendous strides, and continues flourishing. And very much more beer is now consumed in the city than wine. For 1878 the figures were: 121,345 hectolitres of beer and 36,583 of wine. Paris in 1881

consumed 300,000 hectolitres of beer; in 1853 only 7,000 and in 1864 still only 40,000 hectolitres. (All this beer-drinking, it will be seen, dates from 1870.) In Paris, in spite of protection, the brewing interest appears to find foreign competition rather formidable. At the time of the first revolution, a French general (Santerre), with the assistance of government subsidies, tried very hard to oust us from the market by brewing "ale" and "porter." This earned the veteran the nickname of "Le Général Mousseux." But the speculation did not pay, and had to be abandoned. Having become so popular, beer has, of course, found many fervid apologists in France. "La bière fait en ce moment le tour du monde. Mieux que tous les raisonnements et quoi qu'en disent les esprits chagrins, sa vogue prouve que la boisson en houblon est utile, que l'humanité l'apprécie et en a besoin." So says M. Reiber. "La bonne bière n'est pas une boisson malsaine; elle est tonique et nourrissante." So says Dr. Tourdes.

But really this is nothing new. Old inscriptions, dating from the Gallo-Roman era, show that Pliny was correct in setting down, at his period, the Gauls as a largely beer-drinking race. They had earthenware beer-pots, some of which have been exhumed, bearing the inscription, "Cerevisariis felicitas!" An old Gallo-Roman flagon is preserved in Paris, on which is engraved—"Hospita reple lagenam cervisia!" The oldest beer-song extant is Old-French, dating from the thirteenth century. It is as follows:

LETABUNDUS

Or hi purra;

La *cercyse* nos chauntera

Alleluia!

Qui que aukes en beyt

Si tel seyt comme estre doit

Res miranda.

The prohibition which Charlemagne issued against keeping S. Stephen's Day too zealously by the consumption of beer and wine applied to France no less than to Germany. The French were, in truth, great respecters of saints' days in a bibulous way. S. Martin's Day was with them a favourite occasion for drinking. Hence *martiner* still currently signifies drinking more than one ought. Another suggestive popular term is "Boire comme un Templier." France then has really only returned to her *premier amour*. But in doing so she has set upon it a seal of domination, which is significant, as meaning that it is not likely to be readily surrendered.

No doubt beer, having held its own so long, though much



assailed, will still continue to maintain its position. There is too much of human nature in man to admit of its being effectually proscribed. "Abusus non tollit usum." The same school of Salerno which praises beer as a wholesome drink adds this wise proviso:—"Hic unicum de cervisiæ usu præceptum traditur: nempe ut modice sumatur, neque ea stomachus prægravetur vel ebrietas concilietur." Sebastian Brant writes in old German:

Eyn Narr muosz vil gesoffen han,
Eyn Wyser maesslich drincken kann.

There is great virtue in the *modice sumatur*. The wine-trade has passed through a similar change. Though four-bottle men have died out, the wine-trade is doing better than it did in olden days. So it will probably be with beer. However temperance advocates may regret it, it is not to be got rid of by railing. In truth it is now indeed making *le tour du monde*. And, unless mankind changes its character altogether, it will probably go on drinking—more or less *modice*—to the end of the chapter, a beverage which stands commended by so exemplary a Father of the Church as the whilom Bishop of Bath and Wells, Polydore Virgil, who pronounces

Potus tum salubris tum jucundus.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

FRANCESCO CRISPI.

I.

JOHN BULL, has often been reproached with his insularity. Were the charge a little less threadbare we might be surprised at the silence prevailing in this country with regard to a personage who has commanded so large an amount of attention at the other side of the English Channel. While the most striking incidents in the career of Signor Francesco Crispi have long been matters of common knowledge, his life has yet not received from us that full and connected treatment which it deserves. It might have been imagined that English writers would have found in this survivor of a stormy past a subject worthy of their notice ; but they have hitherto relegated him to the pens of their French *confreres*. At the hands of our neighbours, however, Crispi has not suffered a similar neglect. Not only has the French press honoured him with its most violent and insatiable animosity, but a member of the French Academy¹ has employed the weight of his position and the fascinations of his pen to swell the turbid stream of hostile criticism seeking to engulf the ex-premier of Italy. For the credit of the national character it was but right that from the midst of so many enemies a defender should arise, and that the accusations made by the graceful pen of one Frenchman should be answered by that of another. By his "Francesco Crispi,"² however, M. Félix Narjoux has placed more than his own countrymen under a debt of gratitude. Not only has he shown that it is still possible for a Frenchman to rise superior to national prejudices, but he has adorned with the light touch of his nation a career among the most romantic of the age. For those who, from a calm and assured position, find enjoyment in the spectacle of their fellows tossing on the billows of the switchback, the life of Crispi cannot fail to possess an interest. Nor is it merely as a page of romance that the story of the statesman who so lately guided the destinies of Italy deserves attention ; it forms an epitome of the story

¹ M. Cherbuliez. *Profils étrangers*.

² To which I would acknowledge my obligations, so avoiding subsequent reference in detail.

of his country. When, in September 1879, Crispi told his fellow-countrymen at Palermo that "Italy has known how to solve this weighty problem, the union of democracy and royalty," his words must have appealed to his hearers with no ordinary power. To all he must have spoken with the authority of a man who, for many years, had acted as one of the officiating clergymen at the marriage ceremony of which he boasted; to a few his words may have carried a deeper significance. Some there may have been among his audience whose memories would carry them back from the white-haired, military-looking figure before them to a vision of a picturesquely long-locked republican enthusiast, in whose political dictionary "king" stood for the irreconcilable enemy of his people. If such there were, for them a due appreciation of the past twenty years was possible. In the history of Crispi they could see the history of Italy in miniature; recognising the distance which separated the monarchist from the republican, they could measure the tract over which their country had advanced. In the fact that men who had dreamt of a republic now lived and worked for a monarchy was contained a whole volume of political lectures for those who cared to read them. They must have been dull indeed if they did not perceive that, in stating Italy's problem, Crispi was stating his own private problem and the problem of men like him, and that it was exactly because Crispi and his fellows had known how to solve their problem of the union of democracy and royalty that Italy had arrived at a similar solution.

Born October 4, 1819, in the little mountain town of Ribera, in the south-west of Sicily, Crispi may truly be said to have "drunk life to the lees," whether in our definition of life we look to a numerical total of years, variety of experiences, or intensity and continuity of effort. Among students of history there still exist a class who derive much satisfaction from a contemplation of "the might have been." To such, a never-ending vista of speculation is offered by the fact that, in his early days, family influences urged Crispi strongly towards the Church. What would have been the issue in his inner and outer worlds of his adoption of such a life? When the ingenious devotee of hypothetical cases sought to discover the results of an irresistible body meeting an immovable one, he found himself obliged to be content with "the devil of a shundy" for an answer. Perhaps a similar conclusion is the nearest approach to a solution of the present problem at which we can arrive. From such a future Crispi was saved by his own decision of character. He resolutely resisted the pressure brought to bear on him, and, after finishing his art studies at the seminary of Monreale,

entered the law school of Palermo. After an extensive course of legal reading he duly took his degree, and settled down to the practice of a profession which seemed to open to him a prosperous and honourable career. In reality, the path he was destined to reach through the portals of the law was one very different from that to which his family fondly looked forward. It is a remarkable fact that the legal profession, which tends to make its older members the most conservative of mankind, seems to have precisely the opposite effect on its younger followers. Combining intellects sharpened and tongues loosened by their professional training, with idle moments and their attendant empty pockets, it is but natural that they should desire the renovation of society and consider themselves capable of its accomplishment. Statistics of the number of revolutions in which lawyers have played an important part would well repay the trouble of compilation; their influence in the great cataclysm of the last century is too well known to need comment. In the condition of the Two Sicilies at this period there was but small prospect that the law courts would be allowed to monopolise the passionate eloquence which has since raised Crispi to the rank of the first pleader in Italy. Under the despotic government of Ferdinand II., better known as Bomba, that kingdom had brought forth a plentiful crop of secret societies--those mushrooms of the political world for whose growth darkness and an unwholesome atmosphere are the first essentials. Enrolled in various of these ever since his student days, Crispi was not long in finding his way into the "Young Italy." In the ranks of even that passionate and devoted band he speedily signalled himself by his ardour and devotion; and when at last, in January 1848, the order went forth and all Sicily blazed up into insurrection, he was appointed to high office in the revolutionary government. On the details of that abortive attempt of the Sicilians to secure their freedom it is unnecessary to dwell. The success attending their first efforts failed to encourage them to renew the struggle after the disastrous news of Novara told them that their hopes of external aid were shattered. When to this was added the fall of Catania, the capital hesitated no longer. In spite of all the efforts of Crispi and the more desperate section of the patriots, it was decided to come to terms with their late sovereign. Nothing remained for the revolutionary leaders save to wander forth into the exile in which alone their lives would be safe. But Crispi could not yet bring himself to acknowledge defeat. At his instigation the revolutionary government had accepted complete responsibility for the past. He was resolved, for his part, to deserve to the

fullest the consequences which that responsibility might entail. Gathering round him a small band of desperate patriots, he attempted a last stand against the royalist troops as they entered the town. Such a contest could have no other effect save that of raising its promoter to a more distinguished place in the vengeance of the Bourbons; but calculations of utility have never been known to find a home in the supreme moments of a generous nature. The royalist troops had little difficulty in dislodging the devoted band, and on May 11 Crispi saw his name heading the list of those condemned to death without trial. It was useless to brave danger longer. For the present it was finished. The chains of the Bourbons were once more riveted around the fair neck which they had so long and so deeply galled. The dream of Sicilian liberty, rich in such early promise, was ended. Over his own future an equal darkness had settled down. He had lost all save the privilege of a perpetual exile, with pale, ghostly memories to keep him company.

But at present it was necessary to act, and that quickly; in the long days before him there would be plenty of time for thought. Escaping from Palermo on the evening of the 11th, he succeeded in reaching a vessel, which carried him to Marseilles. Here he did not remain long. Making his way to Turin, he earned a scanty livelihood by his contributions to the Liberal papers of the day. To such straits was he reduced at this time, that the salary of 1,200 francs attached to the clerkship of the little town of Vero-Lungo rendered the post a desirable one to him. He went so far as to offer himself as a candidate. But this was the furthest concession which his hunger could extract from his pride. His application took the form of a demand rather than that of a solicitation. As might have been expected, he found his offer declined in favour of some more pliant candidate. Soon, however, at the instigation of his old enemies, the Austrians, he was temporarily relieved from any fears of actual starvation. After the failure of the Mazzinist rising in Lombardy in 1853, Austria called on Piedmont to take active measures against the refugees gathered within her territories. Among these Crispi was too conspicuous a figure to escape attention. He was seized and imprisoned; an examination of his papers, however, proved nothing upon which to found an accusation, and after some time he was released under a decree of expulsion. But, in the interval, an event, destined to have a most important influence on his future, had taken place in his life. Crispi's claims to the position of representative Italian would be far less valid than they are if his *rôle* of conspirator and politician had never given way to one of a more tender

character ; if the romance of his public had found no counterpart in that of his private life. But from his earliest days the same imaginative power which of old time hurried him into the ranks of "the Young Italy," and in more recent years enriched his parliamentary and forensic utterances with the gold of eloquence, has rendered him peculiarly susceptible to feminine influences. While not yet more than twenty-one he had married, in spite of the opposition of his family, a young girl beneath him in rank, the daughter of his lodging-house keeper. His married life was terminated in two years by the death of his wife ; but the experience, if short, seems to have been satisfactory, for his grief exhibited itself in a desire to re enter into similar relations with his deceased wife's sister ; against the defences, however, of a heart devoted to the cloister his eloquence had broken itself in vain. We can hardly, then, be surprised to learn that when one day a pretty little girl walked into his cell and announced that she had come for his washing, he found his enforced idleness grow less irksome and his political concentration giving way to a more delicate and engrossing interest. On her side, the simple Savoyarde was not slow to feel the attraction of the dark, melancholy conspirator, whose sufferings in the cause of freedom would of themselves have been a sufficient passport to her sympathies. She, too, was alone in the world, and far from the land of her birth. In the similarity of their fortunes was added a further link between them. Crispi's wardrobe was scanty. What so natural that it should need constant washing, with the consequent passing and repassing of Rosalie Montmasson ? Soon even these excuses became unnecessary ; and when at last she burst into his cell one day with the news that he was free, it needed little effort on his part to persuade her to share the wanderings of an exile.

Driven from Sicily, Crispi had sought an asylum in Turin, where he could feel himself among brother Italians. Now Italy was closed against him. But, though he must henceforth dwell in a strange land, it would at least be some sort of consolation to know that he was near his country. Accordingly, accompanied by Rosalie Montmasson, he made his way to Malta, where a small knot of his fellow refugees had gathered. To the sentimental pains of exile was now added one of a more prosaic nature. Previously, he had found it difficult to procure a livelihood for himself alone, now, he had accepted the responsibility of another's maintenance. His condition was one of the direst poverty. On his expulsion from Turin he had been the recipient of a purse of 300 francs—the result of a subscription, privately opened in the Piedmontese parliament—to en-

to start on his wanderings. But this small sum was now wholly dissipated. Upon his arrival at Malta, the future premier of Italy had not even the price of a lodging, and the lovers were forced to take up their abode in a deserted ruin. Fortunately for them, straw was cheap, and their slumbers were saved from depressing contact with the bare ground. At last, by dint of great exertions, Crispi succeeded in starting a small journal, which was smuggled across into Sicily in fishing smacks. The importance of a paper is not to be gauged by the number of its pages; insignificant in size, "La Staffetta" yet contained the fire proceeding from the heart of a man who, five years before, had rallied the last stand of his countrymen against the Bourbons. In Crispi's hands, the pen has ever shown itself a not unworthy rival of his tongue. We can well imagine, then, what molten lava might be scattered abroad by this co-patriot of Etna. Some articles, attacking England, attracted the attention of the Governor. Soon complaints against "the Russian agent" poured in from the other Italian refugees, who feared lest Crispi's violence might imperil their position. The Governor resolved to endure the presence of the audacious stranger no longer; it was decided to expel him. Henceforth, even the melancholy satisfaction of feeling himself near his beloved Sicily would be absent from Crispi's life. To add to the painful sense of loss which weighed him down, he found that, for a time at any rate, a separation between himself and his brave little companion was unavoidable. The state of his finances would not permit him the luxury of her consolation any longer. But, before he passed away from her into the uncertainties of separation, he felt that he must pay the debt owed to her courage and fidelity; while it was yet possible to do so, he must change her position into the less equivocal one of wife. Barring the way, however, stood a very matter-of-fact obstacle, at which even those who find therein pathetic proof of the lovers' condition can scarcely repress a smile. The united resources of Crispi and his friends were not such as to support the expense of a wedding ring. From this difficulty of detail he was extricated by a co-patriot, whose calling of watchmaker had raised him to the comparative luxury of being able to present the would-be bridegroom with the desired object. By the same good friend-in-need a wandering Jesuit was secured, who consented to overlook the want of the formalities usually attendant on the marriage ceremony. A little group of five gathered in the priest's lodgings, a few prayers, a benediction, Rosalie Montmasson's finger enriched with the insignia of her new position. Such was the way in which Crispi bound his life in chains,

whose pressure he was one day destined to painfully recognise. Surely, the principals in a marriage inaugurated under conditions so unorthodox might fairly have counted on a happy union! But it was not to be!

Over the next few years of Crispi's life it is unnecessary to linger. It was a period of steady and comparatively silent absorption. Driven from Malta, he took up his abode in London. Here he was joined by the partner of his difficulties as soon as she could procure sufficient to defray the expenses of the journey. It was not long before she showed her fitness for her newly acquired dignity of conspirator's wife. While the interests of the various knots of refugees, scattered at this time over Europe, demanded that they should be kept informed of each other's movements, the post-office was considered too dangerous a medium of communication. Some agent, whose innocent exterior would cover a brave heart and ready tongue, was necessary to carry their correspondence. The ex-peasant girl accepted this perilous duty. Hidden away in her basket of fish or poultry, papers, whose discovery would have made the fortune of their finder and sent the bearer to a life-long imprisonment, were wont to pass and repass under the very eyes of the police. Meanwhile her husband was carrying on, resolutely as ever, his struggle against circumstances. Outwardly, his days were devoted to staving off starvation on the proceeds of a bank clerkship; inwardly, they were occupied with the study of political problems and dreams of an Italy one and undivided. In London he met Mazzini, and eagerly drank in the mysteries of the conspirator's art from their "king and pontiff." But Crispi has ever shown himself too independent to remain long under the influence of any man; he soon broke away from his master. Agreeing with him in the end to be attained, he differed from him as to the means of accomplishment. "I dream," he wrote, "of a reunion of all the provinces of the peninsula, the formation of an Italian nation, strong and independent as France or Great Britain. To arrive at such a result I do not deem it necessary to supplicate the kings or abase ourselves before them, as Manin proposes to assassinate them, as Mazzini. It is enough to hunt them off, to suppress them. Kings will never do ought for the people, whose enemy they have ever been, will ever be." Sincere in such repudiation of political assassination, Crispi was not at first involved in the repressive measures taken against the refugees after Orsini's attempt. But his immunity was of brief duration. Since 1856 he had been living at Paris, engaged on journalistic and office work. His contributions to the Italian newspapers had irritated the French Govern-

ment by the hostility of their tone ; to this was now added his well-known friendship for many of those suspected of complicity in the late affair. One day he received notice that he must leave France within twenty-four hours. All remonstrances and efforts to procure a respite were equally futile. He was forced to accept the harsh fact that, henceforth, one more portion of the globe was closed against him. Should the fashion spread much further he might soon expect to have to pass his days in mid-ocean. For the present, however, he returned to London.

On March 1, 1859, the news reached London that Cavour had at last brought to completion his long cherished design of a Franco-Sardinian alliance against Austria. The struggle, from which a kingdom was to arise, had begun. Italy was in motion and panting towards the goal. For the Italian refugees the next few months were a time of feverish excitement. Events followed thick upon each other. Magenta, Solferino, the revolt of the Duchies, lit up their horizon with the flush of an approaching dawn which the gloom of Villafranca could not wholly shroud again in night. Crispi could endure inaction no longer. Through the uproar he heard the voice of his Sicily calling on him for deliverance. On July 16, carefully disguised, he left London ; ten days later he reached Messina. For more than a month he traversed Sicily, where to be discovered meant death, organising and arranging in all the chief towns the details for a fresh insurrection. His diary of this period affords an interesting account of his ceaseless activity. To the outer world he was an intelligent tourist in blue spectacles, whose general appearance and avidity for the joys of sight-seeing suggested the American. To the inner world of conspiracy, in which he really lived, he was the eloquence of his country taken form. From what a shock were the Bourbon agents saved, in that they never saw the elderly and inoffensive Manuel Paroda changing himself into the firebrand, whose brain could plot and plan, whose hands could fashion bombs, and whose tongue could hurl explosives scarcely less deadly. Towards the end of August he left Sicily. The plan of the forthcoming revolution was fully arranged. Palermo was to set the example by an attack on the royalist troops, and at this signal all Sicily was to blaze up into insurrection. Radiant at the future's promise, Crispi returned to London for his final preparations. October saw him back once more in Sicily to lead his countrymen in their approaching struggle. But in the interval all was changed. The timorous patriots, whom his burning words had warmed into life, had clothed themselves once more in caution as soon as his influence was withdrawn. The projected rising must be

indefinitely postponed ; nothing was ready ; the times were not propitious ; they must wait and hope for a more favourable opportunity. Meanwhile, why should Crispi be endangering his friends by his presence ? let him betake himself elsewhere ; when Sicily needed him she would send for him. Such were the excuses which greeted Crispi, rising around him like the tombstones of his hopes. Sick at heart, he soon relieved his friends from the perils of his society. It was all over then ! Sicily alone in the general race towards freedom was to lag behind. She alone was to refuse to doff her widow's robes, while all Italy was clothing herself anew. So she had herself decreed. Better, perhaps, to leave her to her shame !

But after the first burst of bitter disappointment had spent itself, nobler thoughts prevailed. Ten years before, Crispi had looked upon Sicilian liberty and seen that she was very fair. Ever since then her face haunted him. She might continue to evade him, but he would persist till he had found her once more. While his countrymen hoped for Piedmontese interference in their affairs and, like "Sister Ann," kept straining their gaze "to see anybody coming," his grasp of the European situation showed him that in the first instance Sicilian liberty must be won by her own exertions ; that Piedmont dare not attack Naples lest she set the match to a European conflagration. But Sicily had just refused to trust to her own unaided powers. If she was ever to be free, some external assistance must take her by the hand and start her on her journey. Where was such assistance to be found ? Crispi looked about him, and, before the end of the year, the scheme by which Sicilian liberty was to be won had taken shape. In an interview with Farini, the newly-appointed governor of Emilia, he disclosed his plans. He requested to be allowed to make use of the volunteers who had served under Garibaldi in the late war. "I would wish," he told him, "to assemble them at Elba. I would form with them a body of two thousand men. I would put Garibaldi at their head, and, at the proper moment, I would embark them on two or three steamers to carry them to Sicily." But Farini, though ready to assist him with money, had no authority to deal with such a proposal ; the matter must be taken to headquarters. To headquarters Crispi went. December saw him at Turin endeavouring to get Cavour's support for his project. But Cavour would not commit himself. If the scheme succeeded, well and good ! Cavour would know the exact moment at which to step in and skim off the cream for his royal master. If the scheme failed — why, the less one had to do with any friend of Mazzini the better. Disgusted with the delays by which Cavour sought to evade a definite

answer, Crispi resolved to wait no longer. Betaking himself to Genoa, he applied to Garibaldi, who had retired in ill-humour to Caprera. The veteran leader, fascinated by a scheme which appealed at once to his hatred of the Bourbons and his love of adventure, threw himself eagerly into the work of organisation. Summoning around him his old comrades, before the end of April he had gathered together a motley band of various nationalities. By means of private subscriptions the necessary funds were provided. The preparations for the rash undertaking were quickly made and the day fixed for departure. But suddenly, to Crispi's disgust, a spirit of hesitation began to spread among the leaders; the news from Sicily was conflicting. In a last council of the chiefs it was resolved to defer a definite decision until a further meeting. The day arrived; the leaders were gathered together; the future of Sicily, the future of Italy, though they knew it not, hung on their votes. Starting to his feet, Crispi declared that he had lately received secret despatches from Sicily before which their doubts must fade away into nothingness. "Sicily had arisen, the revolutionary movement was gradually spreading; Palermo had given the signal; she was in arms and awaited her liberators!" When to his words was added corroboration from the despatches themselves, all hesitation flew away; it was decided to start on the morrow. Needless to add, the despatches were forgeries—the handiwork of Crispi.

The tourist, ignorant of the affairs of Italy, whom the early days of May 1860 saw lingering at Genoa, would have found there matter to excite his curiosity. In his walks through the city he would have come upon many a little knot of grim, travel-stained individuals, whose red shirts and wide felt hats gave them a picturesque appearance, well in keeping with their reckless bearing. In their faces, tanned by sun and scarred by wounds, he would have read the traces of an excitement of which their vigorous choruses were but the feeble expression. Nor would he have failed to notice that, while the inhabitants greeted them with effusion, the police appeared ostentatiously oblivious of their presence. But on the morning of May 5, the inquisitive tourist would have searched for these interesting strangers in vain; not a redshirt was to be seen on the streets of Genoa; had the earth opened and swallowed them, their disappearance could not have been more complete. All day long the sun blazed down on Genoa; men panted at their work and yearned for night and its cool darkness. At last it came; the sun slowly disappeared; the stars began to show faintly in the evening sky; from the sea a cool, refreshing breeze came sweeping in over the tired city;

men paused from their labours and breathed a sigh of thankfulness for the close of a trying day ; the hum of work gave place to the hum of gossip ; on the Piazza Carlo Felice a band began to play. Thither the inquisitive tourist would most naturally turn his steps. But, had he only known it, he might have found, dawdling about the harbour, a little band of the picturesque redshirts for whom he had looked so vainly in the morning. Lying about on the ground, they seemed the embodiment of the national indolence. Occasionally, perhaps, they would cast a reproachful glance at two large steamers whose preparations for departure broke the stillness settling down on the harbour ; but for the most part their surroundings appeared to interest them but little. Night gradually came down ; the hum of gossip ceased ; the band gave over their exertions ; their audience went home to bed. But still the redshirts lay stretched out along the quays, seemingly too lazy to take the trouble of moving. The night deepened and began to slowly pass away into dawn ; no sound broke the silence of the harbour save the dull throbbing of the engines on the two steamers, now almost ready for departure. Suddenly the first faint quiver of sunrise appeared in the sky ; straightway, as though yielding to the touch which used to awake Memnon, the recumbent forms started into active life. Two boats lay moored alongside the quay ; to fill them was but the work of a moment ; there were no oars ; but willing hands supplied their place ; the two steamers were quickly boarded ; before they could grasp the situation the captains found themselves prisoners and the crews that they had acquired new masters.

Such was the *coup d'état* by which Crispi and his fellows procured for themselves the necessary means of transport. A short distance from Genoa the main body of the Garibaldians awaited their daring comrades. The embarkation was speedily effected, and these red-shirted evangelists of liberty set forth for the field of their missionary labours. Though unconscious of it, they were the modern edition of the old military orders. The distance separating them from the Templars is but the distance between the nineteenth and twelfth centuries. The watchwords were changed ; the fiery zeal remained. Strong in this, they went forth to preach their gospel and to evolve from a wild and haphazard expedition events among the most momentous of the century. On their subsequent fortunes it is unnecessary to dwell ; they have become a matter of common history and have fittingly crowned the story of an island which had seen Guiscard, with his handful of Normans, expel the Saracens. In the meteoric campaign that followed their landing Crispi bore his part, and rendered no small service

to his general ; his fiery eloquence swelled the ranks of the Garibaldians with many a volunteer ; while to his knowledge of Palermo, which enabled them to cut the royal forces in two, was largely due the success of their attack on that town. But in the *role* of fighter Crispi was wasted ; his powers of administration marked him out for more difficult work. As a member of the Provisional Government, he assisted vigorously in the process of reorganisation, so imperatively demanded by the centrifugal tendencies of every revolution. Harassed and bewildered by the moves and countermoves of the delicate game in which Cavour and Mazzini were endeavouring to checkmate each other, Garibaldi turned to his subordinate for advice. Crispi's answer came prompt and decided—"As to the form of government, the nation shall decide." It was in pursuance of this object that, with his own hand, he drew up the question submitted to the popular vote. "Does the people wish that Italy be one and indivisible, with Victor Emmanuel as constitutional King, and after him his legitimate descendants?" In the universal "Yes" which came rolling in from the ballot boxes, Crispi the republican passed away for ever.

II.

With the year 1861 began the second period of Crispi's life. The *role* of conspirator was laid aside for that of deputy. The republican who had declared that "kings will never do aught for the people, whose enemy they have ever been, will ever be," was henceforth to assist in consolidating a monarchical form of government. The inconsistency, if inconsistency there were, was not that of the vacillating time-server, but the noble inconsistency of the man who is alive and open to the varying currents of life ; a stagnant pool is always perfectly consistent ; its opinion never alters. The inconsistency, however, is less real than apparent. Crispi had formerly desired a republic because through it alone he had believed it possible to thrust out the foreign sovereigns who kept Italy partitioned and prevented her unity ; it was as a means rather than as an end that he regarded it. But the events of 1859-60 had shown him possibilities previously invisible. Not only was it possible to reach the goal under a monarchy, but this had become the only means of so doing. It did not need his political acumen to see that the centralisation, so necessary for a country whose past had been one long process of disintegration, was more likely to be obtained under a national king than under any republican system, even if such were

possible. But, when to his own convictions was added the unanimous voice of his country, he accepted, once for all, her decision. The people had called Victor Emmanuel to reign over them; Crispi was far too good a democrat to oppose the will of the people (especially when it coincided with his own), or deny their right to choose their form of government. In the House of Savoy he saw at once the elected of the people and the guardians of Italian unity. To them, accordingly, he transferred his undivided allegiance. As might be expected, he had soon to face the ugly names of "traitor" and "deserter" from the lips of his former friends, the Mazzinists. His answer was given in the tract, "Monarchy or Republic," addressed to Mazzini. "You would have wished," he told his former master, "to see me enter the Palace Carignan, distrustful and suspicious, concealing my old flag and threatening to unfurl it at the first opportunity. Such a mode of action would have been repugnant to my conscience. I would not have been willing to hide the conspirator under the garb of the legislator. For me an oath is a serious act. . . . It is unworthy of an honourable man to offer himself in the temple of the laws, to swear to respect them, with the mental reservation of becoming foresworn as soon as a fitting occasion arises . . . I shall never consent to serve my country under such conditions. I am not willing, I ought not, to sacrifice for her my honour. If the constitution is imperfect we must improve it. But to erect barricades and beat each other is a bad way of bringing about such a consummation. Let us improve it by enlightening our consciences, by making the principles to which we desire the laws of the State to conform triumphant at the ballot boxes. You preach insurrection, I preach freedom of debate, liberty of the press, and liberty of public meeting."

Such was Crispi's explanation of his new position. In it lies the secret of his parliamentary life. The change that had been wrought in him was one of means, not ends. He was still the Radical, with whom the people's welfare was the leading consideration. Victor Emmanuel was for him only "the first citizen of Italy, the supreme chief of the national unity." In the struggle for reform the people could still count him among their leaders. But, with the fall of the Bourbons, the nature of that struggle had changed. It was no longer the internecine conflict of liberty against foreign despotism, but the more temperate contest between the claims of the many and the few, for whose decision less violent processes had been provided. That he intended to avail himself to the uttermost of the weapons thus furnished by the constitution, Crispi soon showed. Ministers

quickly learned to dread the fierce tongue whose attacks were both savage and incessant. Conscious of his own powers, he had no hesitation in either forming or expressing his opinion. Though seated at first among the followers of Garibaldi, he was too independent to owe allegiance to any leader. It was not long before he gave his colleagues a foretaste of what they might expect. A fellow-deputy wished to know with what party Crispi intended to throw in his lot. "You will identify yourself with Mazzini?" "No!" "With Garibaldi?" "No!" "To what party, then, will you belong?" "I shall belong to Crispi." Insignificant at first in point of numbers, the section led by Crispi was, like another celebrated fourth party, rendered formidable by the ability of its leader. For the "Piedmontese bureaucrats" he had no mercy. Ministry made way for ministry; but each alike found in him an implacable enemy, whose hostility occupied a prominent place in their death-bed moments. Gradually his influence extended itself; in 1865 he was elected Vice-President of the Chamber; two years later he became the recognised leader of the Left. With Garibaldi's various attempts on Rome he had always shown an active sympathy. It was to him, accordingly, that the country turned in the excited autumn of 1867; with one voice it demanded him as minister. But Victor Emmanuel was not prepared to break with Napoleon, and Menabrea was summoned as Ratazzi's successor. In the fierce attacks to which Garibaldi's arrest at Figline exposed the new minister Crispi led the van. Nor did his hostility abate with time; the savagery and continuity with which he assaulted the position of the Government reached their culminating point in the session of 1869. But, though it cannot be denied that Crispi's language has often been both extravagant and unjust, some excuse for its violence at this period may be found in the anxieties and troubles of his private life.

Since 1861 he had resumed the profession which he had been forced to relinquish after his flight from Sicily twelve years before. By dint of close and steady application, he at length succeeded in establishing a comfortable practice at Turin; but the transfer of the seat of Government to Florence deprived him of his clients and obliged him to begin all over again his struggle for a livelihood. Resolutely he faced it, by degrees he regained his position at the Bar, only to find it once more slipping away from him when Rome replaced Florence as the capital. To add to his anxieties, his home-life was of the most unsatisfactory character. His wife was a daughter of the people. She had borne unflinchingly the poverty of his early days, for with poverty she had been acquainted from her birth. Through the hardships of the Sicilian campaign she had accompanied

her husband without a murmur. At Catalafimi she had been conspicuous, in the thick of the fight bringing courage to the strong and succour to the wounded. But, unfortunately, she found prosperity a severer trial. It was easy for her husband to re-assume the position into which he had been born. For him, it was but to return to the life which had been his by right of birth and education. For her, however, her new fortunes were an unknown world, wherein she had never set foot. She suffered the usual fate of women who have been taken out of their class. After the success of the Sicilian revolution she found herself, as was natural, an object of general attention. The survivors of "The Thousand" presented her with a diamond cross; her services to the State were rewarded with a pension, and the King himself favoured her with a gracious reception. Such unwonted honours were too much for the poor ex-washerwoman. Fortune's frowns she had known how to bear, her smiles intoxicated with their sweetness. The sudden rise from insignificance to importance, from poverty to affluence, turned the head of the Savoyarde peasant. She began to give herself ridiculous airs, and, in her efforts to appear well suited for her new surroundings, exhibited a complete travesty of the manners of good society. Nor was this all. She speedily developed the most extravagant habits. Crispi's hardly won earnings were lavished on the sudden whims of a fancy whose dictates she had lost the power of resisting. As long as her loss of self-control manifested itself only in the purchase of the finery usually attendant on female vanity, her husband might have borne with it; but when one day he returned home and found her very much the worse from drink matters reached a crisis. Leaving her straightway, he took refuge in the house of an old friend, Giorgio Tamajo. It so happened that Tamajo had been one of the two witnesses present at the informal ceremony which Crispi had now such good reason to regret. As accessory, he had been able to view the proceedings with a more critical eye than either of the principals, and recognise the fact that they did not constitute a legal marriage. Finding all efforts on his part to bridge over the domestic chasm worse than useless, he enlightened the quondam lovers as to the true nature of the tie which bound them. Rosalie Montmasson was Rosalie Montmasson still, no marriage contract had ever turned her into Madame Crispi, at most there had been but a simple promise, from which her own behaviour had now absolved her supposed husband. Crispi eagerly grasped the chance of freedom. Poor Rosalie Montmasson accepted less unmingled satisfaction. It was only by dint of threat

treaties skilfully combined that she was brought to recognise her position and retire into seclusion on an allowance from her old lover. She still lives at Rome ; she still wears her diamond cross—the echo from her youth. She still watches Crispi from afar, and hopes for a day when past feelings may be revived. Seclusion has restored to her the peace of mind and self-control which she could never have found in contact with a society for which she was unfitted.

It might have been expected that henceforth Crispi would give his undivided attention to political life ; that his late experiences would consign him to a lonely future. But within a year he was entering once more into similar relations. He had made Rosalie Montmasson's acquaintance in a prison cell ; it was characteristic of his changed fortunes that he should first see the new lady of his choice in a Sicilian drawing-room, where he was the chief guest of the evening. He was chatting with a group of acquaintances when he heard a female voice behind him asking impatiently to be shown Francesco Crispi, "the brave soldier, the skilful politician, the renowned orator, &c." Crispi has never been wanting in a due recognition of his own qualities, this community of appreciation, especially when it found female voice, excited his interest. Without turning he managed, by the aid of a looking-glass, to identify the speaker. That she was young, pretty, and graceful his eyes speedily assured him ; that she was intelligent her late speech had conclusively proved. On inquiry, he learned that she was the widowed daughter of a Sicilian magistrate. A few months later he met her with her father at Rome, and before the end of the year she had accepted the position of his wife.

The year 1876 saw the Left carried into power at last. Crispi had long been recognised as their most active leader, and by his efforts had in no small degree contributed to their victory. General expectation entrusted him with the task of forming a Cabinet. But the disfavour with which he was regarded in high quarters caused him to be passed over. The more moderate Deprétis was preferred, and in the new ministry not even a portfolio was assigned to Crispi. Such neglect was a bitter experience for a man whose consciousness of his own abilities rendered him eager after power. It seemed as if he were destined to play no more conspicuous part than that of a snatcher of political chestnuts from the fire. With Garibaldi, he had procured a kingdom for Victor Emmanuel ; for his reward he had narrowly escaped arrest at the hands of the "Piedmontese bureaucrats." He had led the Opposition to their long-deferred victory, and, in their hour of triumph, found himself passed over and ignored. As some

slight alleviation, however, to his disappointment, he was elected to the Presidential chair in the new Parliament, and afforded an opportunity of exhibiting his powers of management. The result, it must be confessed, was not always such as to give satisfaction. Though his impartiality was unquestionable, his nature was too impetuous and passionate for a position where coolness and urbanity were so indispensable. On one occasion, finding that the speakers chosen to criticise an important bill were not in their places at the hour fixed, he refused to wait for them, and, declaring the debate closed, passed on to the next business. As might be expected, the absent deputies were highly indignant at such treatment ; but the public supported the President, and approved of his sharp protest against the unpunctuality of their representatives. The following year saw him taking the tour through Europe which, at the time, gave rise to such comment in political circles. Recognising the foreign influences affecting Italy, he wished to study the European situation at headquarters ; Bismarck, Gambetta, Lord Derby, and Count Andrassy were visited in turn. When to his popularity with the country, and the proof of confidence recently shown him by the Chamber, was added the importance derived from these visits, it was found impossible to keep him from office any longer. A ministerial crisis unexpectedly arose with regard to the secrecy of the telegraph ; the ministry resigned. In the new Cabinet the Portfolio of the Interior was entrusted to Crispi !

Thus, after many buffetings of fortune, it seemed as if Crispi had at length reached port. By his own unaided exertions, and despite the hostility of his Sovereign, he had won his way into the foremost rank. He might fairly hope that his eventful career had been crowned once for all, and that a long period of useful activity as minister lay before him. In reality, fortune had reserved till now her most cruel blow ; his future, at the very moment when it seemed assured, was buried again in gloom.

When, in 1872, Crispi had married the Signora Capellani, the scruples of the lady had been satisfied with a purely religious ceremony. Her husband, afraid to excite attention and arouse the jealousy of Rosalie Montmasson by a civil marriage, had hitherto postponed legalising their union. But now that he had become one of the chief men in the State he felt that conformity to the laws should be delayed no longer. Accordingly, the necessary legal formalities were duly complied with, and the previous ceremony supplemented by a civil one. Unfortunately, in so doing, Crispi had furnished his enemies with a weapon which they were not slow to

turn against him. The exact nature of his relations with Rosalie Montmasson were known only to one or two. It was supposed that the ceremony at Malta constituted a legal marriage, and on this foundation a charge of bigamy was built up against the new minister. Popular feeling rose indignantly at this grave scandal. Crispi found the sweets of power, gained through such years of struggle, turning to ashes in his mouth. His political career seemed ended just as it had begun to open before him. Resolved to quit public life for ever, he sent in his resignation, and turned to face the legal proceedings commenced against him. "Italy," he wrote bitterly to a friend, "has few men capable of serving her; she does not know how to protect them against the attacks of the envious and mediocre, who themselves never give offence to anyone." After two months' investigation, the civil correctional tribunal at Naples delivered judgment, and fully sustained Giorgio Tamajo's estimate of the value of the ceremony of 1854. It found that no legal matrimonial engagement had taken place, and ordered the proceedings for bigamy to be stayed. Crispi was free to return to his old life. But though he might appear once more in the Chamber, he could not take up again the thread of his career exactly where he had dropped it. The injury done him by the schemes of his enemies was of too far-reaching a character to be so easily disposed of. Another man would have shrunk from facing a public sentiment so hostile, and seen, in his sixty years, a valid reason for retiring from the struggle. Not so Crispi! With the same dogged resolution with which he had in previous years set himself to regain a position at the Bar, he now applied himself to the recovery of his lost popularity. Resuming his prominent place in the parliamentary debates, he asserted himself with the defiant arrogance to be expected from his nature and situation. "Go, sit with the Right," cried an indignant deputy to him one day, after he had been venting his spleen against the Left for their desertion of him. "Your cries matter little to me," was the retort, "I know what place befits me. I shall take it when I please. Let you try and do as much." The stormy scenes reached a climax at last, and Crispi sent in his resignation as deputy. "If the ministry," he explained, "share in the ideas of the Left, they can carry them into execution without me; if they do not share in them, all my enemies will declare me the sole obstacle to the regular march of government." Italy is the land of wonders; she has enriched the world with countless treasures; she has even given it a sensitive politician. To the British mind there is something singularly attractive in this mode of facing a charge of obstruction. What delightful simplicity would be

ported into parliamentary warfare if a similar sensibility might be counted upon to pervade all sections of politicians alike ! But "let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." In Crispi's case, however, his extreme sensibility carried him further. Having dictated his resignation, it straightway insisted on its reconsideration as soon as a flattering vote of the Chamber had suggested the advisability of such a step. To be accessible to external influences is surely the first duty of the democrat. Though so acute, his dread of a charge of obstruction did not prevent Crispi from forming one of the Pentarchia—a coalition of the various "caves" of the Left but feebly held together by their common object, the overthrow of Deprétis. The minister, however, declined to be overthrown ; and before long Crispi's natural independence carried him away from "the council of generals without soldiers." Gradually he found himself regaining his lost popularity. In 1885 he was chosen, in his professional capacity, to represent Italian interests before the Court of Aix in a case of international importance. A year later, after the Italian defeat at Dogali, the country turned to him, as it had turned twenty years before, and demanded that he should be summoned to the counsels of the King. Once again royal prejudices stood in the way ; and once again royal prejudices were forced to yield to the inexorable necessities of the situation. Humbert I. found himself, as his father had done before him, unable to ignore any longer the claims of the old ex-Mazzinist. The year 1887 saw Crispi included once more in the ministry. In the struggle with fortune, ability and perseverance had scored one more victory !

III.

Twenty-six years after his first entrance into parliamentary life, and ten years after his political career had seemed irretrievably ruined, Crispi had re-established himself in the front rank. It might perhaps have been imagined that he would have declined to serve under a chief whom he had himself, not many years before, accused of "living on hypocrisy and lies" and "perpetually increasing the number of his courtiers by favours and corruption." But Irish patriots must not expect to command a monopoly of the waters of Lethe, and the value of political hostilities or friendships may be discovered even without the assistance of manifestos and Committee Room No. 15. Three months after Crispi's entrance into the Cabinet, Deprétis died : Crispi stepped into the vacant leadership. Since then he has been regarded as the man for the situation, and, till his recent

fail, held the helm of power practically without intermission. At the outset of his ministerial career he was threatened by a serious danger in the hostility of his royal master. Humbert I. shared his father's dislike of the ex-republican. On one occasion matters nearly came to a crisis between them. In his official capacity, Crispi received an invitation to dinner at the Quirinal. The wives of the other ministers were included in their husbands' honours; but Madame Crispi was passed over unnoticed. Blazing with rage at this insult he sought the royal secretary. "Tell her Majesty, that if amends are not made to Madame Crispi by this evening, within forty-eight hours a republic is proclaimed in Italy"—a very foolish speech if a mere empty threat, a very wicked one if not. But it had the desired effect; the King interposed, and royal prudery gave way to political exigencies. It was not likely that the disfavour with which the Court regarded him would be diminished by this little incident. He set himself to remove it, and looked around for an ally whose good opinion would assure his position against all the schemes of his enemies. In the favour of Bismarck he saw the means of perpetuating his power. At an interview with the German Chancellor at Varzin for the purpose of effecting some alterations in the terms of the Triple Alliance, so skilfully did he play upon the weaknesses of his fellow-statesman, that the grim absolutist resolved to cast the ægis of his protection before the path of the old ex-Mazzinist. Henceforth Crispi had nothing to fear from the Italian Court.

As a necessary consequence of his German friendship, Crispi has often been accused of Gallophobism; but if we are to judge, not merely from his public utterances, but from the far more weighty testimony of his private letters, this charge is as unfounded as many others from which he has suffered. In 1881, when public feeling in Italy was much excited against France owing to her occupation of Tunis, Crispi alone had the courage to openly declare that "France had done much for Italy." A few months later, in a letter to a friend, "I am opposed," he wrote, "to everything which might seem offensive to our neighbours, and my chief desire is to see Italy maintaining the best relations with them. I keep far from my spirit all thought of a war of offence. I would wish Italy to confine herself within her frontiers, busy herself with her own affairs, and become an element of peace for Europe." Nor have his sentiments changed in the course of years. In 1887 he could write to the same friend, "I love all peoples as I love all men. I feel for them neither hate, nor resentment, nor need of revenge either in my private or my public character." Since at the time of penning these letters Crispi could have

had no reason to expect that they would ever see the daylight of publicity, their language merits no small amount of attention when we seek to discover the real feelings of the Italian ex-premier towards France. In our own foreign politics, Crispi has occupied a less conspicuous place than in those of our neighbours ; but he has not forgotten that, when all other countries rejected him, he found with us an asylum. Of the value of England's friendship he is fully sensible, and it is worthy of note that when, in 1882, Mr. Gladstone invited the assistance of Italy in an Egyptian settlement, he exerted himself to the utmost, though in vain, to bring his countrymen to appreciate the advantages which could be derived from such a step.

In these days of interviewers and reminiscences, the private life of any personage is apt to procure more attention than the public, and to close a sketch of any individual without some details of the manner in which he disposes of his twenty-four hours would be to rob curiosity of its choicest morsels. For the power which his position conferred on him Crispi cares a great deal ; for its ceremonies and honours he cares but little. In the midst of his own family circle he finds the calm pleasures which his stormy past has earned so hardly. All his life he has been dominated by a passion for hard work, and has seemed to draw from ceaseless activity an almost inexhaustible supply of health. Latterly, however, he has been forced to recognise the stealthy hand of time, and has suffered from gout and other disorders. Nevertheless, he still rises at six in the morning, occupies two hours over his toilette, and works with his private secretaries from eight to ten, when he breakfasts with his family. Even then, however, his work follows him, and the intervals of conversation are given over to an examination of the morning's telegrams. Breakfast over, he adjourns to his study for the day's labours, which engage him till the cool of the evening, when he drives out with his daughter. At seven he dines, and half-an-hour's after-dinner nap ushers the way to a social reunion, in which Crispi is never tired of telling those who care to hear it the story of his Sicilian experiences. At ten he retires to his work, and remains invisible for the rest of the night.

In the domain of thought, as in that of politics, Crispi has ranged himself under the banner of liberty. To himself the ceremonies of religion offer little that is attractive ; but his family enjoy perfect freedom in following the dictates of their convictions. On the burning problem of the Papacy he has adopted the position *most thoroughly* in keeping with Liberal principles, and there-

fore the most difficult in the present state of the question. "We shall protect worship in its different forms," he declared at Palermo in 1883, "because we deem that a society cannot exist without religion." But he distinguishes very decidedly the temporal from the spiritual power. "It would be a mistake," he continued, "after having made Rome our capital, after having reduced the Pope's temporal power to merely his sacerdotal functions, to allow it to be re-established under another name. . . . Since 1870 the Pope is no longer a temporal sovereign, but only the supreme chief of the spiritual authority of the Church." That eventually, as education spreads and time heals the wounds not yet closed, the solution of the difficulty will be in the direction here pointed out by Crispi can hardly be doubted; but he can scarcely hope to see it. On October 4 he entered on his seventy-second year. His long public career has brought him the keenest pleasure possible to statesmen, and yet one more usually enjoyed by their children and grandchildren than by the statesmen themselves. He has had the satisfaction of witnessing the steady diffusion, and in many cases final victory, of the principles which he has persistently advocated ever since his entrance into the Chamber. When, two years ago, Mr. Gladstone visited Italy he found there "a free press, free speech, free worship, and freedom of person, with every sign of a vigorous municipal life replacing the stagnant uniformity of a despotism both local and central." It is thus that Francesco Crispi has written his individuality across the life of his country.

H. J. ALLEN.

A VILLAGE OBITUARY.

WHEN a man of wealth or the holder of a distinguished name shuffles off this mortal coil obituary paragraphs regarding him are inserted in the newspapers, and the public is supposed to take an interest in the facts of his life. Yet most frequently it happens that these recorded facts, displayed to their utmost advantage, appear no more than the tritest array of commonplaces, the truth being that the wealth itself and the social position which gave the dead man a claim to regard have raised him above exactly those troubles and vicissitudes which make a life interesting. The history of the family in the castle, it is true, probably contains interest enough if one goes sufficiently far back for it, back to the days of its early risks and struggles and first emergence from obscurity. But under every second thatch-roof of the village in the glen below, the elements of romance lie closer to hand. There the real tragedy and comedy of life are being acted at the present hour. The folk live closer to hope and fear; their paths are less safe-guarded and secure; and a step aside either way is enough to alter the aspect, perhaps to bring about the catastrophe, of a life. Only a little patience is needed in most cases to discover dramatic point, frequently strange and thrilling enough, in the life-history of each individual. In such a spot every gable-end, hedge-nook, and turn of a wall has its story, one presently begins to find out. To the grey-beards of the village, it appears, hardly a dyke-corner or a coppice-end is without its pregnant memory, so many are the tellable events which accumulate in a quiet backwater of life even within the recollection of a single generation. An illustration of this fact is seen in the passage in "Tam o' Shanter" in which every bush-clump, ford, and heap of stones passed by the homeward-galloping roysterer is made to bring to mind a weird story. Frequently all that remains to chronicle the long tragedy of a life-time is some such mute monument; and a curious and true light upon the virtues and vices of humble life is thrown sometimes by its deciphering.

A memorial of this sort, overlooking the lochside strath which once belonged to his race, is all that is left now of old John C—.

His cottage stood too near to a pheasant covert to be trusted to unknown tenants ; hardly therefore had the old man been laid to rest in the quiet kirkyard of the parish when the laird of the surrounding estate got the small freehold into his own hands, and now all that remains of the little thatched dwelling is a scattered heap of stones. A humble enough little dwelling it was ; no more than a "but and ben," with a diminutive bedroom which had once been a milk house, and a narrow byre for the keeping of a cow. But there was a pathetic interest about it, memories of quiet love and sorrow, the associations of patient years ; and it is difficult to look now upon the desolate spot without a vague feeling of regret. The scattered stones themselves are eloquent with memories. Was not every one of them carried up from the bed of the burn below by John himself, sixty odd years ago, when he was building the cottage for his home ? A labour of delight it was, with a tender thought in every lift ; for, when the cosy nest should be finished, was he not to bring hither a certain gentle sweetheart, a maid at mention of whom the old men of the village shake their heads thoughtfully yet ? Often, they say, she came here shyly and watched him at his work. The spot is secluded and hidden from prying eyes. Long quiet talks, like the happy twitterings of the nesting blackbirds in the coppice near, there must have been between the two over the house-building. What were the words of their talk ? As well ask what the blackbirds' happy twitterings are about as the nest-making goes forward so busily under the spruce-branches. Day after day the work grew, and day after day she came and watched its progress, till the nook already, that pleasant May-time sixty years ago, must have grown full of memories for them. In the evening, it is still remembered, they used to go away together down the field-path, under the high beech hedges and through the yellow-flowering whin, to the village, where her people lived ; and lover-like enough they seemed, and loth to part, as the gloaming deepened and their steps grew slower together at the foot of the hill. Yet she did not marry him after all.

The story is unforgotten yet in the village, and the other day, when the old man was buried, among the little knots of people coming home from the kirkyard it was spoken about once more.

The cottage had just been finished ; the last sheaf of thatch had been laid on and trimmed, and John was seeing after the necessary furniture to put inside, and digging the well, when an eastern epidemic, like a destroying angel, passed over the face of the country. The cities, with their evil atmosphere and jaded population, naturally

suffered most, but the rural districts were not exempt, and of those who succumbed in the neighbourhood here were John's grandfather and his two uncles. The grandfather had been something of a miser and curmudgeon, living like the meanest hind, and grudging every farthing he was forced to spend ; but he was come of an ancient yeoman stock, who had held property in the place for centuries, and by his death and that of his two eldest sons John suddenly found himself the representative of his family and master of some two thousand acres of the best land in the parish. A strange turn of fortune for the humble cottage-builder, and one to make searching proof of his qualities. Alas ! of the demands of his new position only one was made, and that was at once crucial and fatal.

A decent interval for mourning had been allowed to elapse, and the new heir, making suitable provision for the rest of his family, was about to enter on possession of the roomy farmhouse, which had been the residence of the old laird, and to install there as mistress his gentle betrothed, when a tragic circumstance occurred. It was a quiet Saturday night. John and his future bride had wandered in the still of the evening for an hour together among the fields, and as the dusk fell and the stars were coming out he had "seen" her home. He was lingering in his mother's doorway, loth to enter while the spell of the night was still upon him, when suddenly, turning into the cottage garden from the road below, appeared his brother Robert.

The two brothers had always presented a contrast. Much slighter in build, in place of the blue eyes and warm brown skin of his elder brother, Robert was pale of complexion and had eyes of jet black. Taking by inclination to the smartness and diplomacy of city life, he had within the last few months, by his brother's newly-acquired influence, become accountant of a bank in town. Since then his graphic accounts of the reliance placed upon him by his superiors had impressed the village with a general idea that he was on the high-road to success. This, with the general air of man of the world which he affected, and a reputation (which he did not discourage) for being looked on with favour by the other sex, had got him among the folk of the countryside the name of "the King"—"King C——." But this night, as he came up the garden walk, his accustomed air of sprightliness was gone. He was like a fine bird with draggled feathers ; his shoulders were bent like those of an old man, and it was apparent that something was wrong. Some of the villagers had met him on the road, and had noticed thus much ; but this was all that they knew.

Nothing was ever told of the scene by the fireside in the little

wayside cottage that night—of the miserable confession which there must have been, the horror and fear as the full extent and consequence of the misdeed became known. Never a word was spoken on the subject by one of the family, and the matter was too painful to be made the topic of curious inquiry. It leaked out only long afterwards from other sources, as these things are apt to do, that the young man had committed a crime which placed him in danger of his life. It was a startling story which must have been revealed to the little family circle of simple folk. A considerable speculation in which "the King's" confident *savoir faire* had involved him had turned out disastrous. To give himself time to recover the losses made, to "turn round," as he himself put it, he had signed bills for a large amount. The later ventures into which he had plunged had proved equally disastrous; the money was, every penny, irretrievably lost, and now the bills were coming due, and the names upon them—the miserable secret had to come out—the names upon the bills were *forged*.

Here was one of the cases in which tragedy, like some evil monster, may suddenly rise under the shining surface of life: may come so near as to make the flesh creep and the heart stop, and yet pass away without the world hearing a sound or seeing a twitch of the nerves of the threatened victim. No word, as has been said, of the scene round the cottage hearth that night was ever spoken outside; but as one after another, in crushing succession, the fatal bills came due they were punctually met and paid, till the last weight was cleared off, the last bit of incriminating paper destroyed, and the guilty one breathed free. The incident made little difference after all to him, though naturally he did not return to his situation at the bank. But John never entered upon the occupation of his broad inheritance. The cottage he had built, he said, would be enough for him after all. It had been sufficient for the ambition of his betrothed and himself before greater fortune came to them, and they would be no less happy there together now.

But even this dream of modest happiness was not destined to come true.

After the release from his terrible predicament "the King" did not at once go away. He remained about the village apparently without either plans or spirit; and it was noticed at first that he wore something of a furtive and dejected air. Very soon, however, as he found that the village folk knew nothing definite regarding his escapade, and as the thought of it, which had never oppressed him greatly apart from the bodily risk involved, became easier to get rid

of he began to hold up his head again, and to resume the old lordly airs which had got him his soubriquet. In his brother's presence only did he remain silent and humble. At all other times, to judge from his air and talk, it might have been supposed that he was the one who had conferred a favour.

"A good enough fellow, my brother John," he would say, indulgently, in *propos* of some reference in the inn parlour, as he treated his friends liberally upon his brother's money, "but, you see, he knows nothing about the world and the methods of managing affairs." And thus the idea grew among the neighbours that, in some unknown manner, "the King" had generously immolated himself for the sake of his family.

Amongst those who became vaguely impressed with this idea was, unfortunately, John's sweetheart herself. In his desire to save "the King's" good name, the elder brother had made the fatal mistake of withholding from his betrothed the cause of his parting with his inheritance. This withholding of confidence, though unconsciously perhaps on both their parts, doubtless formed the first firm of estrangement between them. Then another thing was noticed by the villagers, and duly commented on, though, gossip-like, nothing was said to the man most closely concerned. During the day his work as a dyke-builder frequently took John C—— to distant parts of the parish, and, eager now to make up to some extent to his promised wife the loss he had been compelled to inflict on her, he wrought vigorously early and late, not sparing himself time even to return for the midday meal.

During these long summer hours, however, "the King" had nothing to occupy his time. He might have turned his hand to some work, it is true: many things might have been done in the garden, and even dyke-building itself is not an art that needs a long apprenticeship. But for occupation of such sort he had a strong distaste and something of contempt, which he hardly took pains to conceal. He loitered about the village instead, and presently, it began to be noticed, took to supplying his brother's absence at the cottage of his betrothed. First he took to loitering about the garden there with the girl's father, then the loitering was done with the girl herself, his position as her future brother-in-law helping greatly, no doubt, the familiarity of their intercourse. He was likely to be an interesting companion for a country girl; he knew all about the theatres and the artists' studios in town, and could describe very cleverly how fortunes were to be made on the Stock Exchange.

And thus time ran on, and "the King" had been at home idle for some four months.

At last, one night he informed his brother that he had made up his mind to go to America, and begin afresh there. Could John lend him enough to pay his passage across, and give him a fair start on the other side?

It was a severe tax to propose on the eve of a brother's marriage, especially as the character of "loan" was too probably, like many similar transactions which had gone before, more figment than reality. Nevertheless, out of the last of John's fortune the money was provided, and "the King" went off to secure his passage.

On the night before sailing he returned to the village to bid his friends good-bye. Particularly lordly and gay in spirit he appeared, it was afterwards remembered, as he went about in his smart new clothes, talking of the great things he was going to do "across the little mill-pond, you know." He did not bid his family good-bye that night. He would not require to start before morning, and they would "see him off" then. But in the morning, when they got up, it was found that "the King" had already gone. The worst deed, too, because the most treacherous, of his life, had still to be discovered. It was found that in leaving the village he had not gone alone.

When told that his betrothed had fled, and with whom, John's face and lips, they say, became grey as ashes. He turned from his informant without a word, busied himself about the work he was engaged on till it was finished, and, having settled his affairs, was on the way to New York by the packet following that in which the fugitives had sailed.

Travelling was in those days by no means so rapid as it has now become, but one might be expected to make the return journey to America within three months. It was three years, however, before John C—— was seen again. When he did come back to the village, it was as another man. Trouble had written deep lines upon his face, and there was a graver tenderness than before in the steady look of his eyes. The days of his youth, it could be seen, were over; the flower of his life had been torn up by the roots, and would blossom no more. Scenes like that which must have occurred when the brothers came face to face again in the far west, with the knowledge of the truth between them, in the presence of the girl so fatally ignorant of it, do not leave even the strongest heart unscathed. In a faded letter found among John's papers after his death, there was a reference to one terrible scene in which the truth had at last accidentally come to

light, and John's deluded betrothed had at last suddenly become aware of her fatal mistake and of the real character of the brother she had preferred. But all the story of that miserable time never was known. Seldom afterwards could the chief actor in it be induced to speak of his American journey, and never of the matter which had occupied him when away. It was only through other channels that one or two of the facts came to light. First of all, it appeared, he had made certain that his former sweetheart had been actually married by the somewhat slippery "King"; afterwards he had employed his remaining means in seeing the two fairly established in life. The greater part, however, of the three years of his absence was never accounted for.

And now he was home again, a lonely man and poor, for his mother had died meanwhile, and of all the great estate which had once been his there was nothing left but the humble cottage he had built with his own hands. There he took up his abode, and there as the years came and went he lived on, a quiet, almost a recluse's life. It was not that he might not have married had he so desired. There was more than one comely lass in the district whose eyes turned with interest upon the grave blond bearded man as he passed, and who would have been willing enough, so it was said, to fill the empty place at his hearth. But he was attracted by none of them, and the years went by, and gradually he became an old man. One little foible grew up in his mind in his latter days—one thing that came to him out of the wreck of his inheritance. His race had been holders of land in the parish time out of mind: it is said indeed that they could trace their descent back to the younger branch of a noble house. In this fact he came to take a certain fixed though silent pride, and in order to make sure that the name should not cease to be represented, that quite the whole of their ancient possessions should not pass away from the race, he left by will his cottage and the little piece of ground around it to his eldest nephew, the eldest son of the lost sweetheart of his youth. Tragedy, however, seemed to attend this purpose as it had attended the rest of his life. The old man was not a month dead when the little place was sold by its new possessor, and presently all that was left to mark the scene of a long life's memories was a heap of shapeless stones.

Well was it that the old man was spared the knowledge of the indignity that was to come. His last years were probably happy enough, haunted though they were by the memory of an old r. Few would have guessed that the octogenarian going quiet in his later days, with a kindly word always to answer the



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the country folk and a gentle smile for the children, had such a story in the background, such a chequering of sunshine and shadow, or tragic love, hope, changed fortunes, and disappointment. Yet his was only one life among many, and its episodes are only typical of the story which lies everywhere behind apparently commonplace existence—the simple-seeming existence even of a far-off Highland village. This it is which makes the poetry and the pathos and the meaning of rural life to those who have eyes to see and hearts to imagine.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

IN these few pages I propose from month to month to express, as briefly and as directly as may be, my own personal opinions with regard to the drama of the day. I emphatically hold, with M. Lemaitre, that all criticism must be in the main the expression of the personal opinion of the writer. It is, in fact, that personal opinion which gives any criticism its vitality its truth. To me, as a student of the drama for many years and in many parts of the world, the present position of the English stage offers aspects of very special and of very peculiar interest. It seems as if our drama were passing through a crisis which might end in its taking the place which it ought by its traditions to hold on the stage of the world. Under these circumstances some value may attach to the notes of one whose life has been largely devoted to the service of the drama as a student, as a critic, and as a worker.

Since the year began one play has undoubtedly taken a very commanding place in public attention. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Dancing Girl" will almost certainly be the principal play of the season: it will probably be the principal play of the year. It was talked about in theatrical regions long before it appeared. its appearance created almost as much stir in London as the production of a new piece by either Dumas or Sardou. Since the first night it has created more attention and aroused more discussion than any play produced within the last few years. It has been hailed, by some, as the example of a new school, as the first-fruit of newer and freer theories of art than those which have hitherto swayed our stage. For myself I must say—and I trust that Mr. Jones will consider the statement to be as complimentary as I intend to make it—that I regard the "Dancing-Girl," as I regarded "Judah," as a very distinct and decided proof of the growing influence of Henrik Ibsen in this country. Mr. Jones is, as we all know, an old student of Ibsen. In the early days of his dramatic career he put upon the stage a version of "The Doll's Home," which I much regret that I never saw. Such an attempt might well have its influence upon a

author's method ; I think the effect is to be traced through "Wealth" into the "Middleman," from the "Middleman" to "Judah," and from "Judah" to the "Dancing-Girl." The "Dancing-Girl" is a curious blend of many contrasting elements. It is very modern, and yet there are very old-fashioned things in it. It is at once very realistic and very unreal. It is *fin de siècle* the phrase must be used—and "Up to Date"—the phrase may be used—and yet it has episodes that must have been venerable stage business when Thespis drove his cart afield. If the worship of the "Dancing-Girl" is, as I have said elsewhere, eminently "actual," nothing could be more old-fashioned than the solemn imprecations which the Quaker father hurls at his degenerate daughter in the ducal halls, and nothing less actual than the way in which Mr. Jones allows his Beautiful Pagan to be impressed by those imprecations. Such a *fille de rire et de blasphème* as Drusilla would have been as little perturbed by the father's fury as by the Duke's ruin. She might possibly have derived some thrills of sensation at the scene ; it would have been to her like the colour of a dress or the taste of a dish—a sensation, nothing more.

There is another piece of Drusilla Ives's conduct which I confess puzzles me—that is, her refusal of the Duke's offer of marriage in the second act. It was, of course, very tempting to the dramatist to reproduce the situation of the first act with the parts reversed, and to make the Dancing Girl contemptuously decline the Duke's hand in the very words which he had used to her. Very tempting to do—and very effective in the doing ; but is it what Drusilla Ives would have done, what the Beautiful Pagan would have done, what a dancing-girl, what *the* Dancing-Girl would have done? This is the point that a realistic dramatist like Mr. Jones is bound to consider. This is a point that must be considered in any serious consideration of the "Dancing Girl" as a realistic play. And, honestly, I cannot conceive that the Dancing-Girl would have acted in this regard as Mr. Jones has made her act. It would, of course, be exquisitely pleasurable to a piqued woman to be able, in a measure, to turn the tables upon a lover who had refused her, by refusing him. But the game was not equal. the retaliation is in no sense complete. Drusilla's real revenge, as Drusilla was quite clever enough to see, would have been to accept the Duke's offer. For a duke, even in reduced circumstances, to be rejected by a dancing-girl, would not, in the eyes of the world, as it is in the eyes of the Lady Bawtrys or Lady Pope-Roaches and all the rest of them, be a calamity or a humiliation. The girl would have everything to gain, the Duke—even a "blackguard duke" of the 7th—
every-

thing to lose by the business. Drusilla Ives, once made Duchess of Guisebury, would have the game in her hands, and the world, *her* world, at her feet. True, the Duke had also the misfortune to be a beggar, but that would not have counted for much in the calculations of the Beautiful Pagan. A duchess is a duchess, and a dancing-girl who can wear a ducal coronet with the Bacchic ivy-leaves would be very well able to command all the things that the heart of Drusilla Ives most desired. Think what an engagement Mr. Sheriff Harris would offer her—think how the name of the Duchess of Guisebury would look on a bill—think of the terms she could command in America and in the Antipodes! It might be all very well for the Duke to talk of retirement in some little continental town, but the dancing-girl duchess could laugh in his face at the church door and tell him that she had a better use for her fire-new title than to hide it and her beauty and her youth in a dingy continental town. This red flower of modern paganism, this exquisite soulless creature, stirred by a hunger and thirst for all the beauty and the joy and the riches that the world can give, is not the woman to refuse a duke for a reason which is almost heroic, when by accepting him she can at the same time avenge her old wrong and make her future triumph more splendidly secure.

It must be admitted that the last act is gravely disappointing. It is, to begin with, absolutely unnecessary. It is not necessary to declare oneself an advocate of the unfinished in art, or to demand that a play ending like one of Mr. Henry James's novels in a fragmentary conversation on a doorstep, is the ideal of dramatic construction. But surely there may be an unnecessary finality in a drama, and the last act of Mr. Jones's play is an example of unnecessary finality. When that animated, exciting act, so brilliant in colour, so full of human life and human passion and human pitcousness, drifts into the shadow of death, when the guests have fled, the great hall deserted, when silence and darkness succeed to noise and light, when the self doomed Duke, turning to face the "Great Perhaps," finds his hand stayed by the touch of the white girl's hand, then surely the play is at an end. What on earth can anyone want more? We know that the Duke will not commit suicide, we feel convinced that he will marry his lane fairy, that he will "forswear sack and live cleanly," and build the breakwater, and possibly beget an heir to his title. What need have we of a whole act to tell us this, to kill off the dancing-girl according to the canons of poetic justice, to show the Duke's friend successfully set free from Miss Pope-Roach, and the young engineer successfully tied to his Quaker lass? It seems to me to be a blunder, an anti-

climax, a serious defect in a most powerful, most impressive, most attractive play.

For when all this is said, when every objection can be raised—and after all, what higher tribute can be paid to a play than to consider it worthy of the most serious critical consideration one has to give—"The Dancing-Girl" remains, what I have called it, a most powerful, most impressive, most attractive play. It is a dramatic event, it is also a literary event—things not always inseparable. It marks an advance, it sets an example, it animates and encourages. Of course it is exceptionally fortunate in the conditions under which it is produced. Probably nobody else could have played the Duke of Guisebury as Mr. Tree plays him; could have given a study of the "blackguard duke" at once so delicate and so strong, that Guisebury becomes not merely a possibility but a certainty in his hands. A little exaggeration is essential to such a study, but exaggeration one way would have lowered the Duke at moments to the level of the "penny dreadful"; the other way, and the right way, it is as dexterous as one of Spy's cartoons in "Vanity Fair." Next to Mr. Tree among the men comes Mr. Kerr, with his admirable conception of the Duke's friend, so wholly conceived, so perfectly balanced that it is a pleasure to see and a pleasure to think of after having seen it. I used to consider Noblet's study of the *viveur* in "Paris Fin de Siècle" the best thing of its kind I had ever seen, but I am glad to find, for the honour of our English stage, that Mr. Kerr can meet him, and beat him on his own ground.

Miss Norreys's Sibyl Creke is one of the most successful creations of this fantastical, clever young actress. It is an exceedingly difficult part to play, and less happily rendered might hardly prove sympathetic. But Miss Norreys makes it sympathetic in the highest degree; she has interpreted her author with a marvellous subtlety which, by lending what one might call a supernatural element, a metaphysical element in the old sense of the word metaphysical—makes even the improbability of her appearance on the dim staircase in time to stay the Duke's hand seem the most natural, the most inevitable thing in the world. But as to the dancing-girl herself, as to Drusilla Ives? Well, Miss Neilson is an exceedingly clever actress, rarely gifted by nature. So far as Mr. Jones's heroine is the Beautiful Pagan, she can play the part to perfection. She is beautiful enough, and pagan enough, to satisfy Mr. Pater himself. But a dancing-girl she is not, not for one moment, as it seems to me. From the time when she essays to show her shadow-dance to the Duke in the first act, to the time when she

rushes from the ball-room in the third, there is nothing in her carriage, in her manner, in her movements which suggests a creature to whom dancing is the best thing in the world, a creature who joys as much in her own delight in delicate motion as in the knowledge of the delight she gives to others. There are dancing-girls and dancing-girls, of course, but in the sense which Mr. Jones surely means, whose dancing-girl should be the very incarnation of the race, Miss Neilson is not a dancing-girl. A dancing-girl who never dances, who never really suggests dancing, is surely misnamed.

To talk of dancing-girls at once suggests the temple of the dancing-girl in London, the Gaiety Theatre, where "Carmen up to Date" has just come into its revised edition, and continues to delight unwearied admirers, some of whom, I am told, come again and again and find undiminished entertainment in the humour of Mr. Lonnon, the songs of Miss St. John, and above all, in the dancing of Miss Letty Lind and Miss Silvia Grey. Miss Ellen Terry is taking lessons, as the newspapers have told us, from Miss Silvia Grey. Why should not Miss Neilson follow her example, and turn to the dancing-girls of the Gaiety for inspiration in that particular part of her rôle? Everyone has heard with great regret of Miss Neilson's illness; everyone looks forward to welcoming her back to the Haymarket stage. But when she does return she will certainly do well to put more of the dancing spirit of the dancing-girl into her impersonation of Drusilla Ives. Half an hour's study of Miss Letty Lind would show her what I mean, and would help her to perfect her part. As it was, there was nothing in it to suggest to anyone who did not know the name of the piece—any foreigner, for example, unacquainted with English—that the Duke's enchanting mistress was a dancing-girl at all. We have no Eastern dancing-girls, unhappily, in London just now. But it has been recently contended, as I think correctly, that the Gaiety dancing is the outcome of the influence of the East upon England, and if Miss Neilson is wise she will study its dancers.

I can only compliment Mr. Jerome K. Jerome on "Woodbarrow Farm." I did not see it when it was originally produced some years ago, and when, on the first night, the curtain fell on the first act, I felt almost sorry that I had come to see it at all. Not because I did not like it, but because I did like it. It had somehow dexterously caught the charm of the country life which has such an indefinable, hopeless attraction for the confirmed victim of what Stevenson calls the "servile life of cities," and the charm is very disquieting. I *sighed* for a possible "Tusculum, sweet Tusculum" in some kindly

English county. I felt a certain personal delight when the rash country lad returned to his farm and his flower-clustered windows and his pretty country lass. There are defects in "Woodbarrow Farm." There are defects in most plays. The hero is not a very consistently-conceived character, and much of the construction of the piece might be described—I certainly do not say condemned—as old-fashioned. But it remains, when all is said and done, an interesting play, with a great many strong dramatic situations. Much of it is well written. Much of it is very well played. Mr. Thorn gives an excellent study of a gentleman's gentleman. Mr. Bernard Gould plays the country lad admirably, and, as usual, his acting raises an interesting question. The young actor is also a young artist: the Gould of the stage is the Partridge of the illustrated press: which is in the end to predominate? It is given to few men to practise two arts with success. Any great art demands the single service of a lifetime. In most cases, when the double work is attempted, the adventurer excels in neither art. Perhaps Mr. Gould may prove an exception.

Some other performances demand brief notice. There was an afternoon performance of Ibsen's "Doll's House" given at Terry's Theatre, which attracted the attention that anything by Ibsen does, happily, attract just now in London. As a close student of Ibsen's work, and a great admirer, I was grateful to anyone who made a serious attempt to put Ibsen on our stage. But I was disappointed with Miss Marie Frazer's Nora. It is a terribly difficult part to play, and it is hardly fair to criticise it by a single performance. At the Strand Theatre Mr. Burnand's "Private Inquiry" has given way for a revival of "Turned Up," a piece which is little more than a mere pantomime really, but which is exceedingly amusing, and affords Mr. Edouin all the opportunities he desires for making his audience laugh. But I wished the piece gave a better opportunity for the talent of Miss May Whitty, one of the most promising young actresses that we have. Her Marjorie in "Our Flat" was cast in the best mould of comedy, and she deserves a better chance than Strand farce can afford her. Mr. Norman Forbes's venture at the Globe was chiefly noticeable for the dainty dancing of Miss Lily Linfield. "Joan of Arc" at the Opera Comique is a delightful Variety Show; "Maid Marian" at the Prince of Wales's is a very pretty sylvan opera, from Chicago of all places in the world. The attempt to stage Monte Cristo to the show at the Avenue was not successful. Indeed, it was scarcely possible that it should be. An epic in a nutshell is not seriously feasible.

THE DYING KNIGHT.

THE day of sorrow, death, defeat is o'er,
 Closed ere the sinking of the blood-red sun.
 The fierce, fell rage of battle throbs no more,
 And my last fight is sadly lost and won.
 The slowly waning moon sheds fitful light
 On the drear field of battle, heaped with dead—
 On idle armour and the wreck of fight,
 On broken swords, their brightness dull and red.
 Alone, alone I die on this wide heath,
 No help, no hope ; and yet I die content.
 The stiff blood freezes o'er my wound of death :
 But for the Cause my life is gladly spent ;
 For King and Country, all my wounds in front,
 Gladly and proudly give I youth and life.
 Well have I borne me in the battle's brunt ;
 Not without honour fall I in the strife.
 And so, my heart,
 No moan, no idle moan.
 I've played a manly part,
 And I must die alone.
 Farewell, farewell,
 Farewell to life—and love !

And yet, and yet, between me and the skies
 There swims one thought that lends to death a pang :
 They haunt me now, those dear and tender eyes—
 Eyes which I loved as knight, as minstrel sang.
 Thou should'st have hailed thy warrior's proud return,
 Thou should'st have welcomed back thy victor knight ;
 Now must thou mourn above the funeral urn
 Of thy lost lover—dying thus to-night.
 Oh, lady, dear ! so loved, my young heart's queen !
 Love yields to Death the joys that might have been.
 Could I but see her, hear that voice's tone
 For the last time, it were such tender bliss !
 In vain, in vain ! for I must die alone,
 No word from her, no touch, no last long kiss !
 Farewell, farewell,
 Farewell to life and love !
 Dearest, we two must meet
 There, there, above.
 Farewell ! Farewell !

TABLE TALK.

THE JEWS IN EUROPE.

FEW things are more remarkable than the manner in which, for centuries, history has repeated itself with regard to fanatical outbreaks against the Jews. Before the destruction of Jerusalem the Jews were one of the most widely dispersed of peoples. Strabo, writing in the time of Christ, points out that not a spot in the world existed which did not afford shelter to Jews and was not in their power; and thousands of Jews were slaughtered as enemies of gods and men in various parts of the world at the period of the Roman conquest of Jerusalem. Dr. Dollinger, from whose paper, read in 1881 at the festal meeting of the Academy of Munich, I take these particulars, declares the fate of the Jewish people to be perhaps "the most moving drama in the history of the world." Origen and the early Fathers regarded the Jews as brethren who had gone astray and would return, and the persecution did not begin until Christianity became the religion of the State in Rome. In 612 compulsory conversion was imposed upon them in the Frankish kingdom. The Crusades began with the massacre and pillage of the Jews, and the Kingdom of Jerusalem was established with the burning of the synagogues and the worshippers therein. In Spain under the Moors the Jews underwent the most liberal treatment. To them the New Light of Spain was largely attributable. Their sufferings, however, under the Catholic monarchs and the Inquisition were the most fearful of all. Italy has an honourable immunity from the persecution of the Jews. During nearly a thousand years accordingly, says Dr. Dollinger,¹ "the outward history of the Jews is a concatenation of refined oppression, of degrading and demoralising torture, of coercion and persecution, of wholesale massacre and of alternate banishment and recall." For, curiously enough, those who expelled the Jews found themselves unable to do without them. In 1352 Ludwig the Brandenburger invited them to settle free of taxation, because, since the great massacre of 1348, there "prevails a scarcity of money amongst rich and poor throughout our land." The belief in the atrocities they were supposed to commit was doubtless common. The charge of usury, of sucking the life-blood of the Christians, was a no less potent cause. The accusation, Dr. Dollinger says, "without being untrue

¹ *Studies in European History.* John Murray.

was unjust." To this day, then, the persecution under modified conditions is continued, and it is curious to find protests still necessary against the penal proceedings that banish the Jew from some provinces of Europe and subject him in others to public execration and insult.

LE PAROISSIEN DU CÉLIBATAIRE.¹

THIS latest of the series of works dedicated by M. Octave Uzanne to the worship of the fair sex is the most emphatically Parisian production of an age which may be said to boast that in its "ashes live its wonted fires." Neither conception nor execution is conceivable in England. As a "picture book" it joins the supreme delicacy and refinement of workmanship of the last century to the piquant realism of modern Parisian art; the designs by M. Albert Lynch, engraved by M. Gaujean, being unequalled in elegance of execution and subtlety of suggestion. Everything in the shape of paper and print, to the cover, is perfect. Though claiming to be the prayer-book of the bachelor, it is in fact as completely devoted to the worship of femininity as the previous studies of M. Uzanne, ostentatiously inscribed to women, with which I have dealt. It is, in fact, a companion or supplement to the modern French stage, and to a certain extent to the modern English newspaper. M. Uzanne answers with a trumpet-toned affirmative to the question "Is

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A STRANGE PASSENGER.

BY EDWARD HEINS.

WHEN my packet-ship, the *Hermione*, was preparing to sail from Liverpool for New York, I was warned to take precautions against receiving as passenger a certain Mary Youngson, who, while nursing her sick husband—a man considerably her senior—had poisoned him to death, laid hold of all the money and valuables she could get, and then had made off. It was thought that she would try to leave England on some outward-bound ship—most likely for America, where she had friends—and therefore I sharply scrutinised the passengers, eight in number, who were brought off to my vessel in a tender. As they stepped aboard I was relieved to perceive that none of them tallied with the description I had obtained of Miss Youngson, who, I was told, was a beautiful woman, over thirty-five years of age, about five feet six inches in height, and very slender, with brown hair, dark eyes, and a clear complexion. She had been born and educated abroad, but her father had been an Englishman, and an amateur actor, from whom she had inherited a remarkable capacity for deceiving people as to her character.

Two of the female passengers who now came aboard were married ladies, and of dark complexion; there were also two young women of about twenty-one years of age, one, a Miss Lorton, plain and stout; the other, Miss Merwin, slender and tall, apparently not less than five feet nine inches, with the most childish, innocent looking face, for one of her age, that I ever saw. She had brown hair and eyes, small, baby-like features, and smooth, glowing cheeks, which were constantly dimpled

with smiles. As she slightly lifted her long skirt, we saw that instead of shoes or boots she wore ornamented buskins of some kind of soft leather, which made no noise when she walked. Afterwards we heard that she wore them because she had lately sprained her feet, and could not yet bear harder leather.

From the first I could see that my son Tom, a young man of twenty-five, and chief officer, was greatly impressed by this girl.

He had always liked tall women, and anything "babyish" in their looks or manners particularly pleased him. Still, I was surprised at the end of one short week after we sailed to learn that he had actually proposed to her and been accepted.

"She is so artless, so ingenuous, so free from guile of any kind," said he, "that you can read her heart at once! We are to be married on coming back to Liverpool, at the house of her aunt, who is expecting her. With her usual childish frankness she informed me that, although having a small fortune in Three per cents., left to her by her father, who was a merchant, she is at present short of cash, which would hinder her from purchasing, on landing, certain little articles she desired towards a wedding outfit. I was so touched by her shy infantile way, blended with timid distress at having to tell me this, that I at once went to my room and procured the five-thousand-dollar United States bond, which you know I lately bought with my savings, and gave it to her, telling her where she could get it cashed, and bade her then take out of it whatever she needed."

"Why, Tom, you don't say so?" I cried, rather startled.

"Of course," he answered. "Why not? We are engaged, and it ought to be the same about money matters as if we were married."

He went below, and I sat long in the clear moonlight, thinking it over as a hasty, foolish piece of business, when suddenly I was startled by the cry of the look-out forward.

"Sail, ho! right ahead!"

The stranger—a large ship—put her helm a-port, so I had no doubt she would pass us safely enough; but, as she was going by, her helmsman raising his wheel too soon, her bow swung off, and her jibboom caught under my spanker sheet, lifting the spar and snapping it off with a crash.

There was noise and confusion as we worked briskly to keep the two vessels apart and prevent further damage, in the midst of which several of the passengers came running up, somewhat frightened, to find out what was the matter.

"It is nothing; we are all right now!" I cried, to reassure them, as the other ship swung clear of us.

Miss Merwin had emerged from the companion way after the others ; and as I looked towards her form, distinctly revealed by the moonlight and one of the lanterns, I stood stock still in the utmost astonishment, for, as true as I am a living man, her stature now seemed at least three inches shorter than I had hitherto seen it !

I was the only one who noticed her at that time, and on meeting my gaze she drew back as quick as a flash, and vanished in the cabin.

The strange phenomenon I had witnessed for a moment almost took away my breath. My whole mind was fixed upon this one thing, and when my son came up, a few hours later, to take the deck, I described the singular change I had noticed in Miss Merwin's stature.

He stared at me at first as if he thought me mad ; then broke out into an incredulous laugh, saying that my eyes or the imperfect light must have deceived me.

I knew better, however ; but, finding I could not convince him, I told him to wait until the young lady should appear at breakfast in the morning, when he might see for himself.

Two hours later the second mate came up to relieve Tom, who then went below. The officer, seeing me seated in a reverie on the quarter-deck, walked amidships, where he stood looking carelessly forward.

All at once, judge of my surprise, when, on raising my head, I beheld, leaning against the rail near me, a person I had never seen before—a slender, middle-aged man, of rather low stature, with hair covering nearly every part of the face excepting the eyes, which glittered like fire-balls in the moonlight !

“Why, halloa ! Who are you ? Where did you come from ?” I cried.

“Pray don't excite yourself,” he coolly answered. “I am a detective, and got aboard in the harbour through the connivance of one of your crew—I am not going to tell you which one—who also supplies me with food. I have been all along in the state-room next to Miss Merwin's, with my carpet-bag. Had you looked in the room you would have seen me, but you probably missed the key, or thought it was lost.”

“That is true ; but——”

“Here is my warrant,” he interrupted, handing me a paper, which, on reading it by the lantern's light, I perceived was a signed document, apparently from the proper authorities, instructing John Clews, the bearer, a detective, to conceal himself aboard the *Hermione*, and act as he ~

murderess, Mrs. Youngson, who it was suspected was a passenger in disguise aboard that vessel.

"She is here," was his confident reply, when I remarked that there must be some mistake. "I have not watched through the hole I bored in the partition for nothing."

"Why, man!" I cried, aghast, "she cannot be the guilty one. She is innocence itself—as artless as a child. Besides, she is very tall and young; whereas I have been told that the murderess was much shorter, and nearly twice as old."

He laughed in a way which to me was indescribably disagreeable.

"It is not Miss Merwin I allude to," he said. "You will remember that the state-room of Miss Lorton is also next to mine."

"What!" I exclaimed, almost as much surprised as before, "you suspect that stout young lady who——?"

"I don't suspect," he interrupted; "I *know* her to be the criminal!"

"But she is young, plain, and stout; the accused woman was slender——"

"Bah!" he again interrupted. "Disguise! That will explain all. It is easy for a woman of that kind to make herself look younger and stouter than she really is. Should we fall in with a good Liverpool-bound ship, I shall arrest this woman, and take her on board of it with me. I will go back to my room now. You may or may not see me again before we sight a home-bound craft."

With that he glided like a shadow into the cabin.

Now, then, I had something to keep me awake—to drive all thoughts of turning-in from my mind. So, after all, that woman—that terrible murderess—was aboard my ship!

I commenced to walk the deck in no pleasant frame of mind, and the morning light stole around me before I was aware that the hour was so late.

When breakfast was ready in the cabin, Miss Merwin was absent from her accustomed place at the table. During the progress of the meal, I looked more than once at Miss Lorton—the stout young lady who the detective had positively asserted was Mary Youngson, the poisoner.

The quiet dignity and composure of her manner, the frank, honest expression of her face, and its undeniable plainness, seemed to me so natural, so real, that I marvelled how the detective contrived to penetrate through so perfect a disguise.

Feeling tired-out after breakfast, I slept until near noon.

When I went on deck, Tom was superintending the repair of the spanker-boom.

"It is very strange," he said to me, uneasily, "Miss Merwin has not yet shown herself."

The day wore on without our seeing her. Even at supper-time she did not make her appearance.

Tom looked pale and concerned. Finally he went and knocked at her door, calling her name. There was no response.

"I do not know what to make of it," he said to me on deck. "Oh, father!" he added, wildly, "is it possible she can have suddenly died?"

"I don't think so," I answered—"she seemed to be in good health;" and then thought to myself, "Were it not that we are *where* we are, and she a different sort of person, I might suspect that she had absconded with your money."

As night approached, her non-appearance excited general comment, and I was advised to break open the door, which was locked. I did so, and we found her room empty. Her trunk was still there, but she was gone.

My son looked at me as pale as death.

"My God! what can have become of her?" he groaned.

In fact, it certainly was a very singular case; and, coupled with my previous observation of the strange shortening of the young woman's stature, it seemed to me to partake almost of the supernatural.

"May she not have gone on deck last night and fallen overboard?" inquired one of the passengers.

"Impossible!" I answered. "It was clear moonlight. I was on deck all night; and, besides, I had good look-outs posted about the ship. The thing could not have happened unknown to us."

We looked to see if we might not find a note or something explanatory, but in vain.

Then I ordered a thorough search to be made throughout the ship. This was done; but no, she was not to be found, though every nook and corner was looked into.

Then it occurred to me to speak to the detective about it; and, as soon as I could do so unobserved, I knocked at his door. He cautiously opened it, but on seeing who was there he invited me in.

I told him what had happened, not even omitting to mention the sudden change I had previously noticed in the young lady's height. As I proceeded, I observed that his keen eyes seemed to grow larger, while the thick beard that covered the face of this singular man kept twitching, as if every hair was instinct with

"Give me time," he

will solve this mystery. In a few days I may be able to do it—perhaps not for a week.”

I left him and went on deck. Tom was there, looking so downcast and forlorn that I resolved to acquaint him with the presence of the detective, and tell him what he had said, and so, perhaps, brighten him up a little.

I did so, but my words had an effect I had not expected. Reflecting a moment, he cried out, “Father, I believe that man is a humbug! But whether he be a detective or not, I now suspect that he is a thief and a murderer; that he knew of Miss Merwin’s having that 5,000-dollar bond, and that, in order to possess himself of it, he has killed her and thrown her body overboard!”

I stared at him in amazement, and told him I feared that his grief had disturbed his reason. How was it possible, I asked him, that the man could have got the body overboard without our knowing it?

“He could have choked her to death, carried her to one of the open cabin windows, and dropped her through that,” he replied.

“Impossible,” I answered, “without the splash being overheard by the man at the wheel, or by someone on deck. Besides, I doubt if he could have squeezed the body through either of our cabin windows, which, you know, are very small.”

Tom, however, seemed to think it could have been done, owing to Miss Merwin being so slender, and, in spite of all my efforts, I could not entirely rid his mind of that horrible idea.

Days passed, for we had head-winds which kept us off our course, but as yet the detective had nothing to tell me, though he said he soon might be able to explain the whole affair.

A strange affair enough. Never before had I had such an experience, or anything approaching to it, in any craft I commanded. The passengers were equally puzzled; it was the talk of all aboard the ship. As for Tom, he grew paler, thinner, wilder every day. At last, one afternoon, when we had entered St. George’s Channel, he came up to me, and said, in a husky voice: “*It is as I thought!* Quick! I have something to show you! Make no noise!”

I followed him. We both wore light slippers, and without noise entered the room Miss Merwin had occupied. He pointed to a crevice, which he had evidently made in the partition, and looking through it, I saw the detective, in the next apartment, kneeling by his open carpet-bag, from which now protruded the *identical buskins*—I could not mistake them—*which Miss Merwin had worn.* Spread

out before him, he held a 5,000-dollar bond—evidently the one which my son had given to the young lady!

“You see!” he whispered. “Was I not right? He has murdered and robbed her!”

Low as the whisper was, the man evidently heard it, for he pushed the buskins, and after them the bond, hastily down into the bag, which he then closed.

Before I could hinder him, Tom rushed out and threw himself against the detective's door with a force which broke the lock and admitted him into the room. He flew at the man, clutched him and shook him, when the fellow drew a dirk, but in his futile struggles to use it—for I held his wrist and soon disarmed him—*his beard fell off*, showing it was a false one, and at the same time his shirt-bosom was torn away about the throat. Then both Tom and I uttered a simultaneous cry of surprise on perceiving that this pretended detective was *a woman over thirty-five years of age*—or, in other words, it was Miss Merwin herself, deprived of the cosmetics and other appliances which had, while in the natural attire of her sex, made her look so much younger than she was.

The whole truth broke upon me at once. This woman, I suspected, was in reality Mary Youngson, the murderess, for her face and height now answered to the description I had of her; and we found, while looking for my son's bond in her carpet-bag, some articles bearing her name, and others marked with that of her victim. In fact, afterwards, while ill, she confessed to being Mary Youngson.

Her motive in disguising herself was apparent. She had feared, after I discovered the strange shortening of her stature, that I might suspect who she really was; and, besides, the *ruse* would, she thought, enable her the better to escape from Tom and get off with his five thousand dollars. The mystery of her having, as Miss Merwin, looked so much taller than she was, we found explained by her buskins, which proved, like those sometimes worn by actors on the stage, to be provided with very thick cork soles, to give an appearance of elevation to the stature.

On the night she so astonished me by the difference in her height she had, in her hurry and alarm, come up in her slippers, having forgotten to put on her buskins.

It is hardly necessary to say that the detective's warrant she had shown me was forged, written by herself; nor scarcely need it be mentioned that Tom was now disgusted with this woman, and entirely cured of his infatuation.

Subsequently she died of a •

a prisoner back to England—thus escaping the punishment she so richly merited for her odious crime although there were not wanting those who stoutly maintained that the charge had by no means been conclusively brought home to her. However, after occupying the public mind for more than the proverbial nine days the "Youngson Case," as it was called, gave place to a fresher sensation.

OLD ENGLISH DRINKING SONGS.

If wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul.—*Prior.*

PROBABLY the great superiority of our English convivial songs over those of other nations is due to the peculiarly social character of the people. Nearly three hundred years have elapsed since the first English drinking song of merit was written, and during that time our noblest and best poets have paid their vows to Bacchus. The very wisest and the best of men have been, not drunkards, but wine drinkers; they have neither avoided the bottle nor concealed their regard for it. At all times men have sung of wine, and apparently all classes have found something to commend in the virtue of their lyrics. Horace sang of Falernian, Tom d'Urfey of wine, Bishop Still of ale, Rabelais of absinthe, and Burns of whisky. Unfortunately, Johnson had to shun the cup—he loved it too well. Addison was an acknowledged drinker, and Pope a secret one. Plato recommended wine, and Aristotle advised it.

The first drinking song of merit, in English, occurs in that quaint old comedy of Bishop Still's, "Gammer Gurton's Needle." The lines are too well known to need quoting:

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.

From the period when dancing round the Maypole was in vogue date these two songs. The first (1593) runs:

Bonny Bacchus, god of wines,
Cheefe maintainer of our vines,
Sucker the soule in greese which pines;
Water to drinke, I hold not goode,
Thy juice, O Bacchus, breeds best blood,
Nectar, good Bacchus, nectar send,
Brave Bacchus, do thy bounty lend;
Unto Tom Typsey stand a frend,
And so thy fame will never end.
Nectar, sweet nectar, is my wt
Behold my tankard and

The second is as follows :

The gods of Love
Which raigue above,
Maintain this feast ;
Let Bacchus find
Their hearts most kind
To every guest.



And long may Bacchus brave it here,
In pleasures to abound,
That wine and beer, and belly gut cheere,
With plenty here be found.
I pray likewise,
That ere you rise,
You drink your fill ;
That no man want,
Nor find it skant,
Whereof to swill.
Then may you all carouse in blisse,
And bid farewell to wee,

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises
The more he refines ;
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

Brome, the Attorney of the Lord Mayor's Court, the Royalist at heart and the Roundhead by force, published several of this class of songs in the "Rump."¹ One "On Canary" is excellent :

Of all the rare juices
That Bacchus or Ceres produces,
There's none that I can, nor dare I,
Compare with the princely Canary.
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuses ;
This first got a king,
And next the nine Muses ;
'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing,
And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't ;
They Helicon call'd it, and the Thespian spring,
But this was the drink, though they knew not the name on't.

From the Revolution to the time of Burns, Dibdin, and Morris there is not much that is worth chronicling in the world of convivial song. Dibdin wrote a few and Sheridan a few, and Wolfe his noble "How stands the glass around ?" Burns never penned a better song than "Will be brew'd a peck o' maut." It is inherent with cheerful good fellowship, and very rhythmical in style. It is perhaps the best specimen of a drinking song which Scotland owns. Byron only left us one, "Fill the goblet again," and Tom Moore none, although such titles as "Come, send round the wine" and "Drink of this cup" are suggestive of conviviality. Barry Cornwall's are classical gems, particularly his lines entitled "Wine."

I love wine ! Bold, bright wine !
That maketh the spirit both dance and shine !
Others may care for water fare,
But give *me* Wine !

and his still more poetical—

Sing !—Who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings ?
Ah, who is this lady fine ?
The Vine, boys, the Vine !

¹ "Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs relating to the late Times, from 1639 to 1661."

The mother of mighty Wine,
 A roamer is she
 O'er wall and tree,
 And sometimes very good company.

We must not forget the following quaint song by the author of
 "The Groves of Blarney"—"Honest Dick Milliken."

: HAD I THE TUN WHICH BACCHUS USED.

Had I the tun which Bacchus used,
 I'd sit on it all day ;
 For, while a can it ne'er refused,
 He nothing had to pay.

My friend should sit as well as I,
 And take a jovial pot ;
 For he who drinks—although he's dry—
 Alone, is sure a sot.

But since the tun which Bacchus used
 We have not here—what then ?
 Since god-like toping is refused,
 Let's drink like honest men,

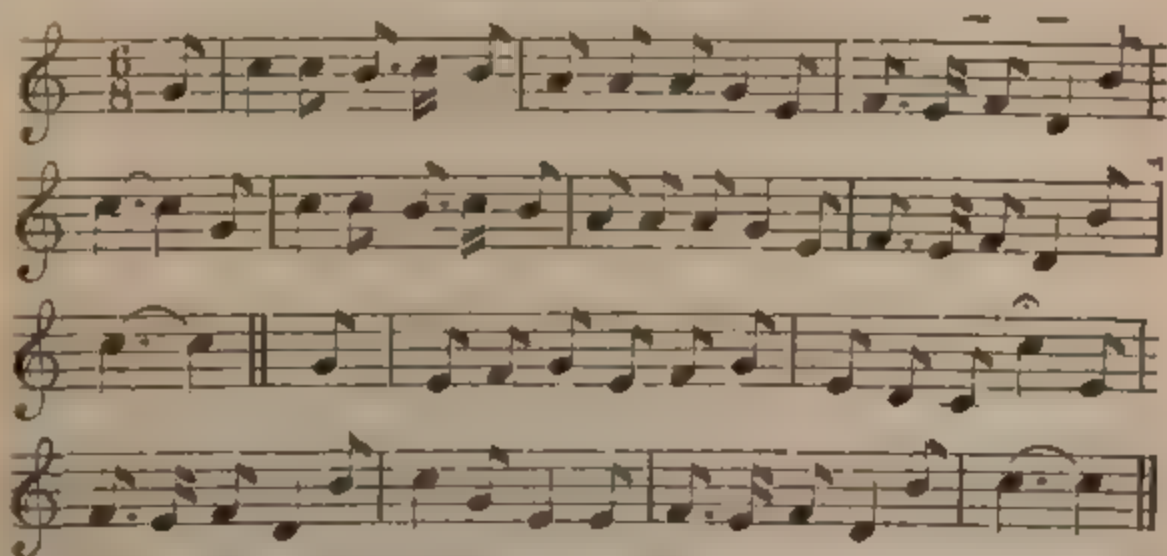
In the county of Somerset, even at the present time, the country
 people sing this version of the old song—

THE BARLEY MOW.

And we'll drink out of the nipperkin, boys,
 A health to the Barley Mow.
 And we'll drink out of the nipperkin, boys,
 A health to the Barley Mow.
 The nipperkin, pippetkin, and the brown bowl,
 A health to the Barley Mow, my boys,
 A health to the Barley Mow.
 And we'll drink out of the half-quartern, boys,
 A health to the Barley Mow.
 Here's a health to go merrily round, boys,
 A health to the Barley Mow.
 The half-quartern, pippetkin, and the brown bowl,
 A health to the Barley Mow, my boys,
 A health to the Barley Mow.

The foregoing is an old song still popular in Hertfordshire and the adjoining counties, where it is frequently sung by the countrymen in alehouses after their daily labour. At the end of each verse all join in chorus, repeating the words "A health to the barley mow," and prolonging the final note. At each verse the measure increases gradually from half-pint and so on until the barrel or hogshead is reached. Sometimes the words are made to multiply at each verse by saying or singing after the words "nipperkin, pippetkin," half-quartern, quartern, &c., one being added at each verse, and always finishing with "and the brown bowl."

THE BARLEY MOW.



One of the best of convivial songs is that written for the Beefsteak Club. By a few slight alterations, it can be made to do duty at any time.

You know the tune of the song
 Call'd "Woo'd and marry'd an' aw";
 Then help my chorus along,
 For

I'm now in a cue to sing,
 If you'll but join my lay ;
 For I've dipped my Muse's wing,
 And she's ready to rise and play.

Chorus.

Then, guests, and brothers, an' aw,
 Brothers, and guests, an' aw,
 Oh, lend a lift to my lilt then,
 Guests, and brothers, an' aw.

Sussex, a county famous for a variety of folk-songs and folk-customs, has one or two special drinking chants, and this one, known as "I've been to France, and I've been to Dover," is usually sung in the following manner. The chairman stands behind a pail of beer with a tall horn cup in his hand, and fills it from the pail. The man next to him stands up, and, holding a hat with both hands by the brim, crown upwards, receives the cup from the chairman on the crown of the hat, not touching it with either hand. He then lifts the cup to his lips by raising the hat, and slowly drinks the contents. As soon as he begins to drink, the chorus strike up this chant :

I've bin to France, and I've bin to Doöver,
 I've bin ramblin', boys, all de wurld oöver,
 Over and over, and over and oöver,
 Drink up yur liquor, and turn yur cup over,
 Over and over, and over and oöver,
 De liquor's drunk't up, and de cup is turned oöver.

The man drinking is expected to empty his glass by the end of the fourth line, and then to return the hat to the perpendicular, still holding it by the brim, and to toss the cup into the air, and, reversing the hat, to catch the cup in it as it falls. If he fails, the chorus say—

De liquor's drink't up, but the cup ain't turned over,
 and the unhappy (?) man has to go through the ceremony again.

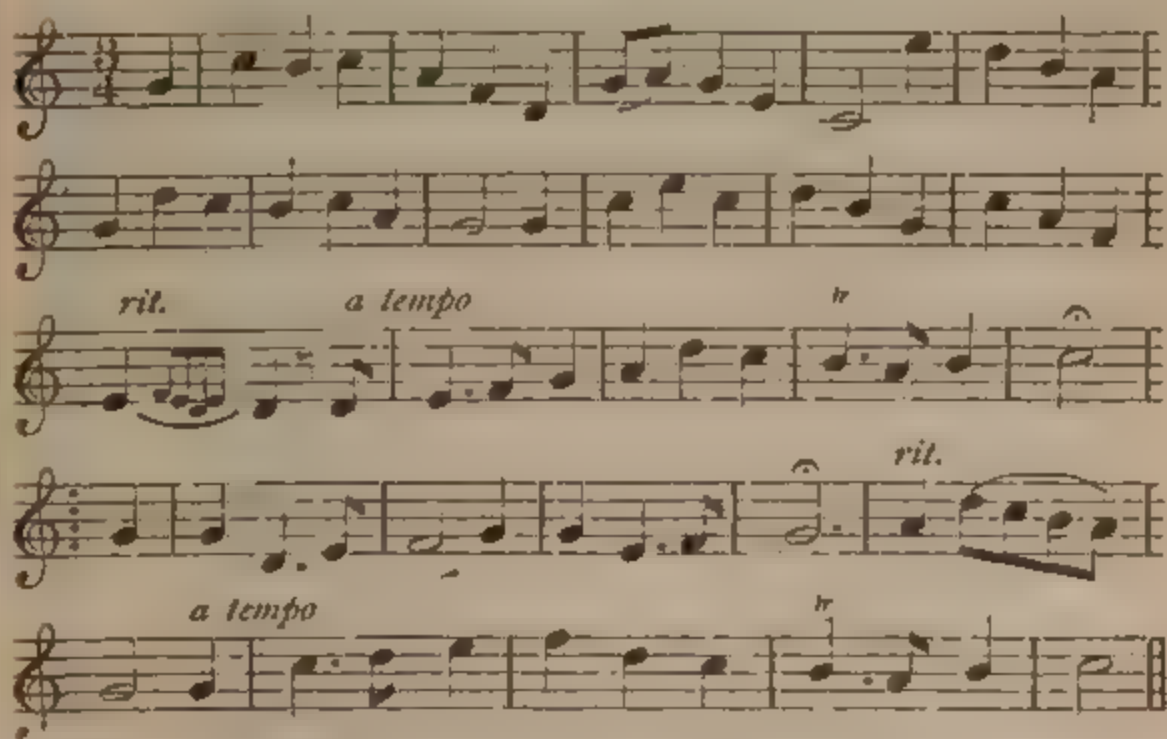


Another favourite Sussex convivial ditty is "Bowl ! Bowl !"

Come all you good fellows, give ear to me, come !
 I'll sing in the praise of good brandy and rum.
 Old ale and good cyder o'er England do roll,
 Give me the punch-ladle, I'll fathom the bowl !
 I'll fathom the bowl, I'll fathom the bowl,
 Bowl ! Give me the punch-ladle, I'll fathom the bowl !

My father he lies in the depths of the sea,
 With the stones at his feet, but no matter to me ;
 There's a clear crystal fountain o'er England doth roll,
 Give me the punch-ladle, I'll fathom the bowl !
 I'll fathom the bowl, &c.

From France there comes brandy, from Jamaica comes rum,
 Sweet oranges and lemons from Portugal come,
 Old ale and good cyder o'er England do roll,
 Give me the punch-ladle, I'll fathom the bowl !
 I'll fathom the bowl, &c.

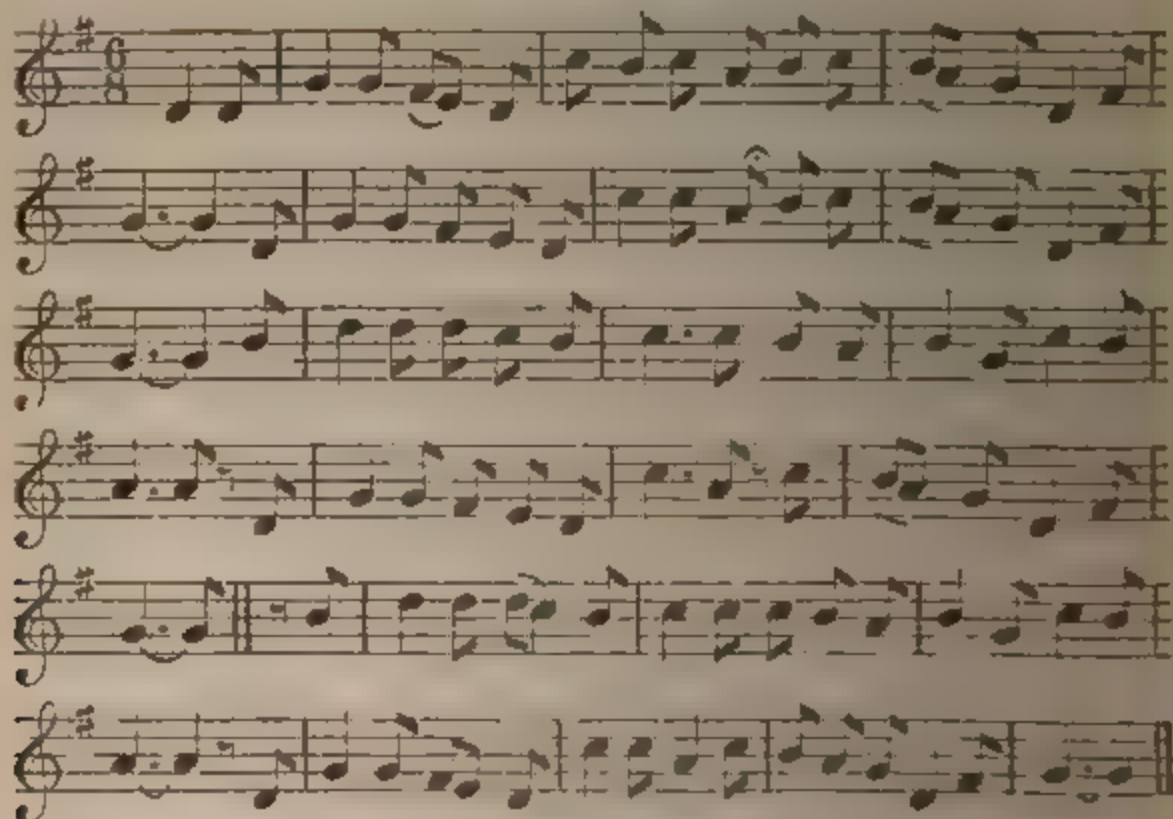


In many of the southern counties of England this harvester's drinking song is well known. The music is a version in the major key of the minor air, "The Miller of the Dee," or, as Mr. Chappell has it, "The budgeon it is a delicate trade."

THE WOODCUTTER.

Here's a health unto the jolly woodcutter
 That lives at home at ease ;
 He takes his work a slight in hand,
 And he leaves it when he please.
 He takes the withe and he winds,
 And he lays it on the ground ;
 Around the faggot he binds it
 Drink round, brave boys, drink round !
 Drink round, brave boys ! drink round, brave boys !
 'Till it does come to me ;
 The longer we sit here and drink
 The merrier we shall be.
 Here's a health unto our master,
 The founder of the feast ;

I wish him well with all my heart,
 That his soul in heaven may rest ;
 That all his work may prosper,
 Whatever he takes in hand ;
 For we are all his servants,
 And all at his command.
 So drink, boys, drink ! so drink, boys, drink !
 And see you do not spill,
 For if you do, you shall drink two,
 For it is our master's will.



The harvesters of Norfolk have a capital song which is sometimes heard even in these degenerate days ; it is scarcely sufficient of a convivial one to be worthy of a place here, though it is sung at the famous suppers in connection with the harvest.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAILER'S SONG.

Wassail ! wassail ! all over the town,
 Our toast it is white, and our ale it is brown,
 Our bowl is made of a maple tree,
 We be good fellows a l ; I drink to thee.

Here's to our horse and his right ear,
 God send our maester a happy new year ;
 A happy new year as e'er he did see,
 With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to our mare and to her right eye,
 God send our mistress a good Christmas pie ;
 A good Christmas pie as e'er I did see,
 With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Here's to our cow, and to her long tail,
God send our maester us never may fail
Of a cup of good beer ; I pray you draw near,
And our jolly wassail it's then you shall hear.

Be here any maids ? I suppose there be some,
Sure they will not let young men stand on the cold stone !
Sing hey O, maids ! come troll back the pin,
And the fairest maid in the house let us in.

Come, butler, come, bring us bowl of the best ;
I hope your soul in heaven will rest ;
But if you do bring us a bowl of the small,
Then down fall butler, bowl and all.

In many parts of England it is still customary to hand round the wassail (health-bowl) on the last night of the old year. The custom is said to be of Saxon origin, and it is derived from one of the observances of the Feast of Yule.

There is an old song known as "Joan's ale was new," which is sometimes thought to be a lampoon levelled at Cromwell and his wife, whom the Royalists nicknamed "Joan." It is too long to quote in its entirety, but these few verses will show the nature of the composition :

JOAN'S ALE WAS NEW.

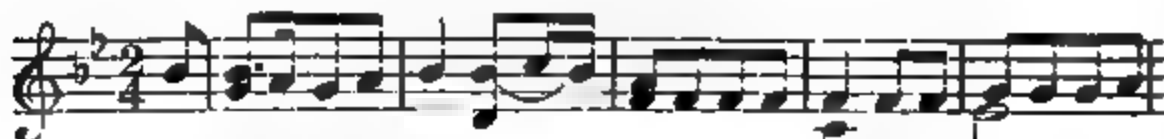
There were six jovial tradesmen,
And they all sat down to drinking,
For they were a jovial crew ;
They sat themselves down to be merry,
And they called for a bottle of sherry ;
You're welcome as the hills, says Nolly,
While Joan's ale is new, brave boys,
While Joan's ale is new.

The first that came in was a soldier,
With his firelock over his shoulder ;
Sure no one could be bolder,
And a long broad sword he drew,
He swore he would fight for England's ground,
Before the nation should be ran down ;
He boldly drank their healths all round,
While Joan's ale was new.

The next that came in was a tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker,
And he was no strong ale shrinker,
Among the jovial crew ;
For his brass nails were made of metal,
And he swore he'd go and meet
Good heart, how he
When Joan's a

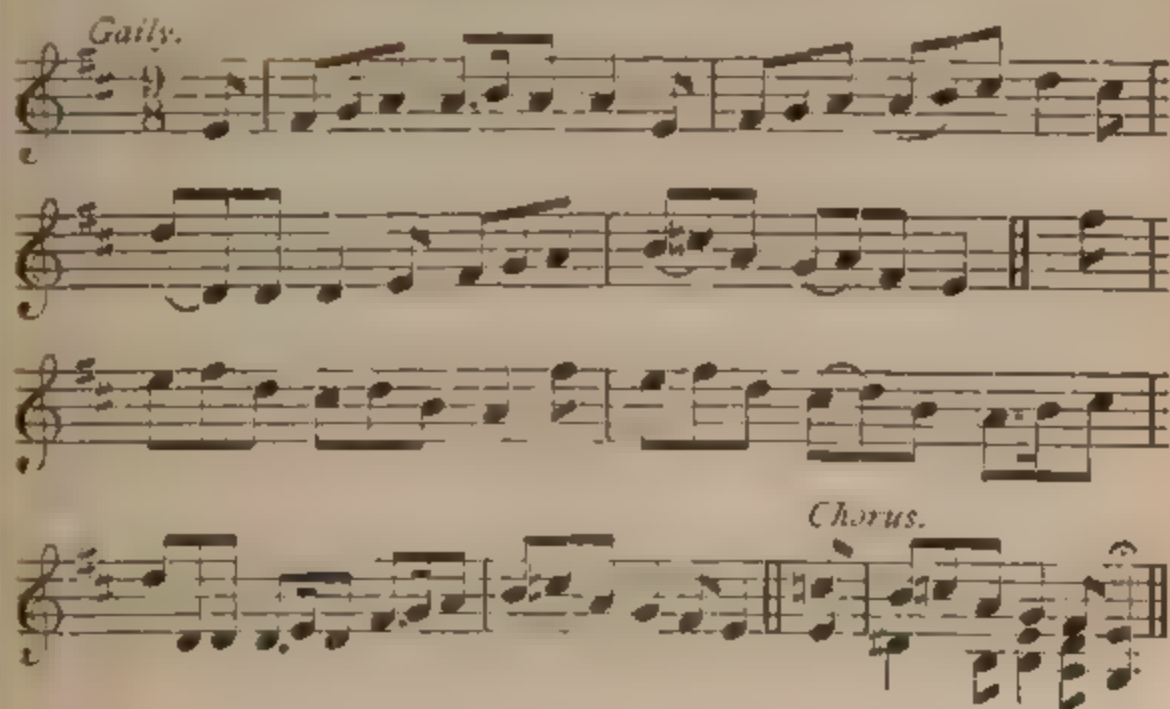
The next that came in was a ragman,
 With his rag-bag over his shoulder ;
 Sure no one could be bolder
 Among the jovial crew.
 They sat and called for pots and glasses,
 Till they were all drunk as asses,
 And burnt the old ragman's bag to ashes,
 While Joan's ale was new.

In some parts of Suffolk a curious custom still prevails of singing at the harvest suppers the song known as "The Duke of Norfolk." One of the company is crowned with an inverted pillow or cushion, whilst another presents to him, kneeling down to make the presentation, a jug of ale. Probably the custom is derived from the homage which used to be paid to the Dukes of Norfolk, the possessors of wide domains in that county. To "serve the Duke of Norfolk" was, at one period, equivalent to making merry. The idea of the crowning with a cushion is, that he who takes the ale must drink it off without spilling it, or without allowing the cushion to fall.



I am the Duke of Nor - folk, Newly come to Suf-folk, Say shall I be at-

If a man should be drunk to-night,
 And laid in his grave to-morrow,
 Will you or any man say
 That he died of care and sorrow?
 Then hang up all sorrow and care,
 'Tis able to kill a cat,
 And he that will drink all right
 Is never afraid of that,
 For drinking will make a man quaff,
 And quaffing will make a man sing,
 And singing will make a man laugh,
 And laughing long life will bring,
 Says Old Simon the king



In an excellent article on English convivial song writers in the *Irish Quarterly Review* for 1885, the following remarks occur :

The true poet loves all nature, and all her gifts . . . Thus it is that the poet becomes a convivial song writer ; and as there can be no great bard in a state of barbarism, so there can be no good convivial songs in any language unless the people who speak it have arrived at that phase of civilisation at least where the interchange of thoughts and feelings is held to form a considerable portion of the enjoyment which rational beings experience when, gathered together, they " sit at good men's feasts." The savage who gorges himself with the grilled buttock of his captured enemy has, in his wild gibberish, no melody of a convivial character. He has his songs which tell him that his opponents have been scalped, or which relate the stories of savage wooings, but these are only the natural feelings of every heart beating in the great theatre of the world—revenge and love.

Passing from the savage to the semi-civilised, we come to the Russian serf and to the English railway navvy. They sing of eating and of drinking ; they sing, too, of love—that is, they sing of women—but of course in a different manner. The navvy has no song that speaks of his palate or of his eyes. ()

Oh! I wish I had a piece o' pork,
 With fat three inches thick,
 I'd tuck it in, 'twould blow me out,
 And swell me like a tick.

Of his sweetheart, and how he means to please her, he bellows :

Oh! my wesket it is red,
 And my jacket it is blue,

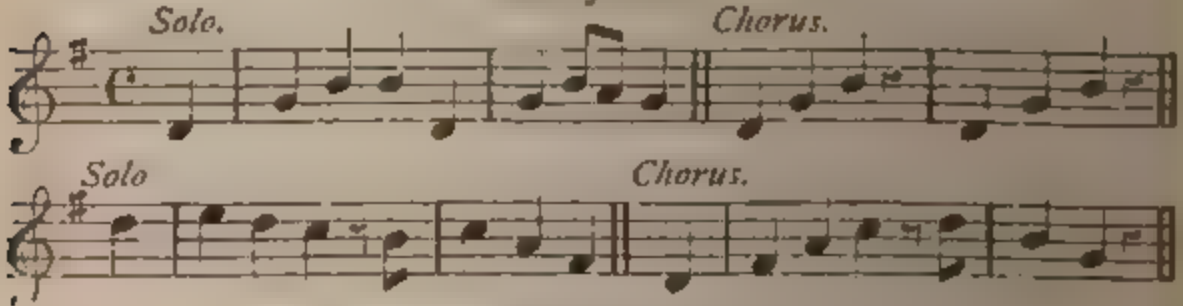
This is repeated three times, and then he goes on :

I'm a chick-a-leary cove,
 And she loves me too.

The writer of the article goes from these refined specimens of song to the lyrics of the peasants, nor pauses to give a word to the rollicking Bacchanalian choruses of some of the sailors' chanties. In these we find some of the true characteristics of the convivial song; the tars have an inordinate affection for the German students' triumvirate, "Wein, Weib, und Gesang."

The favourite drinking song of our British sailors is one of the best known of their hauling chanties. The name speaks for its convivial tone.

WHISKY JOHNNY.



Solo. Oh, whisky is the life of man !

Chorus. Oh, whisky, oh, Johnny !

Solo. Oh, whisky is the life of man !

Chorus. Oh, whisky for my Johnny !

Solo. Oh, whisky makes me pawn my clothes !

Chorus. Oh, whisky, oh, Johnny !

Solo. Oh, whisky makes me pawn my clothes !

Chorus. Oh, whisky for my Johnny !

and so on. There is a great deal of repetition and a very little common sense in this ditty; but nevertheless it is immensely popular, and is always received with much delight by the blue-jackets.

Rabelais' "Chanson à boire" is such an epitome of the sentiments of the true convivial song that I cannot refrain from quoting four lines of it :

Remplis ton verre vuide,
 Vuide ton verre plein;
 Je ne puis souffrir dans la main,
 Un verre ni vuide ni plein.



Old English Drinking Songs.

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and surely the merest sketch on the subject of drinking songs would be incomplete without an allusion to Ben Jonson's incomparable verses, which have been perhaps more quoted than any others within recent times :

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

LAURA ALEX. SMITH.

IN A SCOTCH FARM KITCHEN.

DO not think that I am going to write of culinary mysteries in this Carglen kitchen. I am no adept in the cookery art, but would refer you, if you are interested in such matters, to the Kaim of Derncleugh in "Guy Mannering," where you will find Meg Merrilies brewing a decoction as savoury and well-flavoured as that now simmering in the pot on the kitchen "crook" of any housewife or maid in all the North Country farmsteads. But I purpose telling a little of what happens when the evening meal is over and satisfaction reigns in the stomachs of all who sit around the fireplace in the old farmhouse of Linkerstown.

Linkerstown! The place was the symbol, and the reality too, of that which was oldest and most venerable in our parochial world. It was a straggling place at the top of a windy brae, steeper than any in Carglen, where fruitful fields had taken the place of barren lands and bracken-covered picturesque slopes. Standing on the blasty side of the "auld wuid," it had no shelter from the bleak northerly gale. It was all right when one had raced through the cornyard, jumped the dyke, and taken refuge amongst the fir-trees, but only a strong chest and well-clad body could withstand the storm-shower that swept with icy chill from the high hills of Kinvoir and the broad plain at the foot of the brae through which wandered the long winding toll-road. The winter gales were fierce and sharp, as we shall presently see; but for precision of purpose, if we may apply such a phrase to "the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth," the storms in late spring or early autumn fairly bore away the palm. In an equinoctial tempest I have more than once seen the barn and the long byre, with the back of the dwelling-house, bereft of their brand new coat of thatch, notwithstanding the protecting grip of the newly twisted straw ropes that bound it down. Many trees, too, in the "new wuid," and some even in the "auld," torn up by the roots and laid prone on the ground, bore testimony to the force of the blast. Yea, on one occasion, I remember the carrying away of a

big wooden shed which stood at the northern gable of the house, which was my home, close to, and almost forming a portion of, Linkerstown, to which it really belonged. It was fairly blown into fragments, and a high, softly sailing swing, a rude carpenter's bench and many another prized treasure were swept for ever away.

It is to this gusty, old-fashioned, scattered farmstead that I invite you, oh my friend, on a cold December night. If we start from the smiddy of 'Tap-the-neuk, which is already known, we shall mount the brae in about fifteen minutes' time. The snow is once more deep on the upland and the lowland fields, and the shadows of night are fast gathering. A deep, strange peace has fallen on the whole country-side. There is always peace in Carglen, except when the wind howls; but as the gale becomes stilled, and the snow covers the ground, this peace is rendered intense. Yet winter creeps into your very bones, if I may so say, for the cold is terribly keen—keener even, one fancies, than if a good strong breeze carried the powdery snow in many a blinding whirl, and filled every aperture in one's clothing with tiny wreaths. We will look round the farmstead before we go inside the kitchen. It is a wonderful maze of buildings, sheds, yards, middens, and dunghills. The farmhouse very properly occupies the place of honour in the centre, a long one-storied tenement, thatched with broom cut from the neighbouring wood, like all its attendant houses, though at present covered in its cold white coating of snow. There are only four rooms within, but these are of enormous size, and they are known respectively as the "kitchen," "but the hoose," and "ben the hoose," the last-named having consisted originally of but one apartment, though now divided into spaces for two bedrooms. In front is the midden, reeking under the kitchen window, and at the back is the main courtyard. To the right is another "sleepin'-hoose"—the "men's sleepin'-hoose" it is called—and to the left there is another building, known as "Eppie Duff's hoose." Of the former I will here say nothing, because it has elsewhere been described, except this. Be careful to note which of those two doors leads to the men's quarters, and which to the cows, for the "sleepin' hoose" and the "cow-byre" are, as the herd-laddie said, "gey ower near."

But, while the men and women in the kitchen are finishing their supper, I must tell you a little about "Eppie Duff's hoose." First I will explain why it was so named. Many years ago there dwelt a noted witch in Carglen (there are some, as you know, even in this night of grace 186-') by the name of Eppie Duff. To authentic history, she was a poor, decrep-

wind might have blown over, but a pair of enormous black eyes glared in her head, and she laughed a peculiar kind of laugh, which some could only describe as a sort of grunt. The credibility of the story that upon one occasion, when she had called at the door of the farmer of Kirstoun, "who was a bit o' a scholard, but niggardly mean, ye ken," he roared, "Avaunt, beldame, with the soul of a swine!" in a voice of thunder, which for once at least frightened the witch this story, I say, rests on evidence as good as need be. These were the very words, it was declared, for were they not written down at the time by a divinity student who had heard of the incident? Poor Eppie was ill-used by the Cargleners of that day. It was a luckless place, this of ours, in earlier times, as in 186, and Eppie was the cause of much of the evil, you may be sure. She brewed storms, raised unearthly noises in the dark night, threw a spell over this one and that, till at length matters became critical, and "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" was a text that began to be mumbled in the parish by some who seldom quoted texts, and by others, too, who ought to have known better. Poor Eppie trembled for her life, and with some cause, for superstition had a firm grip of the Carglen mind. Meanwhile, she was shunned. None spoke to her of their own accord, and no one would deal with her. The poor creature was on the brink of starvation. It was now that Andrew Reid, the then farmer of Linkerstoun (it was held by Reids in those days, the Geddeses being descended through the maternal line), distinguished himself in the annals of our parochial history. He was a pious man - piety was evidently in the family blood - and he had "wrastled in prayer about it," with the result that he went to the poor starving creature, fed her, and brought her back with him to comfortable quarters in this extra dwelling-house. So that it came to be known in time as "Eppie Duff's hoose." Eppie lived on, cared for and happy, lived long after she had become bedridden; and Andrew Reid continued to thrive. At first people were horror-struck at the idea that "a child o' God should shalter the deevil's ain limb"; but when nothing uncanny happened, most began to think, "Haith, an' if she's guid eneuch for Andrew, she's guid eneuch for the likes o' us," and these again spoke to her, but there were still some who shook their wise heads and said, "Weel, weel, better hae treasure in hiven nor walth on yerth; it's a' the deil's deen', for it's *only the witch that blasses the han' that feeds her.*"

Now I will tell you another yarn of Eppie Duff's house (that is, I will tell it now, though I scarcely should have told it in 186-).

Opposite the main, indeed the only, entrance to "Eppie Duff's hoose" a long passage extends, whose outlet is apparently blocked by a strongly locked and unpolished deal door. It would take a bit of strength to burst open that door, and then there is only one person upon the farm who has a key to unlock it. Yet it is an ordinary-looking door, and when you enter the tiny room to which it leads nothing can be seen but simple rows of shelves, adorned with plain pewter jugs and earthenware basins, these containing milk thickly covered with cream, and those, to all appearance, quite empty. It is a guileless, unmystical apartment, surely. But is it? No. There is a secret spot there, which, if you know how to touch it in the right place, will show something quite unexpected within the limits of a miniature dairy. For lo' the shelves will move, and the wall open like the mysterious door in the caves of Kor (never mind the anachronism), first spoken of by that discerning man Rider Haggard, and you will be at the entrance to a dark earthen room. I may not tell you all that can be seen therein, but I will mention just this. There is a jolly whisky "still" in that underground shelter. "Underground?" say you. Yes, step round a little way in the snow, and you will observe that there is a steep mound at the back of "Eppie Duff's hoose," rising almost to a level with the roof, sufficiently large to admit of a spacious, hidden cave. Many a sweet drop was there prepared for the use of the farmer and his men, and for numerous country festivals at which whisky and whisky-toddy were important aids and cheerers. But is it possible, you may ask, that godly, pious people could thus, without qualm of conscience, systematically, and of well-established purpose, defraud the Queen's revenue? Ay, indeed they could, and did, and it would have been a difficult—an impossible—task to persuade any Carglener that there was the least infraction of divine law in such a proceeding. "It's the gohvermint that's the sinner in sic a case, an' no us," is the verdict of ruling elder Smith Amos Gibb in our time, and you need not doubt that the moral problem was less clear to an earlier generation. In the neighbouring town of Kail, our parish was a kind of puzzle in this particular. The farmers and cottars had, many of them, running accounts with the town's tradesmen, but the spirit-merchant profited little by Carglen patronage, and yet the fame of many amongst us had spread abroad. "We think we ken ower weel, but we's no say; an' yet it's vera queer," was the verdict against the country folks. In Carglen itself, notwithstanding superior knowledge, people kept quiet tongues in their mouths, inwardly blessing and minutely inquiring as to the source of

But see, the supper is now finished, and a circle is being formed around the fire that blazes in the huge open chimney. We will therefore enter without breach of good manners. You are to understand that anyone who goes into a farm kitchen at supper-time is known at once as a greedy man, for he is well assured that he must eat, be his stomach as full as an egg is full of meat. "Come awa' ben, sirs; I'm raal gled to see ye. It's a stormy night," says the farmer. Every man in the room, from the foreman down to the herd-laddie, gives some kind of inarticulate grunt, or moves his body in quaint, uncouth manner, as if to say, "Ay, ay, gled to see ye." But words are difficult to frame, and it is only Maggie, the maid o' the kitchen (she is a pretty girl, and maybe one of us has a tender corner in his heart for her), who speaks, and all she can say is, "Is' aye snawin'?" Not a very romantic inquiry from sweet lips, but yet the words sound pleasant. Then the second ploughman, Kit Clerk by name, whose face is already enshrined in a thick covering of tobacco smoke, jerks round one of the shorter forms or stools, of which there is a good supply in the kitchen, and motions us--not with his hand, which has done its hard day's work, but with his foot--to sit down. Obeying this courteously tendered invitation, we take our place amongst the tired farm labourers, and it is not long before our faces begin to glow with the heat from the blazing fire.

The fire with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide,

says Scott of the good old Christmas days; but this is a burning heap of logs *and peat*, than which there can be no brighter or warmer blaze kindled at any time or in any place. Meanwhile we look around, and for this we have ample leisure, for conversation drags slowly, being confined to such questions and answers, at decent intervals, as these:

Q. "Ye'll hae come frae the snuddy?"

A. "Ay, ay."

Q. "Few folk there the nicht?"

A. "Nae mony."

Q. "It's fell wark for the sheep?"

A. "An' ye may say it."

Q. "Nae mony at the schule the day?"

A. "Hardly ony."

Q. (from the sweet maid). "It's ower snawy the nicht, I'm thinkin', to gang doon to the shop?"

A. (there being a hidden meaning in the inquiry). "Maybe ay, an' maybe no."

But enough of this. It will be seen that news is scarce and time plenteous for reflection. What a picture of cosiness! The wind may arise and howl without, the snow may gather in many a heap, the sheep may shiver in their hillside fold, but here there is warmth and cheer for man. It is a big room, the lamp not yet lit, and the lights and shadows of the roaring fire dance many a dance on the polished flagstones that cover the floor and the multitudinous rows of brightly shining plates and cups and jugs which grace the shelves. There are two tables in the kitchen, a long large one to the left from where we sit, and a smaller one to the right. If you are curious to see what the servants had for supper, take a peep at the larger table and you will see the remnants of a feast consisting of potatoes, mashed and mixed with cream, onion, butter, salt, and pepper, with an accompaniment of skimmed milk and unstinted quantities of oatmeal bread. This is the simple fare of our simple friends. Some have thought, and said, "What a shame that the Carglen farmer should live so well himself and half starve his ill-paid labourer!" Well, it all depends on what is meant by living well. Look from the larger to the smaller table. There sits the farmer of Linkerstown, and he too has evidently been fed upon the same unpretentious meal. It is otherwise in many of the larger farms we know, where the master does not eat with his men, but Linkerstown was a reminder of older and better times, when there was a much greater solidarity of interest between the employer and the employed. On Sunday it is indeed different, for then the farmer always takes his dinner and supper "but the hoose"; but it is well understood that this is only done because he is always favoured with "company," and he would not care to ask strangers into the kitchen, nor would his servants desire their presence.

There are many features which deserve notice, as we look around, but space forbids their description. One thing must, however, be mentioned. It is that bundle of birch twigs placed over the little window in the back of the house. The bunch is fresh in appearance and must have been cut very recently. It is a talisman of luck, and it was put there by Maggie. "It'll bring guid to the hoose," said she; but was she not thinking of her own fortunes? Her heart could possibly tell. At any rate, she believes in it. Ay, and so does everyone in this room, including the farmer himself, by a kind of instinct, for his reason could hardly justify his credence, he a man of sober life, and sound in the faith.

By-and-by the kitchen work is finished, and the circle around the fire is completed, widening as the numbers increase. Maggie

sits down to sew, and Kirstie, the other maid, to knit, so we have beauty in the row. Do not smile, for there is at least *one* there I can assure you, really beautiful! The farmer's wife is absent. She, poor thing, has been confined to her bed for years, and is being attended "ben the hoose." In the corner there is our friend the foreman, and next to him his second in authority, the strong-limbed Kit Clerk. Then, in due succession, there sit on the stools Jock the "orra" man (*i.e.* odd man, man of all work), Jim the "bailie" (*i.e.* cattleman), Willie the herd-laddie, the two females, the farmer, you and I. There is an old dame "ben the hoose" with the mistress; our friend Mr. Geddes has sons and daughters, but they are out in the world, and so we think not of them. Another servant also is away on the lone hillside, but of him we shall hear shortly. If the feast of reason and the flow of soul are somewhat meagre, pipes at least are plentiful and tobacco fumes copious. A strong smoke current flows past your face and mine, with source in the mighty mouth of Kit Clerk and efflux in the open chimney; but Maggie's dear face is all the prettier as it is seen through this smoky shadow. We are a slow folk in Carglen, and we have sometimes a habit of hoarding as it were a piece of news like unto a miser his heap of coins—keeping it in our bosoms as if it were a sin to communicate it, and parting with it at length in a kind of grim agony of soul. Something of this sort has been going on in the mind of Jock the "orra" man. After shifting his legs, one over the other, at least half a dozen times, rolling uneasily on his stool, scratching his head, cocking his bonnet (it has a glaring red tassel on the top, which now seems redder than ever), and puffing till he is nearly out of breath, says he, "Ye'll hae heard what's happen't?"

Now perhaps we have and perhaps we have not, so nothing is spoken, but all eyes gaze, as best they may through the smoky clouds upon the face of the oracle.

"I aye thocht it," he adds, and gloomily shakes his head.

This is still enigmatical, so we remain silent.

"It'll be awfu' cauld there the night," he continues.

We have all felt the keen air in our flesh, so we shiver, as much as the remembrance as in sympathy with the sentence of the oracle.

"But serves him richt, says I," cries Jock.

"Hardly," we think, though our tongues move not. What mortal *can* deserve this awful weather that Providence sends in cold Carglen?

"Oot wi't, Jock," says Kirstie, looking at him kindly.

Thus encouraged, Jock blows a last puff, shakes the ashes out of

his pipe, once more changes the crossing of his legs, clears his throat, and unburdens his soul.

"Aundrew Tamson is lockit up!" This is the startling bit of news.

"Deil a bit!" "Na, noo!" "Weel, weel!" "Whoo!"—the latter from the herd-laddie—are some of the exclamations with which this portentous announcement is received. Andrew Tomson is a character well known to all of us. He lives in a little cottage, farther down in the "auld wuid," and nearer to the long winding toll-road, and his occupation ostensibly is that of drainer and dyker. He is a prime crony and fellow carouser of the noted George McQueben, but without George's better qualities as a workman, for the peat-digger is, when sober, as decent a workman as any in Carglen. In short, Andrew is the parish "poacher." If your foot is caught in a "gin" as you trudge through the grass in an unfrequented spot, it is Andrew whom you must bless for your sudden trip; if the report of a blunderbuss breaks the stillness of the midnight air, you will scratch your head and say, "Dang't if that isna Aundrew at it again." On the other hand, if you are in want of a hare or a rabbit for some high festival, and if your own efforts as an amateur and occasional poacher have proved unsuccessful, where should you go but to Andrew's?

"Hae ye catch't onything in the garden, Aundrew?" you say in a soothing tone.

"Ay, twa rabbits," he may reply.

"What are ye askin'?" you rejoin.

"Ou, just auchteenpence," replies he.

"Hand them ower," say you.

The money is paid and the transaction completed. As you walk away you know right well that "catch't in the gairden" was a bare-faced euphuism, and that "caught on the Earl's ground" would have been much nearer the truth. But we are a quiet and a guileless folk in Carglen.

"Tell us a' about it," says Mr. Geddes to Jock.

"I hae tell't ye the lang an' the short o' it, guidman, and he's in Eilfin jail, fac as death," declares the phlegmatic Jock.

"Ay, but the poachin', ma freen," adds the farmer.

"Ou, ay, the poachin'; weel, it wasna the poachin'."

"Nae the poachin'! Haith, an' what was it then?"

"Weel, it was the poachin' an' yet it wasna. Ye'll understan' that Aundrew was oot wi' the gun on the braes o' Antrusk when the game-keeper loons yespiet him. He ran, an' they ran, doon the banks, an' splash through the burn; b"

is a fine hand at dodgin' an' hidin', but no muckle at the rimmin', as ye are avised. Weel roond he turns and pops the gun straught at them. They swear he had his finger on the trigger an' that he was really gawn to fire, whann oot loups anither o' the gamekeeper chieks, him frae Glen Much, and dangs the musket oot o' his hands. Aff gaed the gun, deein' nae haim : Aundrew meesurit his length on the grun', an' they had him siccar as a nail. Syne aff they took him to Eilfin. But it wasna a'thegither the poachin', ye ken ; it was the attempt at firin', for so they tauld me theirsels as I met them on the toll-road."

At last we have the full story. As it is only once in ten years or so that any person belonging to Carglen gets "locked up," you may judge of the consternation which is now created. You will realise also the extraordinary self-possession of Jock Taylor, whose breast could contain such a secret even for the space of one hour.

"Puir Aundrew, he was born tae trouble as the sparks flee upward," says Mr. Geddes. The strict accuracy of the good man's logic might perhaps be questioned, for, on the whole, Andrew Tomson has dwelt in a nest very cosy for our sterile neighbourhood, and, though in many a scrape from time to time, yet has generally managed to surmount his difficulties without much mishap. Yet, in another sense, he has been a kind of parish Ishmael, with few to pity him in his petty troubles, and hence Jock's deliverance now, "An' serves him richt, say I." Moreover, a grudge of long standing between these two persons somewhat clouds the "orra" man's intellect and damps his kindly sympathy. He is perhaps the only one (and it is likely that in the last resort even his heart would melt) in all Carglen who could be found to give testimony adverse to Andrew. For the honour of our parish, mind you, is at stake, and woe be to him who speaks ill of the family roof-tree !

"It'll be a cuittle queestion that for the lyer chieks tae say whether or no the man purposit tae shoot," cries the foreman from his snug corner.

"He mean't it richt weel, the bluidthirsty villain !" roars Jock, with a round oath.

"If poachin's bad, swearin's no guid, friend Jock," says the farmer quietly.

"Ye're richt there, guidman, but bluid's bluid," declared Jock.

"Poachin's against all law and wrang a'thegither I'm thinkin'," slowly drawls Jim the baillie.

"Whist, whist, Jimmy !" hisses Kit Clerk through the thick smoke ;

"ye're real prejudeesh't in the maiter, chiel, for yer come o' a game-keeper set yersel, ye ken, an' yer mind's nae free tae joodge."

"Gey like, gey like," readily owns Jim.

"Weel, there's naething in the Bible agin' poachin', I'se uphaud, afore ye a' nae offence, guidman, to you—for my grandfaither he lived tae ninety twa, an' he was weel read in the guid buik, forbye the Carritches (*i.e.* Shorter Catechism) an' the 'Scots Worthies' an' the 'Eilfin Keronicle' ilka week he assur't me, sirs, that there wasna ae thing in a' the Ten Commandments that forbade poachin', sae dinna haud yer han', birkie, gif ye are sae inclint, said he, and he was far mair guid than the ordnar, was he." Thus the foreman, who is better versed apparently in the art of managing horses than in the teachings of the Scriptures, or the meaning of that true and sacred history of the Scots Worthies,

We are now fairly launched on a semi-metaphysical problem, "Is poachin' richt?"—and you may be sure we shall give it a thorough argumentative thrashing, especially as the farmer has gone "ben the hoose" for a few minutes, and there is no danger of falling foul of his opinions. There never was a company of excited schoolmen more sure of their logic, more eager to "distinguish and divide a hair twixt south and south-west side," more voluble with their tongues—"for bluid's bluid," as Jock Taylor says, and now it is up—than our company of bucolic Cargleners. Kit Clerk, no longer slow, is first in the fray—great he, now, in Socratic argument. He turns you inside out with terrible posers—"Hoo dae ye ken?" "Wha tell't ye?" "Can you prohve it?" "Wus you there tae see?" and such like. The upshot of all this wordy warfare is scant in its utility. We are no w.ser, though a good deal warmer, than when we began, for the conclusion reached is one rejected by no person in the parish. "Ye had better, maybe, no go a-poachin' at a', but mair espeeceal on munchicht nights, when ye stan' ower muckle chance o' bein' fund oot."

Meanwhile the beautiful Maggie has risen from her seat and gone outside to see if it is "aye snawin'." One of the company, who shall be nameless, but who has been longing for a quiet walk with the fair one in the snow down to the country shop, follows. It is "aye snawin'," bad luck to it, and when they return to the kitchen they inform the rest, with inward sorrow, that it is still "a terrible onding." So the circle is once more formed. Some one now proposes a "game o' cairts," and the pack is produced. The players are Maggie and another against Kit Clerk and Kirstie, and the game is the inevitable "catch the ten." But scarcely h

when three loud raps are heard on the kitchen door. Presently the door opens and an old broken-down man enters, "the oldest man he seems that ever wore grey hairs." Unlike him, however, of whom Wordsworth wrote, this is no industrious leech-gatherer from the lonely moor, but a "puir auld beggar-man," as he himself phrases it—one of the biggest scoundrels within the confines of three parishes, as others would declare. Immediately after him there appears a flabby woman of forty-five or so, followed by a raw-boned, vacant-looking female—her half-witted daughter; a younger girl—a mere heap of rags; and, in the rear, the reputed father of these two damsels, known in Carglen and other parishes as the "sodger," because of his warlike appearance, loss of half a leg and one whole eye, and by reason of his ability to tell endless tales of martial prowess in which apparently he, above most, was conspicuous for valour. This is the addition to our little company with which we are now favoured. There they stand, a ragged band of winter-bitten, hunger-stricken wretches, whom *our* farmer, at any rate, will pity.

"Ye'll be gee'in us quarters, guidman?" whines Heap-o'-bones, the grandpère of the party.

"Ou, ay," says kind Mr. Geddes.

"I kent ye wud, I kent ye wud," roars the soldier with a mighty stamp of his wooden leg on the flagstones.

The corner of the kitchen has been cleared, and they sit down together, within radius of the genial heat of the fire. Heap-o'-bones now begins to look less ancient and less tattered, the half-witted woman fairly dances on her seat for joy, and the soldier, in all the consequence of one who has claimed kindred here and had his claim allowed, incontinently bellows for supper, and says he to Maggie, "Supper, lassie, *if you please*, and o', queanie, mak' it hot!" Little further is said or done till their empty stomachs have been filled; only the imbecile female greatly tickles the risible faculties of the herd-laddie by winking at him with droll persistence, pausing occasionally to honour our friend Kit Clerk with a ladylike bow. When the meal is over, the poor creature rises and says to Heap-o'-bones, "Auld man, ye clean forgot the grace, but better late nor niver:

Grace be here, and grace be there,
And grace be ower the table,
Let every man tak' up his speen
And eat as much as he's able."

"Whist, ye jade!" roars the nominal father of this fair maid; "I

a song these guid folks are wantin', and nane o' your clavers," and forthwith he strikes up:

I am a son of Mars,
Who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars
Wherever I come, &c., &c.,

all as in the soldier's song in the "Jolly Beggars." It is a little strong in some parts, but Mr. Geddes is again out of the room, and we can stand a good deal of expressive language in Carglen.

He ends it; and the kebars shake
Aboon the chorus' roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
And seek the benmost bore.

There is no fairy fiddler in the neuk to skirl out *encore*! as in the case of the gangrel assembly in Poesie Nansie's, though our old man Heap-o'-bones does not fail to produce a fiddle—a woe-begone instrument, from a woe-begone poke—and commences to scrape with all the energy of a rejuvenated man, whereat, as in Burns,

There rises up the martial chuck,
And stills the loud uproar.

It is a rude interposition, but it has point and startling effect.

"Whist, again say I, grandda; and whist, ye ne'er-do-weel man o' ae leg; the tane o' ye may be a guid fiddler eneuch, an' the tither as braw a fechter as ony cock on a midden, but, wae's me, ye provide ill for them o' yer ain hoosehald. See here!" and the dame rustles her tattered rags in a manner which might give a shock to some who have never known our ways of life in the North. Grandpère looks at the ceiling and listens, presumably, to the "rattons"; the man of war sniffs the air and beats his stump; and the daft girl winks, with still broader effect, at the herd-laddie. Maggie's countenance is the best study. Concern is there, and, if we mistake not, compassion as well, and some of us would hazard a big stake that that loud-tongued dame will go away warmer and better clad to-morrow morning at grey daylight. It is a great farce, an old set piece, but we are, as serious kindly souls, in duty bound to minister to imposture in bitter need.

Oh! to tell of the songs, the stories, the grimaces, the "four-some reels," the sweet looks and snatched kisses, with the ludicrous undertone of chirping mice and squeaking rats, which follow. "It's as guid as 'brose day an' ban" "Better

nor a spree in the bothy," says a sinful, thirsty soul; "Guid as het kail to a cauld an' hungry stomach," is the opinion of the laddie; and "Infinitely better than Problem XIII., Book II., in Euclid," thinks one in the company, a sad truant to duty.

And now another person joins us. It is Reuben the shepherd, from the bleak hillside. At his heels follow two sleek collie dogs, quiet as lambs, because they have had enough of the chill and the snow for one day at least, regardless even of the presence of our gaberlunzie visitors, at whom, in other circumstances, they would without doubt have delivered more than one bark and angry snarl as to persons of an inferior degree. The shepherd brings a whiff of the cold mountain and the snow-covered heather with him, which makes the ruddy light of the flames and the genial heat all the more kindly. Reuben is a strong man, and his voice is a deep bass (startling is its shout on the slanting moor); and he is now charged with a further piece of unexpected news.

"Oich! oich! it's an awfu' storm," says Reuben.

"Mair nor awfu', shepherd," rejoins, as a privileged person, Grandpère the beggar.

"Hae ye the sheep, Reuben?" inquires the farmer in gentle tones.

"A' richt, guidman; richt as a lady's glove," stoutly declares Reuben Stevens.

"But noo tae the pint," he continues. "Ye'll a' hae heard it."

"Ay, ay, as tae Aundrew," puts in Jock the "orra" man. "I tauld 'em a' aboot it."

"Oh, ye tauld them, did ye? Weel, I'm free to say ye didna. Ne'er glare at me, man AUNDREW'S OOT!"

"Oot!" cry we, as the pipe falls from the unnerved hand of Kit Clerk, the needle from the fingers of Maggie the fair, and the bonnet, red tassel, and all, from the head of Jock the "orra" man; as the soldier cocks his tattered hat, the dame shakes off the first approaches of sleep, and even the simpleton ceases her grinning.

"He's oot, because he niver was in," adds Reuben sententiously. "Back he cam safe an' soond wi' the gamekeeper fallows, an' noo he's in his ain bit hoosie, snug an' cantie by the ingle neuk."

"Weel, an' there noo." say some; "saw ye iver onything like the likes o't?" cry others.

It is a queer story—and, in all its details, a long—that Reuben has to tell; so long, and, moreover, constituting such a ludicrous ending to an almost tragical adventure, that we reserve it for another occasion. For we are going to the kirk on Sunday, unless the snow-



In a Scotch Farm Kitchen.

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storm prevent, and the true history of Andrew's arrest and triumphant return will be rehearsed in the course of the weekly palaver outside the sacred doors—rehearsed with fulness and much added grace. He that hath ears to hear let him be there.

And now the evening is over. The mendicants pass out to the quiet barn, to their nests in the straw ; the girls to the byre to milk the kye ; the men to the stable to see to the horses ; you to your couch in the friendly cottage down in the den by Tap-the-neuk, and I to the house in the corner of the wood. The great snowflakes are still falling and the wind is up. You are in bleak Carglen, remember, in the bitter, boisterous winter ; and you need not be surprised if you awake to-morrow morning to find a gigantic wreath piled against the main and only door, and you a prisoner, till helpful hands dig a passage through the snow and relieve the stormbestead household.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

PAINS AND PENALTIES.

PART I.

THERE are few subjects more painfully interesting, perhaps, than that of the penalties which men have inflicted on their fellow-men; and I am not sure that there is any which lends greater support, on investigation, to the theory that at bottom in every man there is something of the brute. Man's inhumanity to man offers, indeed, an exceedingly wide field to the inquirer, and naturally suggests the reflection that if we had taken half the trouble to better the condition of our fellows which we have taken to rack and torture them, the world would have been a great deal happier. That the punishment should not exceed the offence was taught by the philosophers of the elder world, and repeated in his terse way by Horace:

Let rules be fixed that may our rage contain,
And punish faults with a proportioned pain;
And do not flay him who deserves alone
A whipping for the fault that he has done.

But Authority scorned to listen to the wise and humane advice of philosopher and poet, though experience proved that excessive punishments increased offences instead of deterring men from committing them. In the present paper, however, my object is not to moralise on the relation between crime and punishment, but to contribute a few notes on the historical side of the question, and illustrate the ingenious cruelty which has so frequently been brought to bear on the invention of pains and penalties, the victims, not infrequently, being innocent of any wrong, or of any fault other than that of having fallen into the hands of irresponsible Power.

The axe, the poisoned chalice, the gibbet, the stake, the cross—these are only too familiar as forms of punishment. In the good old times *lapidation*, or stoning to death, was often meted out to adulterers. By the Jewish law it was the ordinary mode of execution. *Noyades*, or death by drowning, the Romans reserved for parricides, as you will learn from a very eloquent passage in Cicero's oration "*Pro Roscio Amerino*." He says they were sewn up alive

in leathern sacks and thrown into the Tiber, and he extols the punishment because it separated the guilty wretch from "entire nature, depriving him simultaneously of sky, and sun, and earth, and water, to the end that the monster who had slain the author of his days should no longer enjoy any one of the elements which are regarded as the principle of all existence." The orator points out that, as of common right, the air belongs to the living, the earth to the dead, the sea to the bodies which float on its waters, and the shore to those which the sea rejects. But the parricide lingered out his last breath without inhaling the air of heaven; he died, and the earth received not his bones; he was tossed by the waves, which nevertheless did not touch him; and, finally, when abandoned by the sea, he could not rest even on the rocks.

The Emperor Justinian, in his "Institutes"—the elementary treatise of law drawn up at his command, of which Gibbon furnishes a very complete analysis—revived the old form as set forth in the Twelve Tables, and shut up in the parricide's sack a cock, a viper, a dog, and a monkey (*innoxia simia*, as Juvenal calls it). In practice, however, the parricide was generally burnt alive or given to wild beasts. To an incendiary Justinian assigned a twofold punishment: he was first whipped, and afterwards delivered to the flames. A corrupt or malicious witness was thrown headlong from the Tarpeian rock, the punishment which, as everybody knows, was formerly inflicted on traitors:

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

As for the satirist, he was very properly beaten with clubs, and probably often perished under the executioner's blows, so simple was the law of libel in Imperial Rome. The insolvent debtor, whether simply unfortunate or fraudulent, could be imprisoned by his creditors, bound with a chain of fifteen pounds weight, and restricted to twelve ounces of rice for his daily food.

It is to the discredit of Justinian that one Erixo, who had whipped his son to death, he saved from the just fury of the multitude.

Death by Drowning has been a popular penalty in various countries and ages. According to Du Cange, in our own country it was at one time inflicted upon thieves. In France, even as late as the sixteenth century, upon the continent. It was revived during the French Revolution by the infamous Carrier at Nantes (1793). "Why unmoors that flat-bottomed craft."

with Ninety Priests under hatches? . . . In the middle of the Seine stream, on signal given, the *gabare* is scuttled; she sinks with all her cargo. The Ninety Priests, with their *gabare*-coffin, lie deep." This was the first of the *Noyades*. In the second, the number of victims was a hundred and thirty-eight persons. But the *gabare* was soon done away with, and men, women, and children, stripped naked, were flung into the stream, and fusilladed until the last struggler had sunk—a scene which reminds us of the butchery at Cawnpore ordered by Nana Sahib. "By degrees," says Carlyle, "daylight itself witnesses *Noyades*: women and men are tied together, feet and feet, hands and hands, and flung in. This they call *Mariage Républicain* (Republican Marriage). Cruel is the panther of the woods, the she-bear bereaved of her whelps: but there is in man a hatred crueller than that." Altogether, as we learn from the "Procès de Carrier," there were twenty-five of these wholesale *Noyades*.

In this connection I may advert to one of the ordeals to which a person suspected of witchcraft was exposed. She was dragged to the nearest pond: if she floated, she was declared guilty; if she sank, her innocence was proved, at the cost, usually, of her life. It was a case of "heads you win, tails I lose": floating or sinking, the poor wretch's fate was the same. A case occurred at Tring as late as 1751. A man named Butterfield took it into his head that his ill-health and misfortunes were caused by a poor woman named Ruth Osborne, then about seventy years of age. He and his friends determined to punish her and her husband for alleged witchcraft, and announced through the public criers of Hemel Hempsted, Leighton-Buzzard, and Winslow that, "on Monday next, a man and woman would be publicly ducked at Tring, in this county, for their wicked crimes." The parish overseer and the workhouse master, to protect Ruth Osborne and her husband, secured them in the vestry of the parish church, but a mob of 5,000 persons broke open the doors, seized the poor creatures, carried them to the neighbouring pond, and after perpetrating horrible brutalities, did them to death. The woman dying first, the husband, still breathing, was tied to her dead body and soon afterwards expired. It is satisfactory to relate that one Thomas Colley, the ringleader in this atrocious outrage, was hung for murder.

The *Ducking Stool* was at one time a popular punishment for scolds. It usually consisted of "a rough, strong chair, attached to one end of a beam, and worked on a pivot," in a post sunk into the ground at the edge of a pond, ditch, or stream. The offender was secured in the chair, and then immersed. The *Cucking Stool*, which *Butler* calls "a chair-curule," was placed usually before the culprit's

door, where it served as a kind of pillory ; and afterwards, on a cart, was drawn through the town or village. It would seem to have been a legal punishment, to which dishonest brewers and bakers were liable. In Domesday Book it is called *cathedra stercoris*. Sometimes it was so constructed as to be available for the same purpose as the ducking stool.

Another mode of punishment applied to scolds—were they more numerous in the past than they are now?—was *the brank*, “scold’s bit,” or “gossip’s bridle.” This was a horizontal iron circlet, which went round the face, while another with hinges at right angles to it went over the head, and fixed a thin projecting piece of iron in the mouth so as to hold down the tongue, the whole being fastened by a padlock. The scold or gossip, with this unpleasant head-gear attached, was led through the town by the beadle, or stood in the market-place. One of these branks is still preserved in the vestry of the old church of Walton-upon-Thames. It has on it the date 1633, and once bore the following inscription :

Chester § resents Walton with a Bridle
To curb Women’s tongues that talk too alle.

Punishment by fire has prevailed from a very remote antiquity. In pre-Mosaic times it was in vogue for unchastity (see Gen. xxxviii. 24). Under the law it was ordered in the case of a priest’s daughter ; also in case of incest. In the Second Book of the Maccabees, xiii. 4-8, we read of a tower of burning embers. Burning by means of molten lead is recorded by the Rabbinical writers, but now here mentioned in Scripture. Herodotus gives a curious account of the mode of death by fire adopted by the Scythians in the case of false prophets. “They fill a chariot,” he says, “with brushwood, and harness to it a team of oxen ; in the middle of the faggots they place the prophets, with their feet bound, their hands tied behind their backs, and a gag in their mouths. Then they set fire to the fuel, and frighten the oxen into a gallop. Some of these animals perish along with the prophets ; others escape, half burnt, when the flames have consumed the yoke.”

Christian nations, by common consent, have reserved the fire penalty for heretics—that is, for unwisely obstinate persons who have persisted in holding religious opinions contrary to those held by the majority. How many victims have perished in this manner for conscience sake it is impossible even to conjecture. The Inquisition specially distinguished itself by the frequency and number of its *autos da-fe*, or “acts of faith,” and in one year in Andalusia burnt nearly 3,000 persons. Florence alone. the Inquisition put

years of the Marian persecution in England 277 persons were brought to the stake. The last person executed in Britain on a charge of heresy was one Thomas Aikenhead at Edinburgh in 1696.

Boiling to death was introduced into England and legalised by the Statute 22 Henry VIII. (1531), as a punishment for Richard Rosse or Coke, the Bishop of Rochester's cook, who was convicted of poisoning seventeen persons. It was inflicted also on Margaret Davy, a young woman, for the same crime (March 28, 1542), but soon afterwards abolished.

As late as the middle of the sixteenth century, corners of false money were thrown into boiling water.

Sawing asunder, a punishment practised among the Jews, was inflicted, it is said, on the prophet Isaiah. The traveller Shaw describes the *modus operandi* adopted in Barbary.

Pounding in a mortar is mentioned in the 27th chapter of the Book of Proverbs. Sir Emerson Tennent, in his valuable work on Ceylon, refers to it as a Cingalese punishment.

Precipitation, which, as we have seen, was included among the pains and penalties of ancient Rome, flourished also among the Jews and the Syrians. It is said that the Apostle James the Little was cast from "the pinnacle" of the Temple at Jerusalem, and not being killed by the fall was then stoned to death. The tradition is recorded by Hegesippus. (See Routh's *Reliquie Sacrae*.)

The punishment of *the Wheel* was of common occurrence in mediæval times, and down even to a comparatively late period. According to the legend, St. Catherine of Alexandria was put to death on a wheel not unlike a chaff-cutter, in the reign of Maximinus; hence the rose-window, with its radiating divisions, in Gothic architecture, is often called St. Catherine's Wheel. The ghastly details of her tortures, as related by Simon Metaphrastes, may be read in Martin's "Les Vies des Saints." The Knights of Mount Sinai, a semi-monastic order, instituted in her honour in 1063, wore as their distinctive dress a white tunic, on which was embroidered a broken wheel, armed with spikes, to commemorate the jagged wheel which tore her tender limbs, and was in the first instance miraculously shattered by divine interposition.

On the columns of Trajan and Antonine men are shown bound to chariot wheels. Gregory of Tours speaks of criminals as being slain by the wheels of loaded vehicles being driven over them a practice confined in London to the innocent 'Bouchard, who was concerned in the murder of Charles le Bon, Count of Flanders (March 2, 1127), was, by a refinement of severity (says Segur),

bound to an elevated wheel, and exposed to the voracity of birds of prey: his eyes were plucked from their orbits, his face was torn in shreds; finally, pierced by a thousand arrows, darts, and javelins, volleyed at him from below, he perished miserably.

This was the punishment chosen for Ravallac, whose knife cut short the career of Henri Quatre—to the great joy of the House of Austria—in May, 1610. It was preceded and accompanied by the most barbarous tortures. In the seventeenth century—I can fix the date no nearer—Claude, Madame de Rambouillet's silversmith, who, like George Selwyn, was a great amateur of executions, complained bitterly that there was no longer any pleasure in seeing a wretch broken on the wheel (*à voir rouer*), since those rascals of executioners now strangled him immediately. Alas, that a man's pleasures should so rudely be interfered with! The punishment, introduced into France by Francis I. in 1535, went out with the monarchy. In 1789 a man who in a struggle had involuntarily killed his father, was about to undergo it at Versailles, when the populace, deeming the penalty out of proportion to the crime, prevented the execution from taking place, and pulled down the scaffold.

It was considered a specially degrading punishment; so that when Count de Horn was condemned to it for murder, his noble relatives crowded the ante-chambers of the Regent-Duke of Orleans to supplicate him to save their house from so public a shame. The Regent replied in the words of Corneille:

Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud,

adding that whatever shame there might be in the punishment, he would willingly share it with the other relatives. The Count and an accomplice suffered in the Place de Grève.

The Regent must be credited with the origin of the term *roué*; or having pleasantly observed that there was not one of his worthless companions who did not deserve to be broken on the wheel, the populace thenceforward nicknamed them Orleans' *roués*, or wheels; and the word has since been generally adopted as a synonym for profligates.

The atrocious penalty of *flaying* seems to have been invented in Persia. Herodotus tells a striking story of King Cambyses; that, having ordered an unjust judge, named Sisamnes, to be killed and flayed, he caused the judgment-seat to be covered with his skin. He then appointed the son of Sisamnes to be his successor, charging him to bear the seat in mind.

The Emperor Valerian, after his defeat and capture by the great

Persian conqueror Sapor in 260, was, it is said, flayed alive. According to another account he died in captivity of the weight of his shame and grief. His skin was then stuffed with straw and moulded into the likeness of a human figure, which was preserved for ages in the most celebrated of the temples of Persia. Gibbon, however, thinks the truth of this tale may very fairly be called in question. The heresiarch Manes, the founder of the Manichæans and pseudo-Paraclete, was put to death after this terrible fashion by Behram (or Varanes), King of Persia, in 277. His skin was stuffed with straw, and exposed at one of the gates of Djondischaour.

In the sixth century King Chosroes punished in the same manner Nacoragan, one of his generals, for cowardice. His skin, says Agathius (in his "Life of Justinian"), being turned backward from his head to his heels, retained the form of the limbs from which it had been stripped. It was afterwards sewn up and inflated, and exposed on the summit of a rock.

Among Europeans this punishment has always been of rare occurrence. Two instances are on record. In 1314 Philip the Fair inflicted it upon the lovers of his sisters-in-law; and in 1317 Pope John XXII., after degrading Hugues Gerald, Bishop of Cahors, for magical practices against his life, handed him over to the secular judge of Avignon to be flayed alive, and torn asunder by four horses, after which his remains were dragged to the place of public execution and burnt. You may read the whole of this strange story in Bertrandy's "Un Evêque Supplicié."

In 1571, treacherously violating the conditions of capitulation, Mustapha Pasha, the Turkish commander, put to this cruel death the gallant Venetian general, Brogadino, who, for two and a half months, had defended Famagusta with the sternest resolution. The skin was stuffed with straw, set astride a cow, paraded through the camp and town, and suspended from the yard-arm of a galley. Afterwards Mustapha despatched it to Constantinople, where, after it had been long exposed to the view of the Christian slaves in the bagnio, and sent to the principal Turkish towns, it was ransomed by the Brogadino family. It is now preserved in a handsome tomb in the church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, at Venice.

Burying alive has always been a common form of the capital penalty among savage races, some of whom inflict it for no more grave offence than the involuntary one of growing old. It has also been in vogue in Europe. Among the Romans it was applied to Vestals who had violated their vows of chastity. In France it was reserved *principally* for women, who frequently suffered for quite trivial offences. Thus, in 1302, by order of the Bailli of Sainte-Geneviève, a woman

was buried alive for some petty thefts. A French historian relates that Philip Augustus put to death after this manner a provost of Paris who had committed perjury respecting a transaction in vineyards. In the thirteenth century, in the district of the Bigorre, it was customary to inter the murderer with the corpse of his victim.

In England some instances are on record. Leland says that at Brackley, in Northamptonshire, was, in his time, the image of a priest—"revested,"—a former Vicar of Brackley, who had been "buried quike by the tyranny of a Lord of the Towne, for a displeasure that he tooke wyth hym for an horse taken, as some say, for a mortuarie." The lord afterwards went to Rome for absolution, and repented in sackcloth and ashes. Then there is the well-known story which is told to every visitor to the Isle of Sheppey; how the vassals of Sir Robert de Shurland, acting on some wild words of their lord, buried a priest alive; how, to escape the consequences, Sir Robert mounted his favourite horse, and swam across the Swale to the Kentish mainland, galloped to Court, and obtained the King's pardon; how the priest of Minster predicted that though the knight's steed had thus saved his life, yet should he be the cause of his death; how, to baffle this prophecy, Sir Robert caused his horse to be killed; but how, a score of years afterwards, when walking on the sand, he struck his toe against the horse's bones, and inflicted a wound which led to mortification and the grave. Lastly, there is a tradition in the parish of Eusbury, Dorset, that on a spot called Patty Barn a man was once buried alive up to the neck, and closely watched by a guard to prevent his friends from rescuing or feeding him until he died miserably of hunger.

The *Gallows* has, on the whole, been the commonest form of punishment—at least, in the Western countries—which is shown by the number of synonyms it has introduced into the language of the people. As, in English, to dance upon nothing—to wear a hempen cravat—to swing¹—to be launched into eternity—to be stretched—to be made a gallows apple—to go to the nap—to be scragged—to be twisted—to be stringed upon Tyburn tree²—to take a leap in the dark.³ And, in French, *ravir à la terre*; *vouer aux oiseaux*; *confier à*

¹ Says Thomas Ingolushy (Barham)

To see a man swing
At the end of a string

With his neck in a noose, is quite a new thing.

² "T would thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree. GAY, *Beggar's Opera*,

³ Synonyms for the halter such as "

lippet," "Jack Ketch's colli-
hempen lippet."

"Hirstone's

l'air assez haut pour qu'un cavalier, le casque haut, puisse dessus passer à cheval ; chevaucher dans l'air ; travailler le gibet ; chevaucher l'arbre sec—to which the reader of Villon may add the expression—too coarse for my modest page—used by that reckless poet in the lyric he wrote after he was sentenced to be hanged. Hanging is the common form of execution among armies on the march for offences against discipline, for spies, plunderers, and the like, the offender being handed over to the provost-marshal. In the United States it has been much favoured by Vigilance Committees and other administerers of the rough and ready kind of justice known as Lynch Law, the nearest tree serving as an impromptu gibbet. Lynch Law, by the way, is so called, it is said, from John Lynch, a farmer, who executed this summary justice upon the desperadoes and criminals who had found an asylum in the Dismal Swamp of North Carolina. One reads also of a Colonel Charles Lynch, of Campbell County, Virginia ; while some authorities go back to one James Lynch Fitz Stephen, mayor of Galway in 1526, whose son having been convicted of murder and sentenced to death, the stern father, to prevent a rescue, had him brought home and hanged before his own door.

When hanging was first introduced as a capital punishment into England cannot be determined ; but the barbarous “ hanging, drawing, and quartering ” penalty was first inflicted, it is said, upon one William Marise, or Maunce, a pirate, in 1241. This was afterwards reserved as a punishment for treason. It was described in the following terms by Lord Eilenborough in his sentences : “ You are to be drawn on hurdles to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged, but *not* till you are dead ; for, while still living, your body is to be taken down, your bowels torn out and burnt before your face ; your head is then to be cut off, and your body divided into four quarters ” all which it must have been exceedingly agreeable for a criminal to hear ! When Garnet, the Jesuit, was executed in 1606, James I. gave orders that he should not be cut down until he was dead, so that he might be spared the torture of the usual barbarities ; but no such mercy had been shown to Guy Fawkes and his secular accomplices.

Pirates and other malefactors were hanged in chains ; and along the muddy banks of the Isle of Dogs the spectacle of blackened skeletons suspended to creaking gibbets by rusty chains was common enough even in the earlier years of the present century. The custom was not abolished until 1834.

In London the principal place of execution for criminals down to

1783 was Tyburn, at the west end of Oxford Road (now Street) ; and the allusions in our dramatists to "Tyburn tree" are too well-known to need quotation. I may recall to the reader's memory, however, the following passage from "The Beggar's Opera," where Polly says, "Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand ! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity ! What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace ! I see him at the tree ! the whole circle are in tears ! even butchers weep. Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee by a reprieve !" The Tyburn gallows resting upon three supports, it was often described as "Tyburn's triple tree" Bowl Yard, a court on the south side of High Street, St. Giles's, was so named because here, at the hospital of St. Giles's, criminals on their way to Tyburn were presented, as their last refreshment, with a large bowl of ale -an unseemly practice, which was disused about the middle of the eighteenth century. Hogarth, in the last picture of his wonderful series of "The Idle and Industrious Apprentices," furnishes a powerful representation of the execution of the idle apprentice at Tyburn, which suggested to Thackeray the following reflection : "On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet, and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city -clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery maids and children, the abode of wealth and comfort, the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe !"

The last person hung at Tyburn was John Austin, for robbery with violence, on November 7, 1783. The first execution at Newgate was on the following 9th of December. The disgraceful scenes which took place before public executions were abolished have been described by many writers, notably by Charles Dickens, and by R. H. Barham in "The Ingoldsby Legends."

A curious custom prevailed in France in the fifteenth century, and perhaps later, that a woman might save the life of a man condemned to death by consenting to marry him. Here is what an old writer says : "Le 10 Janvier 1430, on mena onze hommes ès halles de Paris, et leur coupa les têtes à tous dix. Le onzième estoit un très-bel jeune fils d'environ vingt quatre ans, il fut desnoyé prest pour bander ses yeux, quand une jeune fil^e vint hardiement demander ; et tant fit par

fut ramené au Chastelet, et depuis furent espousés ensemble." A man who owed his life to his wife in this literal sense ought to have turned out an excellent husband ! The custom has been made the whetstone for sharpening two or three popular jests. Henri Estienne says that in Picardy a story was very common to the effect that, to a man on the point of being "turned off" at the gallows was brought a poor girl of no very good character, with a promise that if he swore to marry her his life should be spared ; but that, on looking at her and seeing that she was a cripple, he turned to the hangman, saying, " Attaque, attaque, alle clocque !" (" Make haste, make haste, hang away !") And a kindred story is told of a Norman, who, when a similar proposition was made to him at the foot of the gibbet, coolly eyed the woman placed at his disposal, and replied :

Lèvres serrées, nez pointu ;
J'aime mieux être pendu.

This joke—such as it is—was in Gay's mind, perhaps, when he makes Captain Macheath say, on the jailer introducing "four women more, captain, with a child a-piece," "What ! four wives more !—this is too much. Here—tell the sheriff's officers I am ready."

The French do not seem to have inflicted the punishment of hanging upon women earlier than the fifteenth century. Previously female criminals had been buried alive or drowned. The first execution of this kind in Paris occurred in 1449 ; and Chartier records that crowds of people flocked from all parts to the place of execution, especially women and young girls, "it being a great novelty to see a woman hung in France." In England and Scotland the custom prevails to this day. We have never imported from our neighbours, however, the odd custom of providing malefactors with animals as fellow sufferers, such as cats or dogs. Jews were hung as St. Peter, it is said, was crucified, with the head downwards, and between two dogs.

In Italy prevailed, besides the gibbet, the two forms of punishment known as the *Massola* and the *Mannaja*. The former was horrible enough, the executioner stunning the criminal with a blow from a mace or a club on the side of the head, then piercing his throat with a long knife, and cutting open all his chest. The *man-naya* was a kind of guillotine, differing only in the position of the criminal, who was placed on his knees ; it was reserved for the special benefit of men of high degree, who, under the old *régime*, were favoured in death as in life. But we meet with the guillotine as early as the beginning of the sixth century, Jean d'Auton, the historio-

grapher of Louis XII., recording the punishment of a rebel, named Demetri Giustiniani, by a machine of that description. About the same time it was employed in England, where it was known as the *Halifax Maiden* the town of Halifax being entitled to punish capitally any offender convicted of stealing to the value of more than thirteen pence halfpenny, and using this particular engine. Says Taylor, the Water Poet :

At Halifax the law so sharpe doth deale,
That whoso more than thirteen pence doth steale,
They have a jyn that wondrous quick and well
Sends thieves all headless into heaven or hell.

Hence the well-known alliteration in the Beggar's Litany, "From Hell, Hull, and Halifax, good Lord deliver us !"

Holnshed describes the engine as "a square block of wood, of the length of four feet and a half, which doth ride up and down in a slot, rebat, or regall, between two pieces of timber that are framed and set upright, of five yards in height. In the nether end of the sliding block is an axe, keyed or fastened with an iron into the wood, which, being drawn up to the top of the frame, is there fastened by a wooden pin (with a notch made into the same), unto the midst of which pin also there is a long rope fastened." ¹ The last sufferers of the Maiden were Abraham Wilkinson and Anthony Mitchell, for stealing sixteen yards of cloth and two colts, on the 30th of April, 1650. The Council of State then interfered, and let it be known that another execution of this kind would have unpleasant consequences for those authorising it.

It is generally believed but not proved—that the Earl of Morton, Regent of Scotland, introduced the Maiden (or Widow, as it was afterwards called) at Edinburgh, and by a strange coincidence the instrument was employed on the occasion of his own execution, June 2nd, 1581. "He shook hands with us all round," said a spectator, "and bade us farewell in the Lord. So constantly, patiently, humbly, without fear of death, *he placed his craig under the axe*, his hands being unbound, and crying continually, 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul,' the axe fell, and, whatever he had been before, he died the true servant of God." The machine employed on this occasion is still extant.

From Italy the *mannaya* was imported into France in the sixteenth century. At Toulouse, in 1632, it was used for the execution of the Duc de Montmorency. It is needless to say, therefore, that Dr. Joseph Ignace Guillotin had no real claim to be the

¹ There is an engraving of it in the 1722 edition

the machine that bears his name, the design of which he submitted to the National Assembly on December 1, 1789, as calculated to diminish the sufferings of criminals, exclaiming: "Moi avec ma machine, je ferai vous sauter la tête d'un clin d'œil, et vous ne souffrez pas." It was formally adopted, and one knows the part it played in the French Revolution. "The great guillotine, wondrous to behold; the Doctor's idea has become oak and iron; the huge cyclopean axe falls in its grooves like the ram of the pile-engine, swiftly snuffing out the light of men!" In 1794 it underwent some improvements so as to work with increased velocity. The Parisians grew so familiar with it as to make it the subject of their street-songs and jests. It was nick-named "the national window." I can but allude in passing to recent speculations concerning its supposed swiftness of action—to the doubt whether it immediately extinguishes sensation; but to my thinking it seems impossible that life can linger in the decapitated head. The movements which some scientific observers profess to have detected must surely be mechanical.

Such punishments as loss of eyesight, amputation of the ears, nose, hands, limbs, and mutilation generally, have prevailed in every country and every age. The Oriental despots frequently inflicted *Blindness*—which is worse, I think, than death—on those relatives whose nearness to the throne might make them dangerous competitors, a red-hot needle being drawn across the eyeballs.¹ In our own history occur several examples—as Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Prince Arthur. The removal of an offender's ears was a very common English penalty, and usually associated with his exposure in the pillory. The latter abominable machine was abolished in 1837. In Germany it was called the *pranger*; in France the *pilori* or *carcan*. Previous to the Conquest it was known in England as the *stretch-neck*, only the head of the malefactor being confined in it. Afterwards room was made for the insertion of the hands, and, finally, of the feet. Pickpockets, purse-cutters, fraudulent tradesmen, brothel-keepers, users of unstamped measures, forgers, pretended soothsayers, beggars, decoyers of children, vendors of adulterated articles—these and many other classes of wrong-doers were punished by exposure in the pillory; which, however, would never have acquired its historical interest, and even dignity, had it not also been inflicted upon sufferers for conscience sake—the victims of monarchical despotism or ecclesiastical tyranny. Take, as an example, the well-known case of Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton in 1637, whose

¹ The names of three of the Eastern Emperors occur to me as having been blinded by their rivals, Michael V., Isaac II., and Alexis III.

sole offence was plain-speaking and truth-telling against "the powers that" were.

An immense crowd gathered round the place of execution in Palace Yard, and strewed herbs and flowers before the three victims, who bore themselves bravely, and conversed freely with the people. Referring to the Court functions at which the Knights of the Garter wore their collars, Bastwick said that "this was his collar-day in the King's palace." He was "pleasant and witty" all the time. Prynne protested his innocence of the crimes laid to his charge. Burton declared that the pillory was the happiest pulpit he had ever preached in. A couple of hours having passed, the hangman began to cut off their ears. "He began," says a contemporary witness, "with Mr. Burton's. There were very many people. They wept and grieved much for Mr. Burton, and, at the cutting off of each ear, there was such a roaring as if every one of them had at the same instant lost an ear." A young man, as he gazed on the brutal scene, turned pale. "My son," said Burton, "why are you so pale? My heart is not weak and if I needed more strength, God would not let me want it." A kindly hand gave Bastwick a posy, on which a bee alighted. "See," he cried, "this poor bee; on the very pillory it comes to suck the honey of the flowers; and I, shall I not taste the honey of Jesus Christ?" He lent his knife to the hangman, and, making use of his professional knowledge, showed him how to cut off his ears quickly, and to lop them close, so that "he might come there no more." The hangman next hacked away at Prynne's ears, which had been roughly cropped three years before, inflicting terrible pain; but the stern Puritan endured it without a groan. And when the three sufferers returned to their prisons, they were attended by the applause and sympathy of the populace.

But the spectators were not always so well disposed towards the poor wretches pilloried to make a London holiday, and would load them with mud, rotten eggs, and filth. Sometimes they behaved with still greater brutality, and at least three cases are on record of deaths in the pillory from injuries received at the hands of the mob.

The *Stocks*, as a mode of punishment, naturally recur to one's memory in association with the pillory, of which they were a kind of reduced copy, except that the victim was confined only by the feet, and sat on a bench during the period of his exposure. Each parish was provided with one of these "practical lessons" in the good old times of which some enthusiasts write so glibly. You remember the Parish Stocks in Lord Lytton's "My Novel"? How Squire Dale discovered
nd caused them to be repaired

and painted "a beautiful dark blue, with white border." How Lent Fairfield was unjustly imprisoned in them, and afterwards released by Dr. Riccabocca; and how the doctor thereupon gratified his curiosity by thrusting his own feet through the apertures—to discover that he could not extricate them again, and to be compelled to wait "in duresse vile" until the arrival of the Squire and the Parson, who opportunely set him at liberty. This latter incident was probably suggested to the novelist by a similar adventure on the part of Lord Camden, when Chief Justice. The last stocks in London were removed from St. Clement Danes, Strand, on August 4, 1826.

To the stocks was usually attached the *Whipping Post*, which first came into use about 1596, and prospered so famously that when John Taylor was rhyming at large, some thirty years later, there were to be found in London, and within a mile of it, no fewer than "sixty whipping-posts and stocks and cages." Formerly, vagrants and other malefactors were (according to the Statute 22 Henry VIII) "ued to the end of a cart naked and beaten with whips" (according to 39 Elizabeth) "naked from the middle upwards, and whipped till the body should be bloody." This debasing punishment was also inflicted on women without regard to age. In "Notes and Queries" are preserved many curious illustrations of the manner in which it was enforced, and the expenditure it involved. From the accounts of the constable of the parish of Great Staughton, in Huntingdonshire, are taken the following explanatory items, which must further increase every right-minded reader's admiration of the customs of our ancestors:

1690-1.	Pd. in charges, taking up a distracted woman, watching her, & whipping her next day	£	1.	8
1710-11.	Spent on nurse London for searching the woman to see if she was with child before she was whipped, 3 of them Pd. Thomas Hawkins for whipping 2 people yt had the small-pox	0	2	0
1714-5.	Pd. for watching, victuals, & drink for Ma. Mitchell	00	02	0
	Pd. for whipping her	00	00	0
1716 7.	Pd. for whipping Goody Bang	00	00	0

Fourpence was the fee usually paid for whipping an offender; the hire of a cart was 1s. 6d. extra.

But into the history of the scourge, the rod, or the whip I dare not enter: it would exhaust three times the space I have at my disposal, and the reader must be referred to the Rev. W. M. Cooper's "Flagellation and the Flagellants," though that, indeed, is far from exhaustive. The abuse of flogging in our public and private schools, and the brutal severity with which it was at one time inflicted in our

army and navy, would alone furnish material for two or three interesting chapters. I may note, however, that the too familiar "cat-o'-nine-tails" is simply a whip with three lashes, first used on ship-board, where the term "cat" is frequently applied to a rope. The French call it *le martinet*, in jocose commemoration of a rigid disciplinarian, M. le Martinet, who remodelled the infantry of Louis XIV. and died in 1672. Flogging in the army was abolished by the Army Discipline Act of 1881. It was made a punishment for juvenile offenders in 1847 and 1850, and for garroters in 1863.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

(To be concluded.)

THE METEORITIC HYPOTHESIS.

MUCH has lately been heard about the "meteoritic theory" as an explanation of the origin and construction of the heavenly bodies. This hypothesis, now generally ascribed to Professor Lockyer, seems to have been first suggested by the German astronomer, Meyer. His theory has met with some support from Helmholtz, Proctor, Thomson, and Tait in Europe, and from Professors Newton and Wright in America. Professor Lockyer has recently published a full exposition of his theory in an elaborate and interesting work entitled "The Meteoritic Hypothesis : a Statement of the Results of a Spectroscopic Inquiry into the Origin of Cosmical Systems." In this volume the author has worked out his hypothesis in great detail, and as his theory has recently met with much adverse criticism, a brief review of the principal facts and arguments advanced by Lockyer, and also by his opponents, may prove of interest both to those who accept and those who reject his views.

Lockyer commences his work with an account of the falls of meteoric stones recorded in history. The earliest of these dates back so far as 1478 B.C., but, of course, with some uncertainty. Numerous well-attested falls are, however, referred to, and many of these meteorites are preserved in museums, one weighing over three tons being deposited in the British Museum. This fell at Cranbourne, in Australia.

The general form of these meteoric stones is fragmentary, indicating that they are the fractured portions of larger masses, burst asunder by the force of the explosion which usually accompanies these interesting phenomena. In the case of the meteorite which fell at Butsura in 1861, pieces picked up at places three or four miles apart could be actually fitted together to form the original mass !

Meteorites are generally covered by a black crust, clearly caused by the intense heat developed by the mass in rushing through the earth's atmosphere with a planetary velocity.

Meteorites are generally composed of well-known terrestrial *elements*. Among these may be mentioned iron, nickel, magnesium,

manganese, copper, carbon, sulphur, &c. Some of them, however, contain mineral compounds which are "new to our mineralogy," such as compounds of sulphur and calcium, sulphur with iron and chromium, &c. Some meteorites contain a large quantity of hydrogen gas, which has been absorbed or "occluded"; others contain carbonic acid gas. Some are composed chiefly of iron, others mostly of stony matter.

Professor Lockyer made a number of careful experiments on the spectra of fragments of "undoubted meteorites," obtained from the British Museum. These were examined at various temperatures, varying from that of the "Bunsen burner" to that of the electric spark with Leyden jar. He finds that, at the lowest temperature, the most prominent line of magnesium is a fluting near the wavelength 500. I may here explain that by the term "fluting" is meant a series of bright lines, usually three, which are sharp on the side towards the red end of the spectrum, but have a hazy fringe on the blue side. These "fringes," when examined with a powerful spectroscope, are seen to be composed of a number of fine lines very close together. In the case of "iron" meteorites, the lines of manganese are the first to make their appearance, owing to its volatility being greater than that of iron.

Lockyer finds that only the lowest temperature lines of magnesium, sodium, iron, chromium, manganese, strontium, calcium, barium, potassium, bismuth, and nickel are seen in the spectra of the meteorites.

He shows the probable identity of origin of luminous meteors and falling stars with meteorites, and also that comets are probably composed of meteoric stones. Discussing the observations of the aurora, he attempts to prove that the phenomenon is due to meteoric dust in the "higher reaches" of our atmosphere, and that the characteristic line seen in the auroral spectrum is identical with the brightest fluting of manganese. Dr. Huggins's researches, however, show that this coincidence does not exist; and some recent experiments made by Messrs. Liveing and Dewar with an electric discharge passing through dust show that the dust does not act like a gas, and does *not* become luminous like the aurora, but that, on the contrary, the electric current drives it out of its path.

Lockyer next proceeds to discuss the appearances presented by comets, and the character of the spectra they show at different distances from the sun, and concludes that their spectra very much resemble the spectra of meteorites seen under similar conditions of

temperature. He considers that the light of comets is chiefly due to collisions between the component meteorites, and that the observed transparency of comets may be explained by supposing the meteorites to be small, and separated by considerable intervals. A portion of the light of comets, he thinks, may be produced by collisions between the cometic swarm and other swarms existing in space; and the recorded sudden increase of light in the Pons-Brooks comet of 1883, and the Sawerthal comet of 1888, seems certainly in favour of this idea.

Lockyer holds the view that both shooting stars and comets did not originate within the solar system, but are of cosmical origin. This view of the origin of comets was held by the famous Laplace, but Kant thought they originated in the solar system; and the terrestrial origin of meteorites was advocated by Sir Robert Ball and Tschermak.

Lockyer then proceeds to discuss the probable construction of the nebulae, and concludes that they are probably swarms of meteorites; the collisions between the component meteorites producing the light emitted by these objects. He attempts to prove that the brightest line seen in the spectra of the nebulae, "the chief nebular line" as it is called, is coincident with the edge of the magnesium fluting seen in the spectra of meteorites. The nebular line certainly lies very near this fluting, but the spectroscopic power used by Professor Lockyer was quite insufficient to decide so delicate a question. Recent observations by Dr. Huggins, with a more powerful spectroscope, and by Mr. Keeler, at the Lick Observatory, with a higher power still, have, however, shown that the chief nebular line in the spectrum of the great nebula in Orion, and in some others, does *not* coincide with the edge of the magnesium fluting, but falls within the fluting, towards the blue end of the spectrum.

Classifying the stars in accordance with his theory, Lockyer places some of them on the rising branch of a temperature curve, and others, including our own sun, and stars with similar spectra, on the descending or cooling branch of the curve. From an examination of the spectra, he considers that the red and orange stars of Secchi's third type, which includes many variable stars, are increasing in temperature, while the still redder stars of the fourth type, of which some are variable also, are cooling bodies, and are "approaching the extinction of their light." The stars showing bright lines in their spectra, he thinks, "are nothing more than swarms of meteorites, a little more condensed than those which we know as

nebulæ." He identifies some of the bright lines visible in these stars with the lines of hot carbon, but this conclusion is disputed by Dr. Huggins.

Considering the subject of the binary or revolving double stars, Lockyer considers that they are merely condensed swarms of meteorites, which had probably their origin in a single nebulous mass, or a double nebulosity. He explains the phenomena of long-period variable stars by supposing one swarm to revolve round another in an elliptic orbit, the increase of light at maximum being caused by collisions between the meteorites of the swarms when they clash together at the periastron. This seems a very plausible hypothesis, and quite as probable, I think, as other theories which have been advanced to explain the phenomena presented by these interesting and mysterious objects. Bright lines have been observed by Espin in several of the most remarkable variable stars when near their maximum brilliancy, and these may very possibly be due to the heat produced by meteoric collisions.

Professor G. H. Darwin, the eminent Cambridge professor, has proved mathematically one point in favour of Lockyer's hypothesis. He shows that the conception of fluid pressure, required by Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis, and which is applicable to a gas, is also applicable to a swarm of meteorites. The pressure exerted by a gas against the surface of an enclosing vessel is supposed to be the result of collisions between the component molecules of the gas, and Professor Darwin shows that, if we supposed these molecules magnified up to the size of meteorites, their collisions will still give a *quasi*-fluid pressure, and that the law of gases will be applicable to a swarm of meteorites. One objection may be raised to this view, namely, that the ultimate molecules of a gas are supposed to be perfectly, or at least highly, elastic, while meteoric stones have very little elasticity. Professor Darwin, however, points out that when the meteorites come into collision, the heat generated by the shock volatilises a portion of each, so that the result will be like that of an explosive, and consequently there will be nearly perfect elasticity. He finds, further, that the analogy with the theory of gases will hold good for the meteoric swarms from which the solar system—on Lockyer's hypothesis—is supposed to have been evolved, a swarm extending beyond the orbit of Neptune. He also finds that the swarm when widely diffused will be subject to gaseous viscosity, and will first rotate as a solid body, but when more contracted "the central portion will revolve more rapidly than the outside."

With reference to the origin of comets, Mr. Monc^l

opinion that some comets, at least, originated "within the limits of the solar system," and to this class he is disposed to assign "the four comets which have been connected with meteor swarms." He argues that *some* meteors may be of terrestrial origin, and suggests that possibly Lockyer's experiments may have been made with some of these terrestrial meteorites.

There seems to be another weak point in Professor Lockyer's hypothesis, and that is that it offers no explanation of how the planets and satellites of the solar system were evolved. This has been pointed out by Mr. Monck. He says, "Will any advocate of the meteoric theory give us an explanation of why all the planets and asteroids and the great majority of the satellites revolve in the same direction, why the orbits of the larger bodies of the system deviate so little from the circle, and why they are so nearly in the same plane? Till this is done I think the nebular hypothesis has in this case the advantage." A violent grazing collision between two dense meteoric swarms might however, conceivably, be supposed to produce a rotation in the swarms, which would give rise to the observed planetary motions.

Another objection raised by Mr. Monck is, that it seems difficult to understand how the requisite number of collisions in a meteoric swarm could be produced and kept up, and "that meteor clouds dense enough to produce the requisite amount of light by their collisions would also be dense enough to intercept a great part of it again on its way to the earth." Mr. Monck's papers on the subject were published in the *Journal of the Liverpool Astronomical Society*.

Here the matter rests at present. It will be seen that hitherto the weight of evidence seems against the truth of Lockyer's hypothesis, but further researches on the subject will be looked forward to with considerable interest.

J. ELLARD GORE.

TRAMPS AND THEIR WAYS.

“**H**OMO SUM”: therefore whatever concerns humanity is of interest to me. It is a healthy sentiment, though one that does not always receive due recognition. Our views may be liberal concerning the animal, who, according to Boileau, is the most stupid of all—

Qui marchent sur la terre, ou nagent dans la mer,
De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome,

and yet we may not regard the ubiquitous tramp as a desirable acquaintance. A line must be drawn somewhere, and most people would draw it at the grimy nomad who so frequently pesters them for coppers. An introduction to such an unpromising individual would strike terror to the heart of the least conventional, though a peep at him on paper may be tolerated.

There are tramps and tramps. Probably in no walk of life is greater variety to be found than exists among the tramp fraternity. The cadger who has seen better times is always an object of interest to the student of human nature. These “relics of nobler days” abound in the common lodging-house, or “padding ken.” Perhaps it would be more correct to say they *did* abound; for there are far fewer of them now than formerly. When one hears a seedy-looking individual propounding and solving abstruse mathematical problem in a common lodging-house “kitchen,” to the evident mystification of a motley group of “hedge crawlers” whose combined arithmetic would not be equal to a sum in simple addition; when one listens to the same man discoursing in the language of Cicero and pointing his morals with select quotations from Horace, one is apt to be painfully reminded of that path which is paved with good intentions, and of that sea of life which is strewn with the wrecks of humanity.

This is by no means a fancy picture; such men are sad realities, though they stand out as exceptional specimens of tramp life. I have in my mind now a man whom many will possibly remember having met about the streets of Oxford. Occasionally at Harrow. A tall

been educated for the Church and had even been ordained. This man was a profound scholar, well connected, and yet by devious courses he descended till he could descend no further. I have often seen him in the lodging-house "kitchen" sitting astride a wooden bench with a basin full of coffee and a hard crust of bread before him. I have seen him stop a group of rollicking undergraduates in Oxford High Street, and puzzle them with a choice assortment of dog Latin and Virgil, following in their wake when they moved on, bombarding them with quotations from poet after poet, till in very despair of getting away from him, they have thrown him a half-crown and laughed heartily to see him turn into the nearest public-house to spend it. This man used to get no end of money, and at evening would return to the lodging-house drunk, with a bottle of whisky in his pocket. There he would make himself a general nuisance, at one moment haranguing the assembled tramps in a jumble of more or less classic phrases, then noisily bewailing his sorry fate and promising to sign the pledge and reform. At length he would fall under a table and go to sleep, or some sympathetic listener would lead him upstairs to bed, and next morning the old man would take his cup of coffee in silence, hardly ever speaking to those among whom he herded except when drunk.

It may interest some of my readers to know what a common lodging-house is like. Of course they differ very much both in size and appearance. There are houses which can accommodate only half a dozen persons, while there are others which have found shelter for forty or fifty. I do not refer to that new invention, the "model lodging-house," which is usually hated and shunned by *bonâ fide* tramps, but to the old-fashioned "common lodging-house," of which a specimen can be found in almost every market town in England, and in many large villages. The common lodging-house invariably consists of a "kitchen," and any number of bedrooms according to the size of the house. The "kitchen" is the common living room for all the lodgers. There may be a sort of scullery where the pump and all kinds of odd pots and pans are found; but the "kitchen" is the only living room. In this kitchen are two, three, or four tables, as the case may be, arranged round the walls, with rough wooden benches placed along them. It is very rare to find a table away from the wall, for the simple reason that the whole centre of the "kitchen" is kept for the lodgers to move about in. There is always a comical assortment of domestic utensils in a lodging-house.

On the fire will be found either a fountain or one or two large

kettles always full of hot water, a nondescript collection of tin and earthenware teapots adorn the mantelpiece, and an indescribable assortment of crockery will be seen on the shelves that run round the room. A "deputy" usually looks after the "kitchen," does all the cleaning, makes the beds, keeps the fire going, fills the kettles, and, in fact, does anything and everything that requires doing. Each lodger is supplied with a dish or large plate in which to keep his food, and these are left quite unguarded on the shelves, many careful lodgers placing some distinctive mark on their dishes to prevent mistakes. It occasionally happens that a thief will rise early in the morning, clear out the dishes of food, and decamp; but woe betide him if caught. To steal from a fellow "needy" (tramp) is looked upon as unpardonable meanness, and the whole body of tramps will usually make common cause against such a delinquent.

"Parish property" is the suggestive name given to everything belonging to the lodging-house proprietor. If a pot is required the "deputy" will supply it, but to obtain the loan of a knife and fork or a spoon often requires some amount of persuasion, and frequently the man who asks for such things is looked upon as a "flash bloke" or "ikey cove." Teaspoons, especially, are regarded as unnecessary luxuries, an old knife usually serving all the purposes of a meal. Women lodgers do their own "washing up"; but the "deputy" invariably washes the crockery used by single men. Sometimes this "deputy" is a man, sometimes a woman; if the former he is often expected to chuck out obnoxious lodgers, a dangerous task very frequently.

The little sign over the door of a common lodging-house generally bears the following inscription: "Good lodgings for travellers. P. O'Brien. Registered for 18." The number for which the house is registered and the name of the landlord are, of course, speculative. It is worthy of note, however, that Irishmen are found keeping these houses in large numbers. If a "traveller" turns into one of these places the following colloquy occurs between him and either the "deputy" or landlady—the woman generally having control of the house:

"Got any room?"

"How much do you want?"

"Bed and a half."

"How many kids?"

"Two, one sleeps wi' "

"All right."

That concludes the ceremony. The applicant is a married man with a wife and two children. He wants a bed and a half, being one bed for himself, wife, and infant child, and half a bed for his little son, a "half-bed" meaning the share of a bed with another lodger. For this he pays ninepence, sixpence for a "full bed," and threepence for the half-bed. A single man may take a "bed to himself," for which he pays fourpence, that being the regular price of single men's beds, which are smaller than those used for couples, or he may pay only threepence and have a half-bed, sleeping with another single man, who also pays threepence for the other half of the bed.

These lodging-houses have some curious names attaching to them, by which they are known to those who frequent them. A house at Great Marlow was known as the "Cherry Tree." It was so called from a cherry tree, on which there were never any cherries, that grew in the yard. A pump was fixed in this tree, and a raw Irishman, who had never been to the house before, remarked on being referred to this tree for his water, "Bad cess to ye now : do ye think oi've come over from ould Oireland to dhraw water out ov a shtick?" A house at Stratford-on-Avon, which stands on that side of the bridge away from the town, close by a public known, I think, as the "Shoulder of Mutton," used to rejoice in the name of "The Big Fountain," the reason being that this house boasted the largest fountain ever seen in a lodging-house. It was made of copper, and held over thirty gallons of water. It always remained on one side of the large fire-place, and was filled from another fountain holding about twelve or fifteen gallons, which used to swing on and off the fire. This enormous fountain had descended from one lodging-house keeper to another through a number of years, and may be there yet for all I know. Henley-on-Thames used to have a lodging-house, which was also a public-house, known as "The Shoemakers'," the landlord being a cobbler, who worked every day in the kitchen in the midst of his lodgers. This house was also known as "The Well," from a well in the yard which supplied the inhabitants with water. At Abingdon the favourite house was known as "The Big Doors," and stood at the end of the town leading out to Oxford. It was also known as "The Romany's," being kept by a gipsy. The keepers of these houses also possess curious nicknames. Thus at Droitwich "Saucy Bet's" was the favourite resort of tramps, and a more saucy old lady it would be extremely difficult to find. At Stroud the best known house was "The Germans'," kept by two or three German sisters, all of whom, according to the habitués of the place, were named Katerina, and whose surname was Smith.

Although common lodging-houses are invariably registered for a certain number of lodgers, according to their respective capacities, it must not be supposed that this number is always adhered to. There is nothing more common than a "make-shift," which is a bed made on the floor of any old rags that can be got together. When a tramp has walked fifteen or twenty miles he does not like to be turned away with the cry of "no room." If the house is full "make-shifts" are resorted to, and thus the difficulty is tided over. This is especially the case at race times, when the town is full to overflowing. At such periods it is no uncommon thing to find a house that is registered for twenty persons affording accommodation of some sort for at least twice that number. Beds are strewn all over the floors, men sleep on the forms and tables in the "kitchen," and in each case the full price for beds is paid. A traveller who has children, especially if his business does not call him to races and fairs, will shun those institutions as a plague.

The number and variety of the occupations adopted by tramps is enormous and surprising. The names of them alone would comprise a very long list. The "grubber," or hatter, is a man who renovates old hats, buys those that are cast off, "fakes them up," and re-sells them. The "grubber" usually wears a clean white apron and a tall shiny hat, the emblem of his calling. A "blink fenser" sells spectacles, and talks learnedly to the aged rustic concerning his sight. He gets his cheap "frames" and glasses from Birmingham, often plates them with a composition made by himself, and sells a pair occasionally as silver to some "flattie." The "mushfaker" is a time-honoured institution. "Mush" means umbrella, and a "faker" is a man who makes or repairs—generally the latter. The term "faker" is very extensively used as a cant word in composition with others. Thus there are "mushfakers," "chaneyfakers" (menders of china), "cadeyfakers" or "grubbers" (hatters), and so on. There are also travelling bell-hangers, tinkers, machinists, and a host of others. Among the most impudent and barefaced scamps of this class may be mentioned the "chaneyfakers," "mushfakers," "tinkers," and "grinders." The grinder is easily recognised by his grinding barrow which he wheels in front of him, while his wife or a "pal" calls at the houses for "scissors, knives, razors, or any other cutlery to grind." Sometimes the "barrow" is a "flash" affair, covered with bits of brass and painted light blue or red; often it is a "kick up," that is a shaky little framework with only one wheel, which serves both as a fly-wheel for the strap and also for the purpose of locomotion. G

"so together, some-

times "chaneyfaking" is combined with one or the other. The tricks resorted to by itinerant menders of china and the "patter" they press into their service are really astonishing. The *modus operandi* is much as follows. Say a pair of "pals" are working together. They call at a house and a woman answers the door.

"Morning, my lady. Mrs. Hammond at the big hall told us we was to call on her friend Mrs. Jones, at the farm, and say as how if Mrs. Jones wanted any china repairing, burning, soldering, fusing, or secret bolting she could highly recommend me and my man here as have just mended her ladyship's best china soup tureen and sugar basin at the most reasonable price," &c., &c.

Mrs. Jones at the farm is flattered that Mrs. Hammond at the hall should even give a thought to her, and if she is a simple-minded woman, as she often is, and has never been bitten before, she probably brings out a dish which has a nasty crack in it and asks if it can be mended.

"Lor bless yer, yes, my lady, and a beautiful dish it is; real Crown Derby china, or I ain't no judge. You shall have it back in a hour, my lady." And the poor woman parts with the dish. If she endeavours to get an estimate of the cost for repairing it the scamps "jolley" her, that is they patter away to her about cracks here, rivets there, "burning and fusing" somewhere else, and so confuse her with their incessant humbug that they at length get off without naming any price for the work. This is one of the great objects aimed at. A "chaneyfaker" will exercise his utmost ingenuity, and it is considerable, to carry off a "joint" (a job) without giving a "thole" (estimate of cost).

Having got the "j'int" away the next operation is to "fake" it. If there is but one crack in the dish, one or two ugly scratches are made with a piece of broken file, and thus other cracks are represented. It frequently happens that these workmen are destitute of tools. Perhaps the "spark" with which they drill, which costs about fifteen pence, and is a minute piece of carbon obtained from certain jewellers in Clerkenwell, has been sold for a quart of beer during a drunken bout. In such a case, if the ware to be repaired is very soft, as common ware usually is, the necessary holes for the rivets are made, though with much labour, by means of a fine bradawl, which is hardened by being placed in the fire and then plunged in cold water. During the boring operation the bradawl is repeatedly dipped in turpentine, which materially assists the work. Repairs executed in this way are much more clumsy than when the ordinary drill and "spark" are used, and occupy twice as much time.

But it is rare that a typical "chaneyfaker" will take much trouble with his work, especially if he is "dying with the horrors," as he feelingly expresses it. There are a few men who have an eye to the future, and these will do their work "jonec," that is properly, so that they may call again and get more work; but these are *rare aves* and *not* typical "chaneyfakers." The real specimen of the craft generally carries with him a little cement of some kind. Many make their own coaguline, and this is a kind of *pièce de résistance*, a never failing salvation in time of difficulty. The dish we have seen extracted from Mrs. Jones of the farm is probably "faked" in this way: No holes are drilled at all. A little cement is applied to the real crack to keep the article together for a time, then some brass wire is scraped so that one side is flat, and this is cut into tiny pieces, say a quarter of an inch in length, to represent rivets. These sham rivets are then stuck across the real and apparent cracks at regular distances, and when firm they are polished up with moistened whitening, which is also rubbed well into the crevices, giving the whole job a neat appearance. If this dish were now filled with hot water, or handled roughly, it would probably fall to pieces at once, but great care is taken that such a disaster shall not occur till after the rogues have drawn their pay and decamped.

The "work" being finished, now comes the most delicate and difficult part of the business - getting the money. If our pair of "pals" are both enthusiasts, and above all if they have had just enough drink to give them Dutch courage and a thirst for more, a friendly dispute probably arises as to which shall have the honour of "running in the jint." To "run in" a job means to take it home and draw the money. Perhaps they toss up for the distinction, and whichever man wins he is supported by the other during the ordeal that is sure to ensue. The ceremony is as follows. Both men return to the house, and the woman again answers the door. Assuming a brusque and businesslike manner, the man with the dish says:

"Brought the harticle back, my lady, an' a beautiful job it is, as you will say when you sees it, but in consequence of the burning and fusing to get in the secret bolts the edges are not hard enough to handle. You see, my lady, this is a hoperation as requires the most delicate manipulation. If you was to take hold of the harticle afore the fused parts was set' and so on, in the midst of which the dish is gently placed on the door step and surveyed with well-affected admiration.

"Yes," replies Mrs. Jones, "it looks very nice. What is the charge?"

Now comes the tug of war.

“Well, really, my lady, I hadn't given that a thought for the minute. Let me see”—turning to “his man” for assistance—“there's four rivets in the fust crack at fourpence per rivet, that's one and four ; five in the next, that's one and eight ; one and four and one and eight is just three shillings ; then there's three rivets in the bottom, one shilling ; which together makes four shillings ; then there is the burning and fusing, which is a secret process only known to the per-fession, and which should be five shillings, but we makes a reduction for quantity and charges half a crown, that makes six and six ; then there's the secret bolting—two secret bolts at one-and nine makes three and six, which added to six and six makes ten shillings to the farthing, and the plating of the rivets we throws in for ninepence-halfpenny, which is half price, and which my man here is quite agreed to, seeing as you may have some other little jobs for us when we calls again. Just ten and ninepence-halfpenny, if you please, my lady.”

By the time this is run off poor Mrs. Jones is holding up her hands in horror. Probably the whole dinner service has not cost more than is charged for this dish, and she dreads to think what Mr. Jones will say when he returns home. A “row” ensues ; the woman protests, threatens, argues, but all to no purpose. Mr. Jones is far away in the fields, and even if he returns he is bullied and invited to fight. The “row” ends in a compromise, and the terrified and indignant woman parts with, say eight and sixpence, with which the pair of worthies make off, leaving the bewildered Mrs. Jones surveying her dish on the doorstep, and gasping for breath. Had the dish been properly mended, a shilling would have been a fair charge to make for the work, which should have consisted of four rivets at threepence each. Punishment occasionally overtakes these men, but it is rare in proportion to the number and extent of their extortions. Tinkers, grinders, “mushfakers,” and many others regularly resort to this cheating, though “chaney-fakers” are looked upon as extortioners *par excellence*.

One of the most profitable and refined callings used to be “driz-fensing.” To “fense” is to sell ; a “fenser” is a seller, and “driz” is the cant term for lace. The word “fense” and “fenser” is used in composition even more extensively than “faker.” There are “snell-fensers” (needle sellers), “reader-fensers” (sellers of tracts), “blink-fensers” (spectacle sellers), “rake-fensers” (comb-sellers), fensers of all kinds of “blackberry swag,” and numerous others. The term “swag” means “stock,” and “blackberry” is a

cant word meaning "miscellaneous." "Blackberry swag" thus means a miscellaneous stock, such as buttons, tapes, shoe and stay-laces, writing-paper, pens, cottons, pins, and so forth, usually carried in a flat basket or a box of some sort. But the "driz-fensers" are the aristocrats of the road. There used to be several well-known characters in this line ten or twelve years ago, but they are now somewhat rare.

The *modus operandi* was as follows. A lace-maker's pillow would be procured with bobbins and everything complete. A little bit of real lace would be fixed on this as in process of making, and a lot of "gammy" stuff, imitation lace, would be carried with it. These "driz-fensers" posed as makers of real Honiton and Maltese lace, and high prices were obtained for imitation lace that cost next to nothing. This imitation lace was so "faked" that many ladies who prided themselves upon their knowledge were often deceived. The lace when bought—some of it was Nottingham made, but most of it was obtained by post from London—was white and stiff compared with real pillow-made lace. To overcome this defect, a bag or common bolster case was carried. A quantity of fine yellow sand was put into this with the lace to be "faked," and all shaken up together. When the lace came out it would be quite limp and faintly tinted. Of course there were favourite patterns, which were preferred as more nearly resembling the real article. Some of the women who travelled with these pillows, or "dollies" as they were called, made a great deal of money, and obtained no end of good cast-off clothes. There was one little woman whose name I know well but will not disclose. She spoke French like a native, and was about the most successful I have known. She used to get beautiful dresses from ladies on whom she called in exchange for lace, giving so much of the latter for a stipulated sum of money and so much clothes. The clothes were periodically sent away in bundles to a certain dealer, and sometimes a dress was sold to the landlady of a common lodging house, but never in the town where it was obtained. This woman was several times in prison, and as a precaution her husband used to do nothing but tout for her and warn her of approaching danger.

It is only a few years since a paragraph appeared in the *Birmingham Daily Post* about this woman. She was in a fashionable town about fifty miles from Birmingham, whither she had arrived by train, having found Birmingham too "hot" for her. The *Post* was brought into the "kitchen" one morning by one of the tramps who knew to whom the paragraph referred, and it w

herself. I cannot give the wording of the "par," but here is a faithful digest of it so far as my memory serves me: "*The artful little Frenchwoman.*—The police are anxious to discover the whereabouts of a little woman, supposed to be French, who goes about selling imitation lace for real. It seems she called on Mrs. Blank early in the week, and displayed a pillow on which was some lace which the woman was supposed to be making. But Mrs. Blank happens to be an expert judge of lace, and seeing this, the impostor decamped, on being threatened with the police. But mark the sequel. Mr. Blank came home in the evening bringing a present for his wife, it being the lady's birthday. The present consisted of a quantity of so-called Honiton lace, for which Mr. Blank had given a good price, knowing his wife's fondness for it. Mrs. Blank, however, pronounced the lace to be imitation, and declared she had seen it before that day. On being questioned Mr. Blank admitted having purchased the lace of a little Frenchwoman, who called at his place of business and represented herself as a lace-maker," &c., &c.

An amusing incident followed the reading of this paragraph. In the street where the woman lodged were three or four other lodging-houses, and two or three "driz-fensers" happened to be staying in them. In one house was a girl, the daughter of the landlord, whom the "driz-fenser" from Birmingham had offended. On going down the street this woman and some of her fellow impostors made offensive remarks to the girl, and the latter, returning to the house, complained to her mother, and, girl-like, remarked that she knew how to punish her tormentors; she knew about the Birmingham affair, and knew all about the "driz-fensers" who were lodging in the street. No real harm was meant by these pettish remarks, but in a few minutes they reached the ears of the "artful little Frenchwoman," and she, accompanied by three or four other women, marched in a body to the house of the offended girl, and throwing themselves at the feet of her and her mother besought them with (crocodile) tears not to "gag" on them, in other words not to give information to the police. The girl and her mother had the greatest difficulty in getting rid of the terrified women.

Patriotism is not a virtue too common among tramps; but tramps are by no means scarce in the ranks of our militia. At one time a large number of the fraternity annually "came up for training" in various parts of the country, but I believe there are fewer now. The militia that assembled at Gloucester used to be particularly strong in tramps, and the same may be said of those who trained at Cirencester. Some few years ago one of the smartest non-commissioned officers at

the latter place was a "grubber" (hatter). His name was Joseph Evans, or, as his acquaintances on the "road" called him, "Little Joe Evans," for he was a slightly built man. He has been dead some years, or I should not mention his name. On the day of mustering at Cirencester a party of thirty or forty riotous spirits used to set out regularly from Cheltenham and tramp the sixteen long miles to "'Cisiter," and many a story could be told of disagreeable encounters with these roughs, who were made up of a few cadgers and the refuse of several Cheltenham slums.

At Gloucester there are several particularly dirty little common lodging-houses in and round about Leather Bottle Lane, and it was a curious sight to see in any one of these grimy dwellings two or three awkward fellows in scarlet coats and trappings redolent of pipe-clay, one sitting in the chimney corner smoking a short clay pipe, another toasting a bloater on the end of a one-pronged fork and endeavouring by an incessant change of hands to keep his fingers from burning, another, perhaps, kneeling on the floor in an out-of-the-way corner seating a cane chair or mending an old umbrella, jobs obtained by his wife during the day. On review day the wives of these men would go in a body to watch the manœuvres, and after the "break up" there would be a week's carousal with the money paid to the men.

In the course of their peregrinations tramps meet with some exceedingly queer people. There used to be an old gentleman in one of the eastern counties who found special delight in disguising himself as a "skake," or dry-land sailor, and visiting the local common lodging-houses. The landlady of one house in particular was in the confidence of this eccentric gentleman, and used to aid him in the pursuit of his hobby. If a "school of shallow blokes," that is a company of dry-land sailors, came to her house for a night the old gentleman would be sure to get information of it, and that night the "shallow blokes" would be reinforced by an additional chum, rigged out in a dirty old pair of white ducks, a loose blue shirt, a sou'-wester, and minus coat, shoes and stockings. The new comer would join in their favourite pastime of cribbage for a penny a game, and about eleven o'clock, when everyone was going to bed, would mysteriously disappear, apparently to the great anger of the landlady, who always declared that the man had not paid his "doss" (lodging money). A couple of miles from this very lodging-house was a "toff crib" (gentleman's house) famous as a "square ken" (good house) for every one who called, and especially cherished by the "shallow blokes," wh
cunning, never recognised

in the jolly, red-faced old gentleman who invariably had a half-crown for them, the strange little "glock" (man) who had played "crib" with them on the previous night.

One of the queerest individuals known to the tramp community was old "Squire Lucas" as he was called, the eccentric gentleman who for many years lived the life of a hermit some mile or two from Hitchin. This strange man was known almost universally on the "road," and the funny stories current about him in the lodging-house would fill a small book. Many a poor tramp felt a pang of regret when "Squire Lucas" died a few years since, for he was a sure "mark" in time of need. Any cadger could count on twopence from the "Squire," and in certain cases the tip went as high as fourpence. The hermit had his likes and dislikes. If a tramp could recite the Lord's Prayer he might safely count on threepence; but if he could say the Ave Maria a fourpenny piece was the regular reward—not four pennies, be it noted, but a fourpenny-piece. On a Sunday morning it was no unusual thing to see a score of tramps at the house of the hermit, and in due sequence Lucas would see them all at his little aperture, for it was only through this that audience was held. The store of knowledge concerning tramps that this man had accumulated was surprising. He would talk "padding ken" (lodging-house) slang with the oldest of them: he would "pucker cant" ("talk cant," or slang) so that many of the younger itinerants could not understand him. He prided himself on being a match for the most seasoned rogue, and it was generally admitted that he had never been "nailed" (deceived) but once, and that was by an Irishman. As I have said, Lucas preferred those who could repeat the Ave Maria to any others. Catholics were his favourites, and he once so far unbent to a great, simple-looking Irishman, as to engage him as a sort of watchman about the premises. For some time the hermit was very unapproachable; but at length "Moike"—that was what the Irishman called himself—by dint of his sanctimonious conduct quite gained the confidence of the recluse. He was armed with an old blunderbuss that would not go off—except, as Moike afterwards explained, when *he* himself went—on any account, and put to guard the premises from thieves, of whom Lucas was in constant dread. But one dark night Moike saw a chance of rewarding himself for his hitherto faithful service, and pocketing a little bowl of silver and copper from which his master was wont to relieve his callers, he made off, blunderbuss and all, much to the disgust of the hermit, who never afterwards put faith in any one.

Speaking of Irishmen and Catholics reminds me of a very funny

experience of one whom I knew. He had been on the spree for a week, and was dying for a drink to quench his raging thirst, without having the wherewithal to pay for a single drop of the crathur. On ordinary occasions Pat would not have "told his reverence a loie" on any account, but dire necessity coerced him for once, and going to a priest known for his charity he unravelled such a "yarn" that even the good man, simple as he usually was, deemed it rather "thick." Taking Pat into the church, which his house adjoined, the reverend gentleman placed him on his knees and bade him pray while he went for his purse, and not to rise till he returned. Pat meekly obeyed, and at the end of an hour was still obeying, though less meekly, for the good priest had not returned. The sinner experienced untold agony during this unexpected penance, and when at the end of another half hour his reverence reappeared with a small written order on a local coffee house keeper for a night's lodging and food, poor Pat gave way utterly to despair.

It must not be supposed that imprisonment is always full of terrors for tramps, or even unwelcome. It not infrequently happens that the mendicant finds the inside of a prison preferable to the outside, and he accordingly lays himself out to get "seven days" or so, choosing to endure the hard fare and a plank bed within a gaol to the yet harder fare and no bed without. This is always in the winter, when hedges, and even haystacks, are apt to be cold sleeping quarters. But when a vagabond elects to get a few days in "stur" he does so only in those localities where the prison is known, either by experience or repute, to be a good one. There is a great deal of difference in prisons at least there used to be. For instance, it used to be notorious among tramps a few years ago, that the county gaol at Devizes was the worst "hole" not only in Wiltshire, but for many miles round, while at Shepton Mallett, in Somerset, only a few miles away, the county prison was known to be a "spiffin ken," or first-rate place.

Numerous and diverse methods are adopted for the regeneration of these wanderers. Many widely different religious bodies have from time to time undertaken to reform them. But with very rare exceptions it is a case of "once a tramp, always a tramp." There is a strange fascination about the free-and easy existence, and few tramps are found to take kindly to the restraints of ordinary civic life. At one time it was very common to see the vicar of a parish or his curate smiling half reprovingly yet benignly amidst a full of grimy tramps on a Sunday morning, and to "chapel folk" fraternising with them in the

At Stroud and many other places the chapel people used to hold a service in the lodging-house "kitchen," after which the tramps were invited to a service at which small loaves were given away. But it was found that at those services where no "chuck" (bread) was distributed there were no tramps, the inference being that it was the loaf, and not the preacher's eloquence, that constituted the "draw." The inference was correct.

The slang made use of by genuine tramps is extensive and peculiar. A great deal might be written on this subject, but I have only space to glance at it here. It is never called "slang" by the old-fashioned cadgers, who are far more proficient in it than their modern brethren. It is known as "cant;" to "pucker cant," meaning to talk slang. Much of it is evidently derived from the gipsies, but there is a good deal that does not emanate from them. "Mong" is the gipsies' favourite term for "beg," and there is a well-known story of a gipsy who put his little son forward to beg of an old gentleman. All the while the artful hypocrite kept on saying, "Come away from the dear, good, kind gentleman. If we are starving, p'raps the good, kind gentleman hasn't brought any money with him; come away, my son, and don't bother the dear gentleman," then in a kind of stage whisper would be interpolated the injunction—"Mong, kiddie, mong," meaning "Beg, lad, beg."

There are many words in this cant vocabulary that plainly indicate their classic origin. Such, for instance, is "panem" (bread), of which "chuck," "toke," "grub," "scran," and one or two others are better-known synonyms. "Mungeary," pronounced "munjáry," is a term used for food generally. It might possibly be traced to "manger," and it may be also that "beaua," pronounced "bewa," meaning a woman or wife, has some relation to the French "beau." "Vardey" means "look," "see," and is suggestive of the Latin "vide." I append a few cant words and expressions as a curiosity for those who take an interest in the subject:—Glock (man), cully, soubley (pal), methony (policeman), dona (woman), casa, crib, ken or kenna (house), boss or boss-crib (farmhouse), boss (farmer), com or combat (clergyman), combat's (vicarage), needy (tramp), nathers (lodgings), Vardey his nibs (look at him), Sunny the beaua (see the woman; look at her), Ne dash (stop it; be quiet; do not, &c.), nuke (head), Carab yer nuke (give you a crack on the head), rorty (street; also used adjectively for good, fine), midjic (shilling), dinary (money), stur (prison), dorough (livelihood), a cant (food obtained at a house), stiff, slang (a license), quid, thick-'un (sovereign), gammy, snidey (bad), &c., &c. Tramps have an ingenious method of

transposing the syllables of the words they use, and this is extremely puzzling to novices. For example: suppose a tramp wished to warn another who was begging that a policeman had his eye on him. The cant phrase would be, "Ne dash, soubley, vardey the methony sunnying yer ;" *i.e.*, "Mind, old pal, see the policeman looking at yer." But an old hand would render it thus: "Ec-ne ash-der, oubley-ser, ardey-ver th' ethony-mer unnying-yer-ser."

PEREGRINUS.

BOURNEMOUTH and WIMBORNE.

PERHAPS nothing so increases the beauty of the country as an abundance of trees ; and in this matter the streets of Bournemouth are remarkable : they look in places like shady lanes, so that the visitor might almost fancy himself in the open country, far from the turmoil of common existence. Where, again, could you find landscapes more smiling and solitude more seldom disturbed than on the vast heaths and in the far-reaching woods and parks which surround Wimborne on every side ?

Thackeray in "The Virginians," beautifully described the change that has in the last half-century come over our country roads and lanes :—

The high road a hundred years ago was not that grass-grown desert of the present time ; it was alive with constant travel and gaiety. The ponderous waggon, with its bells and plodding team ; the light post coach that achieved the journey from the White Hart, Salisbury, to the Swan with Two Necks, London, in two days ; the strings of pack horses that had not yet left the road ; my lord's gilt post-chaise and six with the outriders galloping on ahead ; the country squire's great coach and heavy Flanders mares ; the farmers trotting to market or the parson jolting to the cathedral town on Dumpling, his wife behind on the pillion—all these brisk sights and brisk people greeted the young traveller on his summer journey. Hodge, the farmer's boy, and Polly the milkmaid, bobbed a curtsy as the chaise whirled over the pleasant village green, and the white-headed children lifted their chubby faces and cheered. The church spires glistened with gold, the cottage gables glared in the sunshine, the great elms murmured in summer or cast purple shadows over the grass.

But I must reluctantly leave the delights of country rambles, of which the visitor to Bournemouth may easily have his fill, and confine myself to the subject proper of this article.

One of the most momentous events in the history of Bournemouth was the cutting of the new line from Brockenhurst to the East Station, a work involving great engineering difficulties, and costing three quarters of a million. For some years the obstacles to success threatened to overwhelm the contractors and to wear out the patience of the residents in the town. At last the Directors were rewarded for their energy and perseverance, and the

official opening of the Direct Bournemouth Railway, March 5, 1888, brought the town fully into the world, and placed it in touch with London. This great event may be taken as a good text for an article on a rising watering-place, which is growing in favour, and competing keenly with older towns, over which it has many advantages, the chief being its comparative newness.

The contrast presented by our modern health resorts and those of two centuries ago I have dwelt upon in many long articles. Bournemouth is a splendid example of the new watering-place—far-reaching, bustling, and replete with every comfort and luxury. Given a fairly long purse, and it would be easy to maintain that no one could command greater profusion in London itself. Bournemouth is now practically a suburb of the metropolis, true, Brighton is often called London-on Sea, but the Hants watering-place is prettier, better laid out, and within easier reach of lovely country than its Sussex sister. We shall probably live to see it as large and populous as Brighton.

Between Tunbridge Wells in 1724 and Bournemouth in 1891 what an impassable gulf! the advantage is all on the side of the latter. None of the histories of Tunbridge Wells gives any idea of the pursuits and amusements in that famous watering-place when George I. was king, although in a volume of "Familiar Letters," published by Samuel Briscoe, in 1724, the following description occurs of the town by Mr. Ward, author of "The London Spy." Let the visitor compare the Tunbridge Wells of that day with the Bournemouth of ours.

The chiefest pastimes, next the old trade of basket-making, are the four following: Bowling at Rasthall Green, where fools lose their money and knaves win it; dancing upon Southborough Green, walking in the grove where ring-doves coo above, whilst lovers bill below and project all things in order to make themselves happy at the next merry meeting; and gaming at the Groom Porter's, where everyone strives to win, and the box runs away with the money. Lodgings are so dear and scarce that a beau is sometimes glad of a barn, and a lady of honour content to lie in a garret, the horses commonly being put to grass for the servants to lie in the stable. My landlord was a farmer, and his very outhouses were so full that, having sheared some sheep, he abated me half-a-crown a week to let the wool lie in my chamber. The most noble of their provisions is a pack saddle of mutton and a wheatear pie, which is accounted here a feast for a Heliogabalus, and is indeed so costly a banquet that a man may go over to Amsterdam, treat half-a-dozen friends to a fish dinner, and bring them back again into their own country, almost as cheap as you can give yourself a true Tunbridge Wells entertainment. The liquors chiefly produced by this part of
beer, made of wood dried malt, and wine drawn
infected with a smoky tang, that you would
every pint you drink instead of quench

gallon ; the latter, as 'tis ordered, drinks almost like mead, and makes a man's mouth smell of honey.

The difference between the gaiety of Tunbridge Wells in summer and its dulness out of season was well shown by the common saying, 'Where are you going?' "To Tunbridge Wells. Where did you think? Change me a guinea." Contrasted with the reply, "To Tunbridge Wells, good lack! Give *me* change for a shilling."

A few words on the climate of Bournemouth I must venture to give, as the subject is one of importance to visitors. The town, then, is three degrees warmer than Wolverhampton, with about the same range of temperature and the same number of rainy days, but with not quite such a low absolute minimum. The one matter—but most important, truly—in which Bournemouth eclipses the Midland town is in the greatly larger amount of sunlight ; it has twice as many hours of clear sunshine as Buxton, Cheadle, and Wolverhampton ; so that on many days, when it is not inviting to go out of doors in those places, open-air exercise is agreeable at Bournemouth, or, more accurately, endurable. But from the beginning of November to the end of March longitude, not latitude, is the most important factor. Nevertheless, the winter of the south and west, though so little warmer, is far brighter and pleasanter, and that is a decided advantage.

Bournemouth is a large and somewhat ill-defined area, covered more or less thickly with houses. The western portion is called Parkstone, and is in the parish of Poole ; then comes a long, narrow district—Branksome, Bournemouth West, and Bournemouth East, and, still further to the East, Boscombe ; indeed, from Poole to Christchurch, nearly nine miles, there is a good deal of scattered building, which is every year filling up fast, and also stretching northwards. The main portion of Bournemouth is long and narrow, and extends three miles along the old Christchurch Road—a straight, broad, and very handsome thoroughfare. The town, unlike many other seaside watering-places, is not exactly on, but at a short distance from the sea, approaching at certain points quite close to it, at others lying farther off. From no part of the town can the water be seen, although a few houses on the east and south cliffs look down on the beach, with its bustling crowds and magnificent pier, and much of the picturesqueness of the place is actually owing to its not being on the sea, so that there has been more room for new houses and roads than would have been the case had the town only been the expansion of an old fishing-village built on the beach. No road leads along the sea, though several take down to it, and some of the chines and ravines are very beautiful. No stately terrace or crescent looks over

the water, and in this the contrast between Bournemouth and some other watering-places is decided, and the visitor finds all the charm of novelty. No grander marine carriage-road could be laid out than along the beach at Bournemouth; the expense would certainly be enormous, but the gain would be incalculable. According to rumour, we may look before long for this great enterprise to be taken up in good earnest; it cannot fail to be a profitable investment, and to attract many visitors to the neighbourhood.

Bournemouth is at last incorporated, and none too soon; but although it gives the place a somewhat townish character, there can be no question that it is a distinct gain to the permanent residents to have a responsible governing body. Great local improvements are contemplated, and municipal buildings on an imposing scale are likely soon to be commenced. The town has the advantage of a right worthy mayor in Mr. Hankinson, an upright, pious, enlightened man, the best person in the place to hold the office. Should his successors only be worthy of him, they need not fear the breath of scandal. In choosing such a mayor Bournemouth has shown that even popular elections are not always spoilt by self-interest, and that the sheer force of goodness and ability sometimes compels general recognition.

Bournemouth is singularly favoured in another matter; indeed, I do not know any other health resort that compares with it in the cheapness and variety of its sea excursions. Without harbour or shelter it would seem to be the last place in the world to have such unrivalled advantages; but only four miles west stretches the capacious and convenient harbour of Poole, and from early in the morning to late at night steamers ply from Bournemouth Pier to Yarmouth, the Needles, Ryde, Ventnor, Cowes, Swanage, Torquay, Dartmouth, and—but more rarely—to the French coast. A guinea ticket entitles the holder to all the shorter excursions for the season.

Of land excursions the variety is large, but few are in the immediate neighbourhood of Bournemouth. The Talbot Woods would, however, make the reputation of any health-resort: they are quite close to the town. Dudsbury, again, a very perfect early-British camp, on the left bank of the Stour, near Kinson and West Parley, is a noble earthwork, difficult of access because of the immense detour to get over the broad and dangerous Stour, which has only convenient bridges at Christchurch and Longham; but, however reached, Dudsbury, on a fine spring afternoon, is well worth examining and to look down upon the wide and noisy stream at one's feet many yards below them, is a pleasure not one visitor

in a hundred enjoys. The two favourite land-excursions are to Wimborne and the New Forest. All through the summer strings of brakes crowded with excursionists ply many times a day to Wimborne and to Rufus's Stone ; the latter is twenty miles from the middle of Bournemouth. But the most beautiful country cannot, from its remoteness, be conveniently reached except by making Wimborne the starting point ; between it and Bournemouth there are fifteen trains up and as many down a day, while as the crow flies the distance is little over eight miles. Christchurch Priory is another grand building, and in size, massiveness, and interest has no rival nearer than Salisbury Cathedral and Romsey Abbey ; the last is not easy to reach from Bournemouth, though it is well worth visiting and critically examining, and its splendid proportions and heavy Norman architecture make a deep impression. Every one who can get so far should make a point of doing so.

The singular richness and beauty of the country round Wimborne call for some remarks ; the place has grown rapidly during the last fifteen years, and many hundreds of new houses have sprung up, principally near the station. The town is exceedingly pretty and quaint, though portions lie rather low, and it is very beautiful to sweep half round the town in the train from Blandford, and to see the houses clustering round the ancient minster, which, from its enormous size, still throws all the other buildings into insignificance. It is one of the finest parish churches in the South of England, though insignificant enough compared with the immense minsters and abbeys of Yorkshire and the Fen Country. Those Fenland Abbeys have hardly any rivals in the South and West, and Christchurch Priory and Wimborne Minster are small in comparison, nor was the disproportion less in the palmy days of the Catholic Church, though possibly Beaulieu Abbey, now lying in ruins, may, in size and grandeur, have been a fitting rival. Peterborough, to cite one of many, was, in its glory, among the most magnificent and powerful of English Abbeys, and must have thrown nearly all the Southern churches into the shade ; some rude old rhymes, descriptive of the characteristics of several monasteries in its vicinity, seem to show that it was greatly elated with its distinction. They run thus :

Ramsey, the rich of gold and fee ;
 Thorney, the flower of many fair tree ;
 Crowland, the courteous of their meat and their drink ;
 Spalding, the glutton, as all men do think ;
 Peterborough, the proud ;
 Sawtry, by the way—that old abbey—
 Gave more alms in one day than all they.

In our time, with the exception of the two or three that have been made cathedrals, those once powerful abbeys are mere parish churches, shorn of all their ancient splendour, and without a vestige of a collegiate establishment remaining. Wimborne Minster is remarkable for its two towers, placed tandemwise ; the more ancient is at the intersection of the arms of the cross, the church being built in the form of a Latin cross, the other is at the west end. The central or lantern tower is a noble piece of Norman work ; formerly surmounted by a lofty spire, which fell three centuries ago. Although only two specimens of tandem towers remain—Wimborne and Purton in Wilts, besides, of course, the magnificent instance at Ely, and those at two of the smaller churches at Coutances—this arrangement was once not uncommon, and occurred at Hereford, Christchurch Priory, Shrewsbury, Malmesbury, and Bangor. The Chain Library, more curious than useful, is another singular feature, and local authorities claim for it that though Hereford boasts of a library partly chained, nothing comparable is to be found in any other place in the kingdom, for *all* the books are fastened by chains to transverse iron bars. Perhaps the books are not of exceptional value or rarity, the latter much the same thing as the former, but some have curious histories attached to them ; this is more particularly the case with one in which a hole of some size has been burnt in the middle of many of the pages : these holes have been neatly repaired at great expenditure of time and trouble. As Matthew Prior is said to have been born in the town, and was a book-worm, he is credited with being the culprit who did the mischief, and the ingenious artist who repaired the wrong.

The Church is open to the public all day long at a charge of sixpence per head. This includes the services of a verger or clerk of the works, who shows everything worth seeing, and points out the curious crypt, the arcaded passage round the central tower, the monuments, and the library. In summer hundreds of visitors sometimes come in a single day, few strangers leaving Bournemouth without running over. One of the effigies is let into the south wall, and is in memory of Anthony Ettricke, recorder of Poole, a curious individual ; it was he, by the way, who committed the Duke of Monmouth when he was taken, a few miles off, after the flight from Sedgemoor. This singular magistrate had his epitaph cut some time before his death ; but he miscalculated the year of his demise, so that when he died the date had to be altered twelve years ; moreover, as he had left directions that he was not to be buried either *in* or *out* of the church, he was interred *in* the walls ; our less accommodating age would

confine such a worthy in an asylum, and then spend his fortune in litigation.

The neighbourhood of Wimborne is unrivalled for its beauty, and it would be difficult to find anything more wonderfully varied ; fertile water meadows—low-lying and sometimes flooded—mark the course of the rivers passing through and near the older part of the town, while Cole Hill is an extensive tract of sandy upland, richly diversified with pine woods, gorse, and heather, making a *tout ensemble* as beautiful as the choicest parts of the New Forest. From Cole Hill, Bournemouth, Christchurch Priory, the New Forest in all its extent, the Isle of Wight, and the sea are in sight, the Needles often showing up brilliantly in the sunlight. A mile south of the town, Canford Manor, with its well-kept drives, lofty trees, and imposing mansion, proclaims the ample means and cultured taste of Lord Wimborne, the noble owner, and his accomplished wife. Kingston Lacy, in the midst of a fine undulating park, rich in enormous elms—though recent gales have played sad havoc among them—lies just west of the town; it is remarkable for its lofty reception rooms, their walls gorgeous with Spanish paintings among the finest in the kingdom ; the ceiling of one of the principal rooms, taken from the Contarini Palace at Venice, is a perfect art-treasure. An Obelisk from Philæ stands in the park. With the present mansion, or its predecessors on or near the same site, many famous names have in the past been connected, indeed tradition credits King Alfred with a lengthened stay here ; his brother and immediate predecessor, King Ethelred, is buried in Wimborne Church. James, the ambitious and intriguing Duke of Ormond, resided at Kingston Lacy, and died there. The etymology of Kingston attests its antiquity—Konig's or King's town. West of Kingston Lacy extend the breezy downs of Badbury, with their grand Romano-British Camp, having in the centre a large clump of tall trees ; this remarkable earthwork is perhaps not greatly changed since Romans first, and then Saxons held it. The camp, after all the weathering of 1,500 years, remains perfect, and Dr. B. W. Richardson, who visited it last September, was charmed with it. It consist of a triple vallum and fosse ; the outermost of the latter is 1,738 yards in circuit. Here Edward the Elder posted his army when Ethelwald seized and held Wimborne. Ethelwald, according to the Saxon Chronicle, "obstructed all the approaches to him, and vowed that he would do one of two things—or there live or there die. But, notwithstanding that oath of his, he stole away by night and sought the army of the Danes and Mercians in Northumbria." North of Wimborne is "Gaunt's House," the seat of Sir Richard

Glyn, a near relation of Lord Wolverton : the seat of the latter is at Iwerne Minster, a few miles off ; then "Crichel," that of Lord Alington—a most popular man with a singular charm of manner ; next, "St. Giles',"—that of the Earl of Shaftesbury, where the famous Anthony Ashley Cooper was born ; and last, "Cranborne," memorable for its connection with the Cecils ; the manor house was till recently occupied by Mr. Cox, Lord Salisbury's brother-in-law. The famous Edward Stillingfleet was born at Cranborne. East of Wimborne stretch immense heaths, at the commencement of them stands "Uddens," the residence of Lady Greathed. The commons round "Uddens" are interesting to naturalists on account of their many rare birds. Towards Ringwood, still farther to the east, the country is wild and unenclosed, so that it is to all intents and purposes similar to much of the New Forest, which it adjoins and in which it merges. Truly a rich, smiling, lovely land, with all the best features of English landscape—wood and heath, valley and hill, thick dust in summer and bog in winter, gently rippling brooks and broad deep rivers, miles without a house, still in its pristine solitude, the country as God made it, not cursed by the intrusion of man and his wasteful and wicked ways.

To do full justice to the beauties and antiquities of the district would require an article of portentous length. Roman roads, ruins, tumuli, and dykes abound in all directions. One of the most singular of these relics of the past is Knowlton Church—a Saxon edifice seven miles due north of the town, and surrounded by three curious earthworks—in parts absolutely perfect. Then there is the Castle Hill, at Cranborne, well worth a visit. Nor must Charborough Park, between Wimborne and Bere-Regis, be omitted ; it is strikingly beautiful, but to historical students the house is full of interest, and the natural loveliness of its surroundings goes for little. An inscription, of the date of 1750, records that—

Under this roof in the year 1688, a set of patriotic gentlemen of this place concocted the plan of the glorious Revolution with the Immortal King William, to whom we owe our deliverance from popery and slavery, the expulsion of the tyrant race of Stuarts, the restoration of our properties, establishment of our national honour and wealth. Englishmen, remember this era and consider that your liberty, won by the virtues of your ancestors, must be maintained by yourselves.

A few miles beyond Charborough, Milton Abbas is reached, famous as the birthplace of Cardinal Morton, some of whose relics, such as a *prie-dieu*, are reverently kept at Whatcombe House, the seat of Mr. J. C. Mansel-Pleydell, one of the most accomplished of the county magnates, and foremost in all good works. The r

mansion of Whatcombe are gems, and the paintings which adorn the rooms are singularly fine.

But to return to the town. Wimborne is fortunate in possessing a famous grammar school, with a respectable antiquity of three hundred years, flourishing too and reviving, though it has of late been outstripped by many competitors for public favour. The head master, Mr. Eustace Fynes Clinton, is a ripe and accurate scholar, and stood very high among the classics of his time at Cambridge. He is assiduous in his work, and is assisted in the supervision of the boarders, who number half the boys, by his wife, whose devotion to the school and the interests of the forty or fifty lads living under her roof and enjoying the benefit of her watchful care, are beyond all praise. Many day-boys come over from Bournemouth, Poole, and Blandford. There is also in the town, in the new quarter, a ladies' college for girls of the upper classes ; it is conducted by three ladies of great experience and competence, the Miss Prices, of Hughenden Hall, on the south slope of Cole Hill, half a mile from the station. They have a very beautiful house with accommodation for nearly fifty boarders, expressly designed and built for a school of the first class, and in the most perfect sanitary condition. The house is handsomely furnished : perched on the side of the hill far above the fog and damp of the lower ground, it looks over a wide expanse of smiling and sunny parklike country.

Nothing gives a town a better tone than high-class schools, and as long as Wimborne has its grammar school and its admirably-conducted ladies' college, it must be a centre of light and usefulness over a wide area. Whether the former will ever reach 200 boys is doubtful, for the competition of the wealthier endowed schools, which are springing up in all directions and drawing upon the not inexhaustible supplies of available material, is very keen. Ladies' colleges are, fortunately for the principals of them, on a different footing ; and the fashion of starting large endowed colleges is still in its infancy. Wimborne, from its excellent railway service, is a capital place for an upper class boarding school, so that the Wimborne Ladies' College has a brilliant future before it, and the principals, assisted by a competent staff of masters and mistresses, bring the highest educational advantages within reach of a large number of families ; their success can hardly fail to be all that they can desire.

Curious that though Wimborne has grown very rapidly it has been so greatly outstripped by Bournemouth that many of the Wimborne tradespeople can recall the not very distant days when they supplied with china, grocery, and other necessaries the

obscure little town near the Bath Hotel, that now, in its maturity has hundreds of shops, some of them on a huge scale, and which is rapidly usurping to itself much of the custom of a wide area. The number of houses at Bournemouth in September 1880 was 2,245, with a rateable value of £113,651, while in September 1890 the houses numbered 4,976, and the rateable value stood at £245,973—a marvellous increase.

The antiquities of the neighbourhood of Wimborne are far from exhausted, and, at the risk of being wearisome, I must deal with sti another—the parish church of Canford. Ancient in a sense that makes most ecclesiastical buildings of considerable antiquity modern in comparison, the foundation goes back to Saxon times; it is reverently and beautifully kept, and its freshness gives it an appearance of youth that puzzles the visitor. In the south-east part of the church is a large room, once the Consistory Court, in which the vicar of the Royal Peculiar of Canford heard divorce suits—perhaps fancied himself among the greatest dignitaries on earth. The court-room remains, indeed it is an integral part of the ancient building, but it has not for a long time been used for such a purpose, and never will again. The Manor House is an enormous range of stately buildings, furnished and fitted up as only the country houses of the wealthier nobility can be. Some portions of older edifices remain, among them a vast gloomy kitchen with which the name of John of Gaunt is associated; it is curious and massive, and promises to last many another century. Some treasures brought from Nineveh by Sir Austin Henry Layard are kept in a special court, and the generous owner of Canford allows anyone to inspect them.

Canford, though so rich and beautiful in timber, is at the beginning of the sombre pine woods which stretch south, and in which Bournemouth lies concealed: another example of the singularly varied character of the country in the district of which Wimborne is the centre.

Canford House or Manor has played a very momentous part in the fortunes of the Primrose League, and indeed, unless I am in error, I understood Lord Wimborne to say that it was here that this organisation was founded; Lady Wimborne has always worked untiringly on behalf of the League, and her graceful and winning manners and high principles eminently fit her to make it popular. Canford has also long been a great centre of Conservative politics. Rumour recently asserted that Lady Wimborne proposed attempting the revival, the formation rather, of a Salon, which should play a great part in national politics. The wealth of the family their connections and influence,

and the fascinating manners of Lady Wimborne, would have made such a thing possible, and much might consequently have been done for the Conservative and the Liberal Unionist cause. But I am not sure that, when dispassionately examined, the disadvantages do not outweigh the advantages ; there is such a thing as being too great, and the excess of rank and wealth makes it peculiarly difficult to reach even the middle classes, how much more then the poor and uncultured ? The great live so far above the common herd of middle class clergymen, retired officers, and other professional men, that in the presence of a duke's daughter, in whose veins flows the blood of John Churchill of Blenheim, freedom of intercourse is scarcely possible ; the obsequious suppliant for favour and notice does not show himself in his true colours ; he is tempted to say what he believes will give pleasure, and feels cruel satisfaction in giving a secret stab to some unlucky but less fortunate rival—in short he is selfishly intent on trying to ingratiate himself rather than in advancing the cause he is supposed to have at heart, so that the higher nobility, ignorant of the competition obtaining in the middle classes, are peculiarly liable to be imposed upon, and are easily deceived by the unblushing falsehoods addressed to them, and are unconsciously influenced by slanders levelled at the most innocent ; these falsehoods and slanders any equal would in a moment detect and he would understand the motives actuating them. The first thing is to thoroughly know the people whom one would influence and lead, because the only leadership possible in these times has, unlike the authority of the master over the servant or the officer over the private soldier, no real power to back it up—it must be a moral, an intellectual ascendancy. Those who have this natural aptitude, who while belonging to the highest and most fortunate grades of society can yet on occasion forget themselves, obtain the ascendancy fairly and fully where the keen play of wits is allowed free scope ; persons such as these, I say, can make their influence felt far and wide, and can command the allegiance of thousands and do their cause yeoman service, but of these born leaders of mankind the number is very small.

Only the greatest knowledge of the world—the most brilliant faculty of reading at a glance character and judging of motives, in short an insight into human nature denied to all except a few of the most gifted, would make it possible to successfully attempt a task so difficult as forming and organising a large body of attached adherents, who would be faithful to their party, feeling all the while that treachery to one another or to their cause would certainly be detected by the keen, piercing eye of their chief. As for the opulent, they

are the unfortunate prey of all the world ; they may give lavishly, generously, ungrudgingly, but they can never give enough ; still more will always be expected, and the noble munificence of many of the greatest philanthropists in the land seems rather to increase jealousy and cause heartburnings than relieve that chronic poverty and destitution which never abound more than where most is attempted for their relief. The more lavish the charity, the greater often the poverty and the less sincere the gratitude. Truly it is hard to do good, hard to live wisely and well ; but though the result may often be disappointing, the reward of well-doing and of good intentions can never be taken away.

Nevertheless it is much to be regretted that those who have leisure, high rank, boundless wealth, and a famous historical name do not more often make their influence felt for good in the counsels and government of the nation. Removed from the ignoble strife of money-getting, with a position so well assured that they can approach the greatest and lose nothing by noticing the lowliest, they would seem to have opportunities not lightly to be disregarded of bringing the masses together and toning down the jealousies of ordinary society. But common men and women are not pleasant to work with—that cannot be denied ; and the frailties of human nature have been the despair of the poet and the sport of the cynic. *Patriæ quis exsul se quoque fugit,* sang pathetically the astute Roman, and it is only too true that the base outnumber the pure and upright.

A word more about Wimborne ; then I shall return to Bournemouth. Matthew Prior once lived in the former, as I have mentioned above, while a few years ago Thomas Hardy, the accomplished author of the "Woodlanders," and "Far from the Madding Crowd," made it for a time his abode ; he is now living at Dorchester.

Although Bournemouth boasts of no ecclesiastical building like Wimborne, Canford, or Christchurch, a striking feature is its churches, and in their number it resembles Torquay and Brighton. The services are usually ornate and frequent. Only St. Peter's has any great architectural pretension, and it is one of the finest parish churches in the diocese ; it is striking from its size, lofty and graceful spire, and abundant handsome ornament. A large Presbyterian Chapel has recently been built near it, and has a crowded congregation, not exclusively drawn from Dissenters, it is said.

Bournemouth is not easy to describe. With no great central railway station, with scarcely any centre like an inland town from which to start, and with few salient features, it does not easily lend itself to the descriptive writer. It somewhat lacks *tribi natural*

and artificial advantages ; for example, it has nothing like the Derwent Parade of Matlock, no splendid Promenade, Park, and Pittville Gardens like Cheltenham, no Jephson Gardens like Leamington, and no Pulteney Street and Royal Crescent like Bath. But it can do without these attractions, for it is a singularly handsome, clean, well-built place, with a light sandy soil, quickly drying after rain, many imposing shops, and hundreds of fine villas, to whose number constant additions are being made. Its pine woods have long been its special feature, for the soil being dry and sandy is not well adapted to carry deciduous timber of large size, but pines grow splendidly, and many of the streets, especially on the East Cliff, are well shaded and extremely pretty, and in places, where the builders have not been too energetically at work, glens and chines are found presenting a strikingly rural appearance, totally unlike anything else which I have ever seen in a town, so that practically the place is unique. The Talbot Woods are said to contain one million pine trees, and are among the glories of the district. The rhododendrons, too, in June are very fine, and the display of flowers magnificent. Branksome Chine is especially famous for its gorgeousness in that pleasant month, and so is Lord Malmesbury's park, near Herne Station, which then attracts crowds of visitors. Late in June the beauty and profusion of the rhododendrons would repay a special journey from Lancashire or Edinburgh. There is no more striking spectacle than to look from some spot higher than common over a vast extent of rhododendrons in full flower—countless millions of blossoms meet the eye, and from the broken character of the ground the effect is gorgeous, while overhead stretches a vast canopy of lofty pines, towering into the sunny sky. In another respect Bournemouth is remarkable : it is in its long, narrow, well-cared-for public gardens, stretching for a couple of miles on both banks of a little stream to the sea. These gardens are crossed by the main road not far from the Arcade, near the foot of Richmond Hill, and are exceedingly attractive. On summer evenings crowds of excursionists wander along them, making their way to the pier, to which they lead. From the foot of Richmond Hill the outlook is very beautiful, and visitors from the north cannot help being charmed, although they must not expect to find the sun always shining and the wind always still.

Hotels, lodging and boarding houses, and doctors abound—the last have descended upon the town like wolves on the fold. This year's issue of the Medical Directory gives over eighty doctors in practice among perhaps 30,000 people, a proportion equal to that

of Leamington, Cheltenham, and Scarborough. One might consequently fear that the district was unhealthy ; but never was there a greater mistake, for there is considerably less sickness and the death-rate is far lower than in most places of equal population. One can only hope that when the town becomes a second Brighton, should more doctors not have in the meantime come to share in the spoil, the patient and long-tried medicoes, who survive the disappointments of years, will reap their reward. As I live in the immediate neighbourhood of Bournemouth and often have patients to see in the town, I can see that the local doctors form quite a little regiment—armed at all points against all medical outsiders ; some, but not many, are busy enough, most have simply to wait for better times—that is, more population. The approaching meeting of the British Medical Association in July is expected to do great things for the town, and no doubt it will, and many more visitors and invalids will be sent down, and probably there will also, in consequence, be a further influx of doctors desperate for fees and not sorry to settle in a place so superior to any manufacturing or seaport town ; but whether the doctors gain or not, the neighbourhood will profit by anything that makes it more widely known.

The opening of the new pier at Boscombe, on Monday, July 29, 1889, was a very important event in the history of the district. Boscombe is an extension of Bournemouth, half way between the latter and Southbourne-on-Sea. Sixteen years ago it consisted of a few huts and a couple of tiny shops—nothing besides ; and now, like Washington, it is a city of magnificent distances, with miles of broad, handsome roads, hundreds of commodious houses, and building on a colossal scale : indeed, I was assured on good authority that the houses being put up at the time the pier was opened represented over £150,000. Many of the roads are not built up, but in ten years there will hardly be an unoccupied site, and the population will have quadrupled. The distance from the middle of Bournemouth was so considerable that it was thought desirable to build a pier and to make good approaches to it, and a wild but picturesque chine was selected. The pier has cost £12,000, and never was money more judiciously laid out, never was work better done ; while the spot chosen has great natural and artificial advantages, and could hardly be matched by anything in the neighbourhood.

The committee of management having decided to invite some leading statesman to open the pier, they issued invitations to a hundred of the foremost people in the neighbourhood. The Duke of Argyll consented to officiate,

attended by the Marquis of Lorne, made his way to a small enclosed space near the pier entrance, where a chair had been put for him. He first looked round curiously on the thousands before him, and far as the eye could reach they could be seen covering the heights and filling the ravines and forming a *tout ensemble* rare in our dingy climate. After listening to the customary addresses, his Grace gave one of those genial, scholarly replies for which he is famous. Looking behind him he pointed out the beauty of the water and the purity of the sky, and congratulated the residents on the exquisite climate they enjoyed—the best, he thought, in the world, for it was equally a stranger to the intolerable and scorching suns of Italy and Andalusia, and to the biting blasts of Canada and Russia.

You have not the fierce sun of lower latitudes, nor the azure seas of Sicily; but where will you find a place in which a greater number of days can be agreeably passed in the open air? Among the addresses (continued the Duke), for which I am particularly grateful, is the one presented by those Scotchmen who are residents at Bournemouth, and I am very glad to have a representative in Mr. McEwan Brown of that branch of the community, because I believe Mr. McEwan Brown has taken a prominent part in this undertaking which we are inaugurating to-day. I am glad to thank him as a representative of Scotchmen, because I gather from his double name—McEwan Brown—that he is partly a Celt and partly a Saxon, and that is exactly my own position. I am a Campbell on one side of the house, I am a Glasielt on the other; and the one is a Highland, and the other a Lowland name; I have a theory that what are called pure races are less active and energetic men than a mixed race. I believe that a great advantage we have in England, Scotland, and Ireland, is that there is hardly a single man or woman who can say he or she is a pure Celt, Saxon, or Norman. We are all a mixed population; and in the case of our excellent friend, the lower animal, who is an especial friend to man—the dog—it is said that mongrels are bad dogs. But I believe mongrels are the best of men. After all, there is nothing strange in pure Celts being in Bournemouth, although it is a long time since there were any in this country in their purity. But you have a curious recollection of it in some of the names in this country. I suppose some of you know that the river Avon, which flows out close to us into the sea at Christchurch, is a pure Celtic name. All over England there are rivers Avon, commemorating the time when the whole of this country, before the Roman invasion, before the Saxon invasion, before the Norman invasion, was inhabited by purely Britanic Celts. Therefore it is no strange thing if there were such a person as a pure Celt, if he could be found, inaugurating this work near the river Avon. Close to my own door in Scotland there is another river called the Garavon, and that is precisely the same as the French Garonne. So interesting is it to trace the history of nations and the local names of a country such as this.

The new pier is 600 feet long and 38 wide. It is a fine structure, extremely handsome and light, going straight out to sea, but standing at a considerable distance above the water. A regular service of boats has been arranged, and is proving a great boon to the neighbourhood

and raising the value of property immensely ; indeed, it will make Boscombe practically independent of Bournemouth, or rather it will open up the resources of a fresh district, and so help two parts of what is to all intents a single great town.

At one o'clock the guests had luncheon in a large tent near the Chine Hotel, and then the Duke gave another of his happiest speeches. He told his hearers that he had known Bournemouth longer probably than any of them, for it was forty-three years since he first went down, as an invalid, to see the place and recruit his health. Then Bournemouth was hardly known ; indeed, he had not heard its name until he was advised to visit it. He found that the Royal Bath Hotel had only recently been built, and round about it lived 2,000 people, that was all. Vast pine woods extended in all directions, broken into by swamps, gulleys, and wandering streams. Since that distant day he had paid other visits, and now he found that the bantling of the last generation had become a giant ; the rivers had been straightened and confined ; roads had been cut in all directions, and whole towns had sprung up which, large though they were, seemed only to be the commencement of still greater things. The Duke then dwelt on the natural wonders of Bournemouth, and these he thought were, first, its marvellous geological features ; indeed, he said that it was no exaggeration to assert that on the spot on which he was standing there once flowed a mighty river, vast beyond conjecture, bringing down the sands of regions that must have enjoyed the climate of the tropics, and carried a vegetation unlike that of any existing northern region. In those stupendous mounds of river sand which he saw around him were to be found the fossil remains of araucarias now confined to Australia, of cacti found only in America, and of palms now growing naturally and luxuriantly in hot climates. "Where," he asked, "was the land from which that ancient river came ? What climate had it ? When did it pass away ? How long was it since it had been destroyed ?" He next spoke of the fish, especially of the herrings, larger than those of Loch Fyne, but not to be compared with the latter for flavour and delicacy, and then he said something as to the bright, genial climate, and of the boon such a place was to countless thousands of invalids who could not afford to leave home in search of those soft delicious lands where the breath of winter is unknown and summer holds eternal sway. The elegance of the diction, the facility of expression, and the absence of notes, made the speech peculiarly un-English.

Mr. Scotter, the managing director of the London Western Railway, pointed out that a noble mari

in Europe, might be made between the two piers, and that Bournemouth would then have attractions which no other English watering-place could surpass, and which would put it in the first rank among the health resorts of the world.

A complaint often urged against the South of England is that class distinctions are even more accentuated than in the North—and this is said to keep many people away. There is little truth in the charge. Unfortunately English society is pre-eminently intolerant, selfish, and narrow. What are our clergy doing not to tone down these sharp and generally inexcusable distinctions, so unchristian and cruel? True, the man of refinement and culture cannot with profit associate with the coarse and ignorant, the man of broad, liberal views with him whose horizon is bounded by the walls of his house or town; so much may be conceded. But distinctions are not less pronounced in the North than in the South, and in both they are carried to extremes that must make the very angels weep. Class distinctions we must have; the rich cannot be on terms of perfect equality with the poor, nor the great with the little, the master with the servant, and the moral with the profligate; but instead of certain broad lines of demarcation which no one could object to and which would rather weld society together and be a spur to the worthy to rise, we have the middle classes divided not into three or four, but into sixty grades—pride, pretension, haughty arrogance everywhere, distinctions based on nothing rational, sharp separations embittering life and cutting up society, or what in a small provincial town like Bournemouth passes for society, into narrow cliques hating and despising one another, scarcely recognising one another as fellow-creatures, and even ready to deny that the Great God and Father of all cares for and values all equally.

But Bournemouth is a health resort. For what diseases is it good, when is it in season, and who should go thither? The best answer is that it is always in season, and good in all complaints, and in truth some visitors are always there, and invalids afflicted with every complaint under the sun are welcome. Although described as a winter resort, it is, like all other seaside places, pre-eminently a summer favourite. Easter and Whitsuntide, when mild, bring a good many excursionists and visitors for a few days; then there is a lull. June sees some stir, while in July it is often full; but in August and September it is crowded, and sometimes there is considerable difficulty in getting lodgings. In winter the place is very far from full, especially in severe seasons like the past; there are then no land or sea excursions and not many amusements, compared with those of

large towns, and invalids do not come in great numbers, although everything is being done to attract them ; in short, the residents are naturally anxious to have several seasons, or rather one long season covering the whole year. Imprudent misstatements as to the climate disappoint most people who venture there in winter. It is hardly wise to call a place the English Nice or Mentone, it makes strangers expect so much ; and to promise exemption from cold and other climatic disagreeables is still less prudent. With March the weather often becomes bright, and short fine spells may be expected ; these increase in length and frequency through April, and from the early part of May to the middle of August there are few grounds of complaint. The autumn, after the break up of the weather early in October, is often dull and wet, with frequent mild, soft, humid days, on which, however, exercise is pleasant enough—foxy days, sailors call them, the precursors of rain and wind. But however boisterous the weather, the invalid can console himself with the reflection that in no other part of the United Kingdom is it likely to be pleasanter.

Bournemouth is a charming town, rapidly growing in well-deserved popularity and favour, rather handicapped by the infrequency of the trains on the Somerset and Dorset ; although great improvements have of late been made in the service, and in summer some additional very excellent trains now run to the North. The comparative infrequency of the trains is not the chief evil—it is their unpunctuality that particularly ruffles the temper. It is annoying to find that one has to leave Bristol at 6.20 A.M. to be due at Bournemouth at 11.4. But were the trains only reasonably punctual in getting in one would not complain so much ; unfortunately, such trains as there are keep very bad time, and are commonly very late. Five hours to do sixty-four miles or so is trying, while one cannot leave Bournemouth in the afternoon for Bristol or Bath by any train that travels at good speed, four hours being required. The blame is freely laid by the railway authorities on the many junctions and numerous stations ; perhaps, however, the true explanation is the want of accommodation for goods trains at some of the stations, and the shunting that goes on before trains can get out is worse than on any other important line I know ; moreover, there are still no crossing-places at some of the stations, while a great part of the line remains single, so that at busy seasons and on Mondays and Saturdays during the summer the delays amount occasionally to hours ! This will be called a shameful exaggeration ! All I can reply is, that I was myself once delayed two hours at Southampton in August, 1888, and twice, in getting to the North, I reached my

destination over five hours late, in consequence of the delays at Blandford and Templecombe making me lose the connections at Bath or Bristol; while in coming down even more aggravating delays have often been faced, and I have known people five and even six hours late. Much needed improvements are the doubling of the whole of the Somerset and Dorset system, and readier access to the North, with fewer delays at Blandford, Bath, and Templecombe. Railway men positively assure me that the Somerset and Dorset is worked to perfection, and that at present the difficulties of keeping to time are enormous. This I do not deny. The pity is that better arrangements are not made, and that refuge sidings are not provided wherever needed. It would be impossible to send a dozen teams of heavy waggons along a very narrow lane, half in one direction, the other half in the other, without interminable delays; but though the lane could not be widened, several crossing-places could at least be made. Now if by any chance a train gets 20 or 30 miles punctually, it is sure to be delayed then, and I venture to assert that, though most of the trains are not timed to travel at more than 20 miles an hour, and some at only 15, not one in twenty reaches its destination less than five minutes late, while at least half are from fifteen to twenty minutes after time, even in the winter; in fact, it is one block after another all along the line. This tells on the traffic seriously, and must diminish the railway receipts. Still, things are moving, and a few years hence Bournemouth will have a better service, and then it will grow even more rapidly.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPL

LIFE ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

BARBADOS, the most easterly of the Lesser Antilles or Caribbean islands, is one of the most highly cultivated spots on the surface of the earth. It is about the size of the Isle of Wight, and has been aptly described as a huge allotment garden, for the fields are not large and there are no fences. The whole island is parcelled out into small estates and still smaller holdings, nearly every acre is cultivated, and, except in the immediate neighbourhood of dwellings, little else is grown besides sugar-cane.

The three most prominent characteristics of Barbados, the objects that meet you at every turn, are coral-rock, sugar-cane, and "coloured" people. The island is girt with coral-reefs and six-sevenths of its whole surface consists of coral-rock, ancient reefs that have been raised from time to time above the sea and now rise in broad terraces or plateaux, tier above tier, to a height of 1,100 feet above the sea-level. It is to the labours of the coral polypes in bygone ages that Barbados owes its great fertility and its present prosperity ; for the coral-rock everywhere supplies an excellent soil, a deep red loam on the higher level, and a rich black earth on the lower plains ; and it is only in the area which is not covered by this rock that any barren tracts are found.

Sugar is king of Barbados, the whole commerce of the island depends upon the cultivation of sugar-cane ; in summer time the island is clothed in a mantle of bright green cane, in crop time the fields are cut and the mills are at work, and every available cart, mule and ox is engaged in drawing the cane from the fields to the mills.

Last but by no means least, as a special growth of Barbados, are the coloured folk, black and brown of various hues. They are the workmen and labourers of the colony, and consequently they form the greater part of the population ; by their labour the cane is planted, tended and finally cut ; by them, under white superintendence, the sugar and molasses are made. ••
are driven down to the co

are everywhere, and all of them are wanted when the crop is gathered in.

To this green island let the reader imagine himself transported, and driving out of Bridgetown along one of the white roads that lead to the higher part of the country. The sun is very hot, though it is early in January, and its heat is tempered by the fresh trade wind. We pass a continuous succession of cane-fields, and meet a nearly continuous procession of carts and drays, drawn by mules and oxen, and driven by lively black jarveys who are not too careful in getting out of the way ; we pass through many villages or hamlets of the small and airy cabins which are the habitations of the coloured folk, and where the children seem as plentiful as rabbits in a warren. We skirt and cross several of the curious ravines or gullies that traverse the island, and though they are evidently watercourses they seldom have any water in them, so porous is the coral-rock through which the channels are cut. We climb several hills, the steepness of which is mitigated by cuttings through the rock, cuttings that are often picturesquely draped with ferns and festoons of creeping plants. At length we ascend the last slope, and find ourselves on one of the highest plateaux in the island, and in front of the house where the writer spent most of his time in Barbados.

The house itself is a curious domicile, old and weather-beaten, only one storey high, with a covered verandah in front which is reached by a flight of steps. On one side is a garden, full of rose-trees, rather wild and straggling, but blooming luxuriantly in the winter sun. On the other side is the stable yard, overshadowed by the spreading branches of a Barbadian fig-tree, a tree that has rather small leaves and still smaller fruit, hard and uneatable ; but in this climate shade is more needed than figs, and the tree was planted for the shade it gives.

In front of the house stands the sturdy stone-built windmill, the motive power of the cane-crushing machinery. Beyond this is the boiling-house, where the sugar is made, while the stalls for the oxen and mules occupy another side of the open space round the mill.

The house and its surroundings may be regarded as a tropical counterpart of an English farmyard ; but the agricultural operations, and the people that perform them, are so different from those on an English farm, that there is little to remind one of the latter, except the familiar presence of fowls, turkeys, and guinea-hens.

The estate is not a large one, only 272 acres in extent, yet during half the year no fewer than eighty people are permanently employed upon it. All round the yard and house spread the open cane-fields,

and not a cottage or cabin is in sight. Where, then, do all the people live? The answer to this question will be found by walking through the cane-field to the north of the house ; on the further side of this the visitor finds himself on the brink of a vertical precipice, part of the great escarpment in which the coral rock terminates, and which encircles the only rough and rugged portion of the island.

The view from this cliff is exceedingly picturesque ; it drops in sheer descent for about 60 feet, and at its foot is an irregular slope formed of large masses of rock which have fallen from the cliff ; on this ground the "darkies" have built their little cabins, which are dotted about on and between the huge boulders half-hidden by the broad leaves of plantains and bananas. Here and there rises the bossy, dark-green foliage of a bread-fruit tree, while beyond, in pleasing contrast, lie sloping fields of bright green sugar-cane on either side of an open valley that leads to the sea.

A more pleasant and suitable site for a little hamlet could hardly be imagined ; the great cliff affords a certain amount of shade from the Southern sun, while the healthy trade wind can sweep freely into the hollow, the fruit trees afford a supply of wholesome food, and at the foot of the tumbled slope rises a spring of clear and sparkling water.

We cannot leave the cliff without noting the more distant view which it commands over the north-eastern part of the island. The aspect of this is very different from the other portions, and it is locally known as the Scotland district, because its system of hilly ridges and valleys seemed to some early Scottish colonist to be a miniature representation of the physical features of his native country. Bissex Hill, rising to 966 feet above the sea, fills the middle distance, but over its western shoulder a wider prospect opens of ridge beyond ridge, every slope furrowed by little watercourses that lead into the dividing valleys, the whole enclosed and dominated by the sweep of a bold escarpment of coral rock, which is the continuation of that on which we stand. Beyond the termination of this escarpment, as well as over the top of the nearer hills, spreads the broad plain of the Atlantic Ocean, reflecting the bright blue of the sky and sparkling in the sunshine, except where the floating clouds are mirrored in dark patches on its surface. The ocean ripples into the hazy distance, where the water seems to mingle with the clouds, and it is only by looking along the deep vista of the cloud-speckled sky that one can realise how great that distance really is.

But it is time we returned to the yard where the coopers are busily putting together the hogsheads which are to hold the su-

molasses. The staves of the barrels are returned to the estate, and after being cleaned are made up again into hogsheads every year ; great is the noise, therefore, for several weeks before the crop is cut, as the hammers ring with a rhythmic beat on the hoops that are driven round the barrels.

The two great annual events on a sugar-plantation are the starting of the mill and the finishing of the cane-harvest. The first canes are generally cut and carried to the mill in February, and the last canes are not cut till June or July, for, except in the few cases where steam machinery is used, the planter is dependent on the wind, and must not cut much more cane in one day than he thinks he can grind in the next ; if the wind fails him operations are stopped, and even if he starts the mill in February, before the canes are quite ripe, he may not be able to finish till July or August, if the estate be large and the season unfavourable.

Just before "crop time," fodder generally becomes scarce, and some of the smaller growers cut some of their unripe canes, which they sell to the estate managers at sixpence a hundred, while in their place some other crop, generally sweet potatoes, is planted. The canes thus bought are used for two purposes—a piece of the stalk about a foot and a half long is lopped off from each, and these are planted in the rotation fields, new leaves and cane stalks quickly springing from the old hulm ; the juicy tops and long green leaves are given to the mules and oxen, who munch them eagerly.

No fewer than forty oxen and twenty-four mules are required for the work of this estate. The oxen are not nearly so large as English animals ; they are, indeed, a special breed, with small heads and long well-shaped muzzles, soft quiet eyes, and a patient good-tempered aspect ; even the bulls submitting quietly to be harnessed. The yoke consists of a U-shaped piece of iron or wood like a large croquet hoop, and the prongs of this fasten into a bar of wood, which goes over the neck behind the horns, and is linked to the corresponding bar on the companion ox, the pair of animals being thus obliged to move in unison. Six oxen are generally yoked into one cart, and the carter walks by their side, turning and guiding them by strokes of the long whip he carries, and encouraging each animal by his own proper name. When the last load is drawn for the day, the creatures are taken out and wait quietly while the bar is unfastened and the hoop turned round, then they walk off sedately to their stalls, where a good meal of cane-tops awaits them.

Crop time is not only a busy time but a "good time," as our American cousins say, both for man and beast, and the darkies are

always glad when the master decides to start the mill. Then the labourers know that they will obtain continuous employment and can earn good wages ; for not only the men, but most of the women, and nearly all the children who are more than twelve years old, are employed in the work. They generally have permission to eat what cane they like while they are at work, and are often allowed cupfulls of the boiled liquor that is being made into sugar. This liquor and even the raw cane-juice is very fattening, the men get stronger and the women and children get plump, the mules and oxen put on flesh, for they too feed on the leaves and shoots of the cane.

It is like a prolonged harvest-time at home, but with more of the old fashioned freedom and mirth than is seen in modern England. Of course there are good seasons and bad seasons, as elsewhere, but it is seldom that very much cane is spoiled.

The mill is an ordinary windmill, which works three rollers revolving against one another in such a fashion that the juice falls into a trench below, while the squeezed cane is pushed out on one side ; this crushed refuse is called *trash* and is used as fuel in the boiling-house.

Let me try to describe the scene in the yard during the crop time, and on a good day, when there is a brisk wind to turn the mill and a bright sun to dry the trash. The teams of oxen and mules are constantly bringing up carts laden with fresh canes, which are tipped out on to the ground round the mill ; one set of men carry canes to the rollers, where two men are engaged in thrusting them in between the crushers, and another set of men take away the trash. This trash is spread out over every available space in the yard, which is generally laid out on a slope, so that the rain may run off easily.

A small army of girls and boys is engaged in this spreading of the trash, and in constantly turning it over with their feet, so that it dries in the sun and wind, and when any is dry it is gathered into heaps from which the boiling-house is supplied with fuel. The children laugh and chatter at their work, and would put more power into their tongues than their feet if they were not kept in order by the overseer, who is generally an oldish " nigger " specially told off for the duty of superintending the children. The troop of little brown and black legs moving in line amidst the yellow-white carpet of cane-trash is a picturesque sight in its way, though not perhaps so pleasing as a view of the " laughing girls " who " trod the vats of Luna."

On this estate it was considered a good day's work if four hogs-heads of sugar were made in the day ; but more could sometimes have been made with larger boilers, for occasionally the mill was

obliged to be stopped because the receivers and boilers were full of liquor. So the work goes on as long as the daylight lasts, and even when the last load is drawn for the day, and the throng of workers have gone to their homes, a few remain to feed the mill with canes; the air still thrills with the beat and hum of the mill-sails, and is redolent with the peculiar acid-sweet scent of the crushed cane.

Sometimes, when the heaps of cane have accumulated unduly, and the wind has not wholly died away as night comes on, the mill is kept going far into the night in order to make up for lost time, and, if there be a bright moon, the scene is weird and curious. Tropical moonlight is very different from the dim sort of moonshine which we generally have in misty England; it is a bright but soft white light, throwing up all the features of the landscape with sharply-defined lights and shades, as in a photograph. The arms of the slowly revolving mill, the heaps of canes, and the coral-paved yard, across which the shadows of the mill-sails flit in slow succession, are all as white as if they were strewn with freshly-fallen snow.

The wind is light and all is quiet, save for the low whirr of the mill-sails, the bell-like notes of the whistling frogs, and the droning chant of the men at the mill-house, who generally sing in this fashion as they feed the rollers with fresh canes. So the work goes on till the boilers are full and the stock of cut cane is sufficiently reduced.

At the end of the season, when the final load of canes is brought up to the yard, the people arrange for a merry-making, accompanying the cart with all the musical instruments they can muster, and making as much noise as they can. Mr. Chester thus describes the proceedings¹:—"A kind of harvest-home takes place at the end of the crop-gathering upon each estate. A cart laden with the last canes is drawn by mules decorated with ribbons, and attended by a crowd of labourers, the principal women being attired in white muslin. The mill and other estate buildings are gay with coloured kerchiefs, which do duty as flags. Some ancient negro is put forward to make a speech to the planter, which he often does with considerable humour and address; then the planter replies, and a glass of falerum, a beverage compounded of rum, lime-juice, and syrup, is handed round to each. Dancing then begins, and is carried on to a late hour to the sound of fiddles and tambourine. Sometimes the proceedings are varied by the introduction of a 'trash-man,' *i.e.*, a figure stuffed with cane-trash, and tied on the back of a mule, which is finally let loose and gallops about with his incongruous burden, to the delight of the spectators."

¹"Transatlantic Sketches," by G. J. Chester. 1869.

They are a merry and light-hearted crew, these black and brown folk, and long may they continue so.

And what becomes of all the sugar and molasses that are the ultimate results of this expenditure of time, labour, and money? To my surprise, I found that comparatively little of the sugar comes to England, the greater part of it is bought up for the American market—partly because it is a nearer market, but chiefly because the American merchants have a better system of payment than the English have. The planters prefer selling to Americans because the sugar is *sold in the island and paid for at once*. The American merchants send orders to their agents that they will buy under such and such a price, so that the seller knows exactly what he will get for each consignment, for the price is settled in the Bridgetown market.

The sugar sent to England is not sold in Bridgetown ; the planter hands it over to a Barbadian merchant, who only gives him an advance of so much per hogshead. The merchant then ships and sells the sugar by auction in England, and at the end of ten or twelve months a bill is sent to the planter giving an account of the sale, with charges for freight, commission, &c., these being sometimes so great that the balance is against the planter instead of in his favour.

I could not ascertain that there was any good reason why the English sugar merchants should not adopt the same plan as the American. The actual reason is probably that the merchants established in Barbados discourage the plan because they act as middlemen and get the extra profit which the planter ought to receive. The control exercised by these local firms over many of the estates has had very much to do with the depreciation in the value of the estates. Money has often been advanced by the merchant firms on the condition that the sugar made on the estate should be shipped through them, and the planter then finds that the charge for freight is about twice as much as he would have paid through other agents.

Nearly all the best sugar goes to America, in the state of uncrystallised (*muscovado*) sugar, while most of that sent to England is crystallised vacuum-pan sugar, and some of it is of inferior quality, and sometimes coloured with substances which are more or less deleterious ; but recently more muscovado has been sent.

A large number of the estates in Barbados are owned by proprietors who reside in England, and if these proprietors would enquire into the system of selling their sugar, and insist on the American plan, or some modification of it, they would certainly reap the benefit and enhance the value of their estates. A case came to my knowledge in which an En^d

he was not receiving a due profit, and, being a man of energy, he went over to the island and found that his estate was in debt to a certain firm, though not to a very large amount. He interviewed the firm, paid the debt, and informed them that his connection with them would thenceforth cease. He took over the management of the estate, residing partly in England and partly in Barbados, and he has his own selling-agent in Liverpool, who receives a fair and proper commission on the sugar sold. The consequence is that his income is very largely increased, and I was informed that the sugar made on his estate fetched the highest price obtained for the article in the English market during 1887.

A. J. JUKES-BROWNE.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

SINCE I wrote last month important event has succeeded important event in the dramatic world. No less than three new plays have been presented to the public by writers of recognised dramatic position. These are Mr. Haddon Chambers's "The Idler" at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Coghlan's "Lady Barter" at the Princess's Theatre, and Mr. Pincro's "Lady Bountiful" at the Garrick Theatre. Here at least is proof of dramatic vitality. The year which began so well with Mr. Jones's "Dancing Girl" is apparently determined to keep up its reputation as a distinctive year. And besides the production of these original plays an event has taken place which is certainly interesting to all students of contemporary drama, and which may perhaps prove to be significant of much: I mean, of course, the production of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" at the Vaudeville Theatre.

Mr. Haddon Chambers's "Idler" had been heard of a good deal before its production at the St. James's Theatre. It had been the cause of controversy between the young author and Mrs. Langtry; it had been produced in New York; it had been much talked about and much written about; it was finally presented for the judgment of a London audience. And the judgment of a London audience has proved to be favourable, and to justify Mr. Alexander.

It would be very easy to draw up a series of small indictments against "The Idler." It would be easy, for instance, in the first place, to observe that the *clou* of the piece is simply the *clou* of "Captain Swift" over again. In the one play as in the other, a man who has lived a wild life in a wild country comes to England and lives a different life under a different name. It is true that Captain Swift was a bushranger, while Gentleman Jack was only a wanderer who had drifted into the Golden Valley mining camp; but of the two men it is hard not to prefer Captain Swift. He, as we remember, made it his pride that he had never killed anyone, while Gentleman Jack, on the contrary, did, in a fit of drunken bravado, kill a man's mistake and then fled for his life afterwards. Really Sir

Harding is not a heroic figure. When we first learn from the mouth of Mark Cross that he is Gentleman Jack, we assume naturally enough that he is really some scoundrel who has deceived the sweet English girl into loving him and marrying him. When a little later it is made plain that he is no scoundrel, we cling to the hope that somehow or other it will be shown that he was not responsible for the death of Felix Strong. But that hope is soon taken away from us, and we have to part from the play with a decided sense of pity for poor Lady Harding, tied to a man who is not indeed an assassin, but who in a drunken folly shot a man and ran away from the consequences of his crime.

Objection might be raised, too, to the old business by which the presence of one man's wife in another man's rooms is detected by the wife's astounding foolishness in leaving her fan behind her upon the table. Objection might be raised to the absurdity of Sir John Harding's insistence upon fighting a duel with a pair of revolvers—the weapons used at the St. James's are not a pair, by the way, but let that pass—in a bachelor's rooms in Piccadilly. Objection might be raised to the attempt to introduce the humorous element by means of a preposterous widow who has nothing whatever to do with the play, and who is made to share in the venerable business of imagining that she is being made love to by a man who is really in love with someone else. But these objections are, after all, trivial objections when weighed in the balance with the substantial merits of the piece. And the first and best of these substantial merits is that it is really interesting. We do follow the fortunes of the characters with curiosity, we do sympathise with the sufferings of Lady Harding, with the self torturing passion of Mark Cross, with the honest desire for vengeance and the honest abnegation of vengeance of Simeon Strong. The story doesn't drag; it attracts from act to act; the interest is kept alive, kept on the increase, and when the curtain does fall we can honestly say that we have enjoyed ourselves, and that we feel grateful to the dramatist—which is saying a good deal.

Undoubtedly the play owes much to the acting. Played under less fortunate conditions, played less harmoniously, "The Idler" might leave a less agreeable impression upon the memory. Mr. Alexander has gathered around him a very admirable company, and in "The Idler" most of them find parts that fit them very excellently. Let us speak first of the stranger within our gates. Not for a long time have we been able to welcome from over seas so really admirable an actor as Mr. Mason. Of course London has only seen him as yet in the one part. It may be that he is not a man of varied powers of impersonation; that in Simeon Strong we see him at his

best; that we see pretty well all that he can do. This may or may not be the case; on that point London has no power of forming an opinion. But as Simeon Strong he was simply as good as he could be; it would be difficult to conceive of the part as being played otherwise or being played better. Really we owe America much for having sent us, first, Mr. John Drew, and now Mr. James Mason, both of whom can act American gentlemen as American gentlemen should be acted, both of whom have proved to us that the American stage can hold its own with the stage of London or of Paris. And Mr. Mason was fortunate in having Miss Maud Millett to play with. Miss Millett's dainty, petulant girlishness was never used to better purpose. From first to last she conceived her part in the freshest, merriest spirit of comedy, and her final scene with Simeon was exquisitely humorous and exquisitely pretty.

Where all played well, from Miss Marion Terry to Lady Monckton and Miss Gertrude Kingston, from Mr. Waring to Mr. Nutcombe Gould, it is not necessary to analyse the special merits of each actor or actress. But something special must be said of the Mark Cross of Mr. George Alexander. This is by far the most ambitious part which the young actor has yet attempted, far more ambitious than the ferocious *fin du siècle* scoundrel Paul Astier, or than the Hunchback of "Sunlight and Shadow." For Mark Cross is no commonplace character strongly drawn in black and white. He is a very human creature, erring, sinful, passionate, unhappy, not without a possible heroism. To grasp the complicated strands which make up this Idler's nature, and to make them comprehensible, and not merely comprehensible but sympathetic to an audience, was to accomplish a task of more than ordinary difficulty. This was what Mr. Alexander has accomplished. he has made Mark Cross live: he has made the beholders feel with him in every pulse of his vexed heart, in every struggle of his tortured nature. This man, blighted by his ill-starred love, thwarted by destiny, tempted beyond endurance by opportunity, winning all he sought for only to lose it, because, after all, he was in his heart of hearts a gentleman; this man, almost a villain, almost a hero, Mr. Alexander makes the brother, even the friend of all of us. It would be hard indeed to find anywhere better acting than that in which Mr. Alexander depicts, in the end, the Idler left alone, his confession made, his hopes gone, waiting for the hour when he must turn to the lonely Polar seas. The broken hearted, the uncompromising hopeless despair of the ruined man are hardly to be witnessed without

The chief production of moment since "The Idl

Mr. Pinero's new comedy at the Garrick Theatre, "Lady Bountiful." Why it is called "Lady Bountiful" is as difficult to understand as it was difficult to understand why "The Profligate" was so called. Just as the hero of the earlier play was not, in the ordinary sense in which words are used, a profligate at all, so the heroine of the newer comedy is not exceptionally conspicuous for her bountifulness. We are told that she is generous, but she does not appear to be more generous than any other sweet-natured young Englishwoman would be who was blessed with the command of a large income. However, Mr. Pinero has chosen to call his comedy "Lady Bountiful," and "Lady Bountiful" is certainly a pretty name, and Camilla Brent, to whom the title is applied, is certainly a very bewildering young woman. That she should be inconsistent is natural and womanly enough, but some of her inconsistencies are hard to understand.

Mr. Pinero always loves to deal with eccentric types of womanhood. Rumour has it that he is a cynic; that he accepts Schopenhauer's scornful estimate of women. This may or may not be true—a study of his plays, of some of his plays, would seem to lend strength to the theory. Those who remember the wife in "The Hobby-Horse" may perhaps fancy that in Camilla Brent we get another variation upon the old theme of "Souvent femme varie Bien fol est qui s'y fie." Camilla Brent is as perverse, as perplexing, as much the cause of unhappiness as the morally detestable heroine of "The Hobby-Horse." But the difference is that Camilla Brent is not morally detestable. She does some very foolish and some very unpleasant things, but she leaves the impression that with all her maddening whims and eccentricities her heart is sound enough; while the woman in "The Hobby-Horse" was as hateful a piece of feminine falseness as a pessimistic misogynist could desire. And the lessons of the two pieces differ as much as their heroines. I have always looked upon "The Hobby-Horse" as the most cruelly cynical of plays. It out-Gilberts Gilbert in its mockery of all the assumptions that make life endurable. "Lady Bountiful," on the other hand, like "The Profligate," aims at impressing a moral, and is inspired all through with the optimism of Dickens.

The resemblance to Dickens is not confined to the optimism of the piece. The whole play, as I have said elsewhere, is conceived in the Dickens manner, and really resembles more the dramatisation of four independent chapters from some novel done by a brilliant writer who had taken Dickens for his model than a coherent, roundly-conceived, complete play. Roderick Heron, the selfish, shameless egoist whose presentation by Mr. John Hare must

always be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of a great artist, is avowedly Dickensian. He is an acknowledged relation of "the well-known family of the Skimpoles." But the other characters are scarcely less affined to other Dickens creations. Riding-master John Veale and his wife and daughter are admirable studies after the Dickens manner; so are Aunt Anne, for that matter, and Beatrix Brent and Sir Richard Philliter. Nor is there any reason why they should not be. Every young writer—and Mr. Pinero may still fortunately be described as a young writer—finds that his mind turns more decidedly towards some one great master than towards another. Variation must be allowed for in every human compass; in Mr. Pinero's case the deflection is towards the genius of Dickens. But in "Lady Bountiful," more than in any other work of Mr. Pinero's, the influence of Dickens is as strongly felt in the very form of the piece as in the characters that people it. It is so like selected chapters of a novel that it compels us to admit that it would have made a most excellent novel if only Mr. Pinero had chosen to carry his conception out to its legitimate conclusion in that form. It compels us to assume that Mr. Pinero might have been one of the first of novelists if he had not chosen to be one of the first of our dramatists.

But if "Lady Bountiful" would have made a very excellent novel, it cannot be said to make a very excellent play—very excellent, that is, for Mr. Pinero. We expect so much from him—and we have happily earned the right to expect so much from him—that we grow the more exacting. The first night of "Lady Bountiful" was a memorable first night, but it was not a first night of complete satisfaction. Being written by Mr. Pinero, "Lady Bountiful" is literature. Being staged at the Garrick Theatre, it is as carefully mounted and as carefully acted as a play could be. But the whole effect, at least to some of us, was disappointing. Miss Kate Rorke appeared to be almost as much oppressed as her audience by the puzzling inconsequentiality of a woman who is as perverse in her way as Hedda Gabler. Her skill, her charm, her rare refinement of appreciation seemed to be hampered by a perplexity, by an uncertainty as to what Camilla Brent really was, a perplexity and uncertainty which many must share. Mr. Forbes Robertson had a freer hand, for the part of Dennis Heron is a more straightforward part than that of Camilla; but it too is marked by such curious transitions, such sudden changes as to make a consistent presentment difficult, if not impossible. I must say that after Mr. Hare's marvellous study, the piece of acting which I remember with most pleasure is that of Miss Weber's small part of the servant Amelia. It is of course

conceived in Mr. Pinero's best spirit, touched with his most whimsical wit. But it is a very difficult part ; it is not at all a part that plays itself, and really Miss Webster deserves the very warmest praise for the reality, the humour, the subtle dexterity of her creation.

I was very glad to find that Mr. Clement Scott alone, of all the critics whose criticisms I had read, had lifted up his voice strongly in protest against the way in which the most effective and important part of the last act was played almost absolutely in the dark. This seemed to be stage realism with a vengeance, leading up logically to Mr. Scott's suggestion about the fourth wall. I asked myself whether Mr. Pinero, or Mr. Hare, or whoever was responsible for this bit of drama in the dark, had taken the idea from the scene in M. Hennique's effective play, "Le Mort du Duc d'Enghien." Wherever it came from it seemed certainly a mistake. To hear the voices of players who are moving about almost invisible on a stage illumined only by a single lantern was not really artistic. It did not impress, it did not cause the desired illusion ; it only irritated. The audience, with the exception of Mr. William Archer, cried like Ajax for light, and lost the power of properly appreciating the situation of the words in impatience at the impertinent obscurity. It is gratifying, however, to learn on Mr. Hare's authority that the "thick darkness" was unintentional, a freak of that strange familiar, the electric light, and not a piece of too portentous realism.

To me, personally, the afternoon performance of "Rosmersholm" at the Vaudeville Theatre was singularly interesting. While I am not an Ibsenite—whatever that absurd term may mean—or any other "ite" for the matter of that, I have a very great admiration for the work of the Scandinavian dramatist whose name is just now upon everybody's lips. I was at the pains to obtain some small knowledge of Norwegian in order to bring myself into more intimate sympathy with the plays of Ibsen. Ever since I first read one of Ibsen's plays, I have felt that I had met with a new force in modern literature, and was eager to welcome it, to understand it, to appreciate it at its true value. But I should be sorry to declare myself an Ibsenite—again, whatever that absurd term may mean—if to do so implies that salvation is not to be found outside the circle of the drama according to Ibsen. I believe that Ibsen's plays are great plays, not that they are the only great plays in the world, which is a very different thing. I think we may all gain a great deal of good from studying them, from discussing them, from arguing over them : I think that a great deal of good is to be got from liking them, and a great deal of good to be got from disliking them. To me, at least, they have the one great merit of being

exceedingly interesting. I can read them and re-read them with pleasure.

And if I find them fascinating to read, I find them still more fascinating when represented on the stage. I have only seen two of Ibsen's plays acted, "The Doll's House"—or "Doll's Home," as it should be called—and "Rosmersholm." What I felt in seeing the "Doll's House" acted—I am thinking, of course, of the acting of Miss Achurch and her fellows at the Novelty Theatre—I felt again in seeing "Rosmersholm" played by Mr. Benson and Miss Farr and their companions. In both instances it seemed to me as if I were not merely one of the audience, but one of the performers of the drama; as if my place was somehow, invisibly, with those who were working out the grim life-tragedies of Nora and Rebecca; as if I were not looking on at a play, but actually present at some serious moment in the lives of persons whom I knew. The feeling is difficult to define; I have never felt it so strongly as in the case of these two Ibsen plays. And the source of this feeling is to be found in the play itself more than in its interpretation, for though "Rosmersholm," as a whole, was not played nearly as well as "The Doll's House" was played at the Novelty, it afforded me the same sense of what I may perhaps call intimacy, of personal participation. I cannot but think that the influence of Ibsen in this country must be productive of good, if only because it has set people talking and, which is better still, thinking. To those who are against Ibsen, as to those who are for him, he may prove a blessing after all.

"Lady Barter" at the Princess's was a failure, and deserved to be a failure. An idea which might have served successfully for a one-act play was wantonly and wearily spun out into three acts, and a situation that promised well became intolerable through repetition. For the greater part of its three acts "Lady Barter" was a duologue between Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Coghlan, and a duologue that was really of little interest except to the persons concerned. That Mrs. Langtry looked lovely and that she wore lovely frocks was, of course, to be expected. But neither Mrs. Langtry's beauty, nor the serious study and honest acting which she devoted to a most ungrateful part, could possibly save the piece. How so clever a man as Mr. Coghlan and so clever a woman as Mrs. Langtry ever thought that there was a possible success in "Lady Barter" passes comprehension. But apparently they did think so, and they certainly were swiftly undeceived.

A PORTRAIT.

THE clock strikes one, and he is here :
 See, as he comes he wears a smile :
 He takes his own accustomed chair,
 And nods gay greetings all the while.
 I know his friends : they are not fast,
 But neither are they old nor portly,
 Although the youth of each is past,
 And some must take to glasses shortly.

They shout his name, and bid him sit—
 Unnoticed leave the knife and fork :
 They like their luncheon served with wit ;
 They know that humour haunts his talk.
 He chaffs a friend who is no dunce—
 Good-natured always is his banter ;
 He caps each argument at once,
 And, with a laugh, wins in a canter.

While many fly to work anew,
 A few will stay and have their smoke.
 A tale is told ; he tells one too,
 Which, like his others, has its joke. . . .
 The day glides on, he comes again ;
 Two hours his hat and coat he'll doff :
 He plays for fun, but likes to gain.
 He has his whist, and then goes off.

A lumb'ring cab, a sorry steed,
 His umbrella found, " Good night,"
 He cries, though 'tis to one, indeed,
 Whose name he never fixes quite.
 He has his foibles quite a score—
 First, fashion cannot change his dress ;
 He can't forgive a chronic bore,
 Nor the American Free Press.

His scorn is great for foreign lands ;
 He thinks bed is the proper place
 (At ten) for weary head and hands—
 In fact, for all the human race.
 He thinks one woman's like the rest ;
 To be convinced he is unwilling ;
 His heart with pity is impressed—
 His hand is ready with a shilling.

TABLE TALK.

OLD WILLS.

GOOD service has been done by the Library Committee of the City of London in publishing a calendar of wills proved and enrolled in the Court of Husting, London, 1288-1688. This work, now finished, appears in two handsome volumes, edited by Dr. Reginald Sharpe. It constitutes a step in that great movement, started by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, of rendering generally accessible and available the records which are the true sources of our national history. What is more dull, it may be asked, than a will in which one has no interest? A collection of wills suggests a yawn almost involving dislocation. To those interested in our national antiquities and our social life, however, the collection now published is of indescribable interest. An absolute flood of light is poured upon the manners and modes of thought of our ancestors. As regards historic interest the present collection supplies the wills, among others, of William Walworth, whose bravery as Lord Mayor can never be forgotten; Richard Whityngton, whose adventures have almost passed into the mythical stage; Dean Colet, Sir Thomas Gresham, and I know not how many more. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Gloucester, in "Richard III.," act iii. sc. iv, the lines—

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.

The memory of this garden is of course preserved in Ely Place, Vine Street, and Kirby Street. In this work we have the will of John de Kyrkeby, Bishop of Ely, bequeathing to his see his houses, vines, and gardens, situate at Holborn. I cannot enter further into the subject. The book has interest for the general reader, and is a treasury to the antiquary. I am glad, however, to support an employment of municipal funds against which no protest is conceivable.

A MANUSCRIPT-BOOK OF RECEIPTS, MEDICAL AND CULINARY.

THE functions of woman as a supplemental leech date back to feudal times ; as a cook, presumably to the discovery of fire. Before the press had multiplied handy-books a receipt book was transmitted from generation to generation by a family of good housewives, and constituted not the least precious possession of the dame for the time being whose duties probably included, besides the provision for the wants of her family and her guests, the administration of gratuitous remedies to the inmates of her house and a certain portion of the poor in her neighbourhood. A volume of this kind, extending over the reigns of Queen Elizabeth to George III. inclusive, has been unearthed and published in facsimile, with an introduction by Mr. George Weddell. It is entitled "*Arcana Fairfaxiana Manuscripta*"¹ and constitutes a genuine curiosity. As to the conditions under which it was discovered I must refer the reader to Mr. Weddell's preface, which has singular interest. It is sufficient to state that various ladies of the illustrious house of Fairfax have entered in its pages the remedies they have encountered or have proved by experience, or the appetising dishes they have learned to make. With its various handwritings, extending from what the editor calls the Shakespearean hand to the calligraphy of the latter half of the eighteenth century, it furnishes opportunity for a study of the development of Court hand. For its quaint receipts, however, I principally recommend it to my readers. One female Fairfax has tested by experience, and adds a note to that effect, a cure for bleeding at the nose, consisting of wearing next the skin, in a silk or satin bag, the body of a toad dried in March. A toad is a common item in an early pharmacopeia. Its heart, dried and beaten to powder, is a remedy for the falling sickness, and its dried body is a charm against many things. Snail shells dried and beaten to a powder are diuretic, and powdered hartshorn, as is naively described, exercises a contrary effect. I cannot give further insight into this remarkable book, of which a limited edition for the delectation of readers of antiquarian taste is published.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

¹ Newcastle : Mawson, Swan & Morgan.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MAGICAL MUSIC.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

I.

MISS MACLEOD passed the newspaper to her nephew.
"Look at that," she said. She had her finger on an advertisement. He looked at it. This is what he read :

"A clergyman, having a large family entirely dependent on him, is compelled to sacrifice a unique set of apostle spoons. Twelve large, twelve small, silver gilt, in handsome case. Being in urgent want of money, a trifle will be accepted. Quite new. Would make a handsome present. Approval willingly. Letters only, Pomona Villa, Ladbroke Grove, W."

"What do you think of it?" inquired the lady.

The Rev. Alan smoothed the paper with his hand.

"Not much," he ventured to remark.

"Put on your hat and come with me. I'm going to buy them."

"My dear aunt!"

"They will do for a wedding present for Clara Leach. Other people can marry, if you can't."

The Rev. Alan sighed. He had been having a bad quarter of an hour. He was a little, freckled, sandy-haired, short-sighted man: one of those short-sighted men whose spectacles require continually settling in their place on the bridge of the nose. Such as he was, he was the only hope of an ancient race—the only male hope, that is.

The Macleods of Pittenquhair predated the first of the Scottish kings. Fortunately for themselves they postdated them as well.

For a considerable portion of their history, the members of that

time-honoured family had been compelled, in the Sidney-Smithian phrase, to cultivate their greatness on a little oatmeal—for want of cash to enable them to indulge in any other form of cultivation. But in these latter days they had grown rich, owing to a fortunate matrimonial speculation with a Chicago young lady whose father had something to do with hogs. The lady's name was Biggins—Cornelia P. Biggins—the P. stood for Pollie, which was her mother's name, the "front" name came from history. The particular Macleod who had married her had been christened David. He devoted a considerable portion of his wife's fortune to buying up the ancient lands of the Macleods, in the neighbourhood of Pittenquhair and thereabouts. In his person he resolved that the ancient family glories should re-appear—and more. But in these cases it is notorious that man only proposes—his wife never bore him a child. To make matters worse, he only outlived Mrs. Macleod six months, so that he never had a decent chance to try his luck again.

David had a brother. Being a childless man, and desirous to restore the ancestral grandeur, one would have thought that he would have left his wealth to his brother, who wanted it if ever a man did yet. But, unfortunately, Alan was not only an irredeemable scamp—which might have been forgiven him, for David was by no means spotless—but also the two brothers hated each other with a truly enduring brotherly hatred. Nor had Alan improved matters by making public and unpleasant allusions to hogs and swine, not only on the occasion of David's marriage, but on many occasions afterwards. So it came to pass that when David was gathered to his fathers his brother's name was not even mentioned in his will. All his wealth was left to his sister Janet.

In course of time Alan died abroad—very much abroad, and in more senses than one. Then, for the first time, Janet appeared upon the scene. She paid for her brother's funeral, and took his only child, a boy, back with her to England. The child's mother, who was nothing and nobody, had died—charitable people said, murdered by her husband—soon after her infant's birth. So his aunt was the only relation the youngster had.

Janet was a spinster. She had ideas of her own, and plenty of them. Her dominant idea was that in her nephew the family sun should rise again in splendour. But alas for the perversity of fate! The boy passed from a public school to the university, and from the university—after a struggle, in which he showed himself, in a lymphatic sort of way, as obstinate as one of Mrs. David's father's pigs—into the church. This was bad enough for a son of his father,

and the heir to Pittenquhair and ten thousand pounds a year, but what followed was infinitely worse. He became a ritualist of the ritualists—more Roman than the Romans—and the motto which he nailed to the mast was “*Celibacy of the clergy*”!

Her nephew's conduct almost drove Miss Janet mad. Two wives she might have forgiven—but none! In season and out of season she preached to him the duty of marriage; but what she regarded as a duty he regarded as a crime. She spoke of an heir for Pittenquhair; his thoughts were of something very different indeed. To speak of disinheriting him was to pander to his tastes. The income from his curacy was seventy pounds a year—and he lived on it. The money sent him by his aunt he surrendered to the church and to the poor. What availed it to preach of disinheritance to a man who behaved like that?

And yet, in his own peculiar way, he was a good nephew to his aunt. He was the meekest, ughest, shyest, awkwardest of men. His curacy was at a place on the Suffolk coast called Swaffham-on-Sea. From these wilds he was perpetually being summoned by his aunt to attend on her in her house in town. Although possibly because he was that kind of man—these visits were anything but occasions of pleasure, he generally obeyed the summons. On the present occasion it was the second day of his stay under his aunt's hospitable roof in Cadogan Place. From the moment of his arrival she had continually reviled him. She had suggested as wives some two score eligible young women, from earl's daughters to confectioner's assistants. She had arrived at that state of mind in which, if he would only marry, she would have welcomed a cook. In his awkward, stammering way, he had vetoed them all. Then she had rated him for an hour and three-quarters by the clock. Finally, exhausted by her efforts, she had caught up the paper in a rage. The Rev. Alan watched her in silence as she read it, fingering a little book of prayers he had in his waistcoat pocket.

All at once she had thrust the advertisement sheet of the paper underneath his nose, with the exclamation:

“Look at that!”

He looked at it, and had read the advertisement reproduced above.

“Don't sit there like a stuck dummy,” observed Miss Macleod, whose English, in her moments of excitement, was more than peculiar. “Go and get the thing that you call a hat! Hat!” Miss Macleod sniffed; “if you had appeared in the streets in *your* *days* with such a

thing on your head people would have thought that Guy Fawkes' day was come again."

The Rev. Alan was still studying the paper.

"But, my dear aunt, you are not seriously thinking of paying any attention to such an advertisement as that?"

"And why not? Isn't the man a clergyman?"

"I can't think that a priest——"

"A priest!" cried Miss Macleod, to whom the word was as a red rag to a bull. "Who spoke about a priest?"

The Rev. Alan went placidly on:

"——under any circumstances would advertise apostle spoons for sale."

"Who asks you what you think? Put on your hat and come with me."

"There is another point. The advertisement says 'letters only'; there is evidently an objection to a personal call."

As Miss Macleod grasped her nephew by the shoulder with a sufficiently muscular grasp, the Rev. Alan put on his hat and went with her.

II.

They walked all the way—it is some distance from Cadogan Place to Ladbroke Grove. There was not much conversation what there was was not of a particularly cheerful kind. The day was warm. The lady was tall, the gentleman short. Miss Macleod was a first-rate pedestrian; the Rev. Alan was not good at any kind of exercise. By the time they reached their journey's end he was in quite a pitiable plight. He was bedewed with perspiration, and agitated beyond measure by the rather better than four miles an hour pace which his aunt would persist in keeping up.

Pomona Villa proved to be a little house which stood back at some distance from the road. Just as they reached it the door was opened, shut again with a bang, and a gentleman came hastening out of the house as though he were pressed for time. He was a tall, portly person, with very red whiskers, and a complexion which was even more vivid than his whiskers. He was attired in what might be called recollections of clerical costume, and was without a hat. He appeared to be very much distressed either in body or in mind. Just as he laid his hand on the handle on one side of the gate, Miss Macleod grasped it on the other. Brought in this way unexpectedly face to face, he stared at the lady, and the lady stared at him.

"She's at it again!" he cried.

"Sir!" exclaimed Miss Macleod. She drew herself up.

"I beg your pardon." The gentleman on the other side of the gate produced a very dirty pocket-handkerchief, and mopped his head and face with it. "I thought it was a friend of mine."

"Is this Pomona Villa?" asked Miss Macleod.

The bare-headed man looked up and down, and round about, and seemed as though he were more than half disposed to say it wasn't. But as the name was painted over the top bar of the wooden gate, within twelve inches of the lady's nose, he perhaps deemed it wiser to dissemble.

"What—what name?" he stammered.

"I've come about the apostle spoons."

"The apostle spoons! Oh!" The bare-headed man looked blank. He added in a sort of stage aside, "Letters only."

"Perhaps you will allow me to enter."

Miss Macleod did not wait for the required permission, but pushed the gate open, and entered. Her nephew followed at her heels. The bare-headed man stared at the Rev. Alan, and the Rev. Alan at him—one seemed quite as confused as the other.

"Can I see the spoons?" continued Miss Macleod.

"Eh—the fact is—eh—owing to distressing family circumstances—eh—it is impossible——"

What was impossible will never be known, for at that moment the door was opened, and a woman appeared.

"If you please, mum, Miss Vesey says, will you walk in? She's upstairs."

Miss Macleod walked in, her nephew always at her heels. The bare-headed man stared after them, as though he did not understand this mode of procedure in the least.

"Up the stairs, first door to the right," continued the woman who had bade them enter. As, in accordance with these directions, Miss Macleod proceeded to mount the stairs, the woman, who still stood at the open door, addressed herself to the bare-headed man at the gate. Her words were sufficiently audible:

"You brute!" she said, and banged the door in his face.

Seemingly unconscious of there being anything peculiar about the house or its inhabitants, Miss Macleod strode up the stairs. The Rev. Alan, conscious for himself and his aunt as well, crept uncomfortably after. The first door on the right stood wide open. Miss Macleod unceremoniously entered the room. Her nephew followed sheepishly in the rear.

The room was a good sized one, and was scantily furnished. One striking piece of furniture, however, it did contain, and that was a grand piano. At the moment of their entrance the instrument stood wide open, and at the keyboard was seated a young lady.

"I am Miss Vesey," she observed, without troubling herself to rise as the visitors entered.

Miss Macleod bowed. She appeared about to make some remark, possibly with reference to the apostle spoons; but before she could speak, Miss Vesey went on:

"That is my father you saw outside—the Rev. George Vesey. He's a dipsomaniac."

Miss Macleod started, which, under the circumstances, was not unnatural. Her nephew stared with all his eyes and spectacles. Miss Vesey was a fine young woman, about nineteen years of age. The most prominent feature in her really intellectual countenance was a pair of large and radiant black eyes.

"I'm engaged in his cure," she added.

"I have called," remarked Miss Macleod, perhaps deeming it wiser to ignore the young lady's candid allusion to her father's weakness, "with reference to an advertisement about some apostle spoons."

Miss Vesey, still seated on the music-stool, clasped her hands behind her head.

"Oh, that's one of his swindles," she said.

"One of his swindles!" echoed Miss Macleod.

"He's agent for a Birmingham firm. He finds it a good dodge to put in advertisements like that. Each person who buys thinks she gets the only set he has to sell; but he sells dozens every week. It's drink has brought him to it. But I'm engaged in curing him all round. The worst of it is that when I begin to cure him, he runs away. He was just going to run away when you came to the gate."

"If what you say is correct," said Miss Macleod grimly, "I should say the case was incurable—save by the police."

"Ah, that's because you don't understand my means of cure: I'm a magician."

"A magician!"

There was a pause. Miss Macleod eyed Miss Vesey keenly, Miss Vesey returning the compliment by eyeing her.

Miss Macleod was a woman of the day. Openly expressing unbelief in all the faiths that are old, she was continually on the look-out for a faith that was new. She had tried spiritualism and theosophy. She had sworn by all sorts of rogues and humbugs—until she found

them out to be rogues and humbugs, which, to her credit be it said, it did not take her long to do. Just at that moment she was without a fetish. So that when Miss Vesey calmly announced that she was a magician, she did not do what, for instance, that very much more weak-minded person than herself, her nephew, would have done—she did not promptly laugh her to scorn.

“What do you mean by saying you’re a magician?” she inquired.

“I mean what I say. I have my magic here.”

Miss Perry laid her hand on the piano.

“I suppose you mean that you’re a fine pianist.”

“More than that. With my music I can do with men and women what I will. I can drive the desire for drink out of my father for days together; I can make him keep sober against his will.”

Miss Macleod turned towards her nephew.

“This is my nephew. Exercise your power upon him.”

“Aunt!” cried the Rev. Alan.

Miss Vesey laughed.

“Shall I?” she asked.

“You have my permission. You say you can do with men and women what you will. He will be a rich man one of these fine days. Make him marry you.”

The curate’s distress was piteous.

“Aunt! Have you any sense of shame?”

“Suppose I try,” observed Miss Vesey, her face alive with laughter. “I’m sure I’m poor enough, and I’m already connected with the clergy.”

“Aunt, I entreat you, come away. If you will not come, then I must go alone. I cannot stay to see the Church insulted.”

Miss Macleod turned to Miss Vesey.

“Will you let him go?”

“Certainly not,” laughed the young lady. “If only to pay him out for being so ungallant.”

The Rev. Alan—literally—wrung his hands.

“This—this is intolerable. Aunt, it is impossible for me to stay. You—you’ll find me there when you get home.”

The Rev. Alan, in a state of quite indescribable confusion, turned towards the door. But before he could move a step, Miss Vesey struck a chord on the piano.

“Stay!” she said.

The curate seemed to hesitate for a moment, then turned to her again. He seemed to be under the impression that he owed an

apology to the pianist. "I—I must apologise for—for my seeming rudeness. I know that my—my aunt only meant what she said as—as a joke ; but, at the same time, my respect for my sacred office"—at this point the little man drew himself up—"compels me, after what has passed, to go."

Miss Vesey struck a second chord.

"Stay !" she said again.

Before the agitated believer in the propriety of the unmarried state for clergymen could say her yea or nay, she cast her spells—and her hands—upon the keyboard of the instrument, so that it burst out into a concourse of sweet sounds. The Rev. Alan was, in his way, a born musician. The only dissipation he allowed himself was music. The soul of the mean-looking, wrong-headed little man was attuned to harmony. Good music had on him the effect which Orpheus with his lute had on more stubborn materials than curates—it bewitched him. Miss Vesey had not played ten seconds before he realised that here was a dispenser of the food which his scul loved—a mistress of melody. What it was she played he did not know—it seemed to him an improvisation. He stood listening—entranced. Suddenly the musician's mood changed. The notes of triumph ceased, and there came instead a strain of languorous music which set all the curate's pulses throbbing.

"Come here !"

Miss Vesey whispered. The curate settled his spectacles upon his nose. He looked around him as though he were not sure that he had heard aright. And the command was uttered in such half-tones that he might be excused for supposing that his ears had played him false.

"Come here !"

The command again. Again the Rev. Alan settled his spectacles upon his nose. He gazed at the musician as if still in doubt.

"I—I beg your pardon? Did—did you speak to me ?"

"Come here !"

A third time the command—this time clearer and louder too. As if unconsciously he advanced towards the pianist, hat in one hand, handkerchief in another, his whole bearing eloquent of a state of mental indecision. He went quite close to her—so close that there would be no excuse for saying that he could not hear her if she whispered again.

Again the musician's theme was changed. The languorous melody faded. There came a succession of wild sounds, as of souls in pain. The curate's organisation was a sensitive one—the cries were almost more than he could bear.

"Pity me!"

The voice was corporeal enough. It was Miss Vesey, once more indulging in a whisper. Again the curate was at a nonplus. Again he went through the mechanical action of settling his spectacles upon his nose.

"I—I beg your pardon?" It seemed to be a stereotyped form of words with him.

"Pity me! Pity me! Do!"

The words were a cry of anguish—quite as anguished as the music was. The Rev. Alan looked round the room, perhaps for succour and relief. He saw his aunt, but at that moment her face happened to be turned another way.

"If you need my pity, it is yours."

The words, like the lady's, were spoken, doubtless unintentionally, in a whisper.

"If you pity me, then help me too!"

"If I can, I—I will!"

"You promise?"

"Certainly."

Although the word was a tolerably bold one, it was by no means boldly spoken; probably that was owing to the state of confusion existing in the speaker's mind.

The theme was changed again. The piano ceased to wail. A tumult of sound came from it which was positively deafening. The effect was most bewildering, especially as it concerned the Rev. Alan. For in the midst of all the tumult he was conscious of these words being addressed to him by Miss Vesey.

"Help me with your love!"

The instant the words were spoken the tumult died away, there was the languorous strain again. The curate was speechless, which, all things considered, was perhaps excusable. An idea was taking root in his brain that the musician was mad, at least mad enough to be irresponsible for the words she used. If that were so, then, unlike the generality of lunatics, she had a curious aptitude for sticking to the point.

"Love me, or I die!"

"My—my dear young lady!" stammered the curate.

"You will be my murderer!"

The accent with which these words were spoken was indescribable, as indescribable as the music which accompanied them. It may be doubted if, as he heard them, it was not the Rev. Alan himself who was going mad. The heat and agitation brought on by the

which his aunt had marched him from Cadogan Place, the extraordinary manner of his reception at Pomona Villa, the still more extraordinary things which had happened to him since he had got inside ; all these, put together, were quite enough to make him uncertain as to whether he were standing on his head or his heels. And then, for him, a staunch believer in the theory, and the practice, of the celibate priest, to have such language addressed to him, after five minutes' acquaintance, by a total stranger ! and such a pianist ! and a fine young woman ! No wonder the Rev. Alan put his hand up to his head under the impression that that portion of his frame was leaving him.

"If you do not marry me," continued this extraordinary young woman, in tones which harrowed his heart—and yet which were not so harrowing as her music, by a very great deal, "I shall die before your eyes."

The Rev. Alan still had his hand to his head. He looked round him with bewildered, short-sighted eyes. Curiously enough his aunt still had her face turned in the opposite direction.

"I—I'm sure——" he stammered.

"Of what ?"

"I—I shall be happy——"

"Happy !"

The music ceased, and that for the sufficiently good reason that the pianist rose from her seat and flung her arms about the curate's neck. He said something, but what it was was lost in the ample expanses of Miss Vesey's breast.

"Madam," she cried, addressing Miss Macleod, "your nephew has promised to marry me ! He has said that he will be happy."

Miss Macleod, who did not happen just then to be looking in the opposite direction, smiled grimly. Owing to the peculiarity of her physical configuration everything about her was grim—even her smile.

"I am glad to hear it," she observed.

The Rev. Alan struggled himself free from the lady's powerful embrace. His distress was tragic in its intensity.

"This—this is some extraordinary——"

"Happiness !" cried the lady, and again she clasped him in her arms. "Your happiness is mine ! It has been my life-long dream to be married to a clergyman ; is not my father one already ?"

At that moment the father referred to entered the room.

"What's this ?" he cried, as a father naturally would cry on seeing his daughter with a stranger in her arms.

The young lady, however, promptly relieved his mind.

"Father, let me present you to my future husband."

"I—I do protest," screamed the frenzied curate.

"You do protest, sir! What do you protest?" The father's voice was terrible, so was his manner. Apparently all his paternal instincts had not been destroyed by dipsomania. "You come to this house, sir, a perfect stranger, sir; you assault my daughter, sir; you take her in your arms."

This was, perhaps, strictly speaking, a perversion of the truth; but at this moment Miss Macleod offered her interposition.

"You need be under no concern. My nephew is a gentleman. I was a witness of his proposal. If he behaves as a dastard to your daughter, I will deliver him to your righteous vengeance then. In the meantime, perhaps you and your daughter will accompany us home to luncheon. We can arrange the preliminaries of the marriage during the course of the meal."

III.

"Miss Bayley, I am in a position of the extremest difficulty."

Miss Bayley was not only the Rev. Alan Macleod's parishioner; she was, so to speak, his co-curate at Swaffham-on-Sea. That delightful village boasted of a rector who found that the local air did not agree with him, so he spent most of his time in the South of France. The Rev. Alan was, therefore, to all intents and purposes, the head and front of all church matters in the neighbourhood. Unfortunately the greater part of the population—what there was of it—was dissenting, and that part of it which was not dissenting was even worse—it was Episcopalian!—the lowest of the low! The curate, therefore, found himself in the position of the sower who sows his seed in barren soil. His congregation not unfrequently consisted of two—the verger and Miss Bayley.

The curate had returned to Swaffham, and it was this faithful feminine flower of his flock he was addressing now.

"Oh, Mr. Macleod, I am so sorry! Can I help you? Is it spiritual?"

The curate shook his head. He had not fallen quite so low as that. The idea of his coming to a person in petticoats for help in spiritual matters struck him as too absurd. He could scarcely excuse Miss Bayley.

"Can you think that I, your priest, should come to learn of you?"

Miss Bayley looked down.

"I was wrong," she murmured.

have remembered that none of the curates ever was half so cocksure about that kind of thing as the Rev. Alan. But then, she was so anxious to lend him a hand in anything.

“An error owned is half atoned.”

He meant this for a little pleasantry—but he was an awkward man, even when he trifled. He hesitated. He was conscious that he had come for assistance in a matter quite as delicate as anything which appertained to church government.

“Miss Bayley.” He cleared his throat. “I—I have an aunt.” The abashed Miss Bayley signified that she had heard him mention that fact before—which she had, about half a dozen times a day. “She is not one of us.” Miss Bayley sighed; she felt that she was expected to sigh. “She is of the world, worldly. Her thoughts are fixed on temporalities. Being possessed of great riches, to which I am the natural heir, the continual desire of her life is that I—I should marry.”

The Rev. Alan stammered a little at the end. Miss Bayley perceptibly started. That was the continual desire of her life too. She wondered if it was going to be gratified at last.

“That you should marry? Oh, Mr. Macleod!”

“I need not tell you that, in such a matter, her desire would not weigh with me in the least. The true priest is celibate.”

Miss Bayley's heart fluttered—she did not go with him so far as that.

“But—if she were to disinherit you?”

“Do you know me so little as that? Nothing would please me better than that she should.”

He clasped his hands in a kind of ecstasy. The lady, whose father was the parish doctor, and who knew what it was to have to dress on nothing a year, was almost tempted to think that the curate was a fool. But as she could scarcely express the thought aloud, she was wise enough to hold her peace. The gentleman went on rather awkwardly. The travelling was getting difficult, in fact.

“To—eh—such lengths has—eh—she—she—allowed her desire to—eh—carry her, that—eh—it—it has resulted in—eh—involving me in—eh—complications of an excessively disagreeable kind.”

Miss Bayley's imagination realised the worst at once.

“Are you engaged?” she cried.

“She—she says I am.”

“She says you are!” The lady was on the verge of tears—the blow was sudden. “Mr. Macleod, I have something which I have to do upstairs.”

She felt that if she stayed in the room she might disgrace herself

by crying before his face. The Rev. Alan was dismayed at the idea of her leaving him.

"Miss Bayley, I do entreat you not to go. You do not understand me in the least. I do not say I am engaged; quite—quite the other way."

"Oh, Mr. Macleod!"

The affair might have its comic side for a looker-on, but it was tragic enough for her. If she did not get this man, whom could she get? At Swaffham-on-Sea eligible bachelors were as rare as snow in summer. Besides—women attach themselves to poodle dogs!—she really liked the man.

The curate continued:

"The—the circumstances really are, I think, the most extraordinary I ever heard of. I should be almost induced to believe that it had all happened in a dream were it not for a letter that I have in my pocket."

"From whom is the letter?"

"From—from Miss Vesey."

"Is that the lady you are engaged to?"

"En—engaged to? I hadn't made her acquaintance ten minutes before she said I had proposed to her."

"She would not have said so unless you had."

"Miss Bayley, do you not know me better than that? Nothing was further from my mind! The proposal came from her."

"I have heard of women proposing to men! And I suppose you accepted her?" She was strongly tempted to add, "You are imbecile enough for anything!" But even in that hour of her trial she refrained.

"I can only assure you that I had no such intention in any words. I may have used—words which came from me unawares, owing to the state of confusion I was in on receiving such a proposition from a total stranger."

Miss Bayley turned away. She thought she saw exactly how it was.

"I can only offer you my congratulations. I do not know why you enter into all these details. When is the marriage to be?"

"Marriage!"

"Yes, marriage! I hope you will send me a piece of the cake! Oh, Mr. Macleod, I never thought that you would behave to me like this!"

Miss Bayley fairly succumbed. She buried her face in her hands and ran, crying, from the room. Mr. Macleod, left behind, was thunderstruck. He realised what any man, with even a little knowledge of the world, would have seen from the first

"She loves me! What ha

and he too buried his face in his hands. Presently he rose again. "Poor, pure soul! She is the best woman in the world!" He twisted his hands together with a nervousness which was peculiar to his. "I have done wrong in the sight of God and man!"

How he got out of the house he never knew; but he did get out and through the front door too. He set off walking towards the rectory, where, in the absence of the rector, he lived rent free. He had not gone twenty yards from the house when a gloved hand slapped him smartly on the shoulder.

"Alan!"

He turned. There was Miss Vesey and her father! He could hardly believe that it was, but it was. The lady was brilliantly attired, perhaps as a set-off to her father. That worthy gentleman resembled nothing so much as what, in former days, they would have called a broken-down hedge parson. He was evidently meant for a clergyman, sartorially. That is, the conception was clear enough, it was the result which was unsatisfactory.

"Your hand, my son!"

He held out his hand after the manner of the fathers in old comedy. But unfortunately he did not wait for the curate to give him his hand, he seized it, and shook it up and down—pump-handle fashion. And while the father was engaged in this edifying performance, the daughter flung her arms about the curate's neck.

"My beloved!" she cried.

If there was any there to behold, they beheld what they had never seen before—the curate embraced as a curate never had been embraced in public, at Swaffham-on-Sea.

"Let me go!" he stammered.

And in due time the lady let him go. Under the circumstances he kept his presence of mind very well—for him.

"You—you'll find the rectory about a quarter of a mile in front of you, just round the bend in the road. If—if you'll excuse me, I have a most important visit I must make."

Miss Vesey's father slapped him heartily—too heartily!—upon the back, again after the fashion of the comedy fathers.

"Don't put yourself out for us, my boy! Don't neglect your duties, as is too often the case with the young. Tell us where the bottles are, and we'll make ourselves snug till you come in."

The curate did not tell them where the bottles were; in fact there was only a solitary bottle of cod-liver oil in the house, and probably the speaker's thoughts did not incline that way; but they went on to the rectory alone. Miss Vesey waved her parasol, and

kissed her glove to him so long as she was in sight. He stood watching them till they were round the bend in the road, then he re-entered the doctor's house.

This time he passed through the back door, straight into the kitchen. "Lauk, sir!" cried the maid-of-all-work; "who'd a thought of seeing you?"

The Rev. Alan addressed her in a fever of excitement.

"Tell Miss Ellen I must speak to her at once."

He went into the parlour, and the maid of all work went upstairs. Presently she returned with a message.

"If you please, sir, Miss Ellen's compliments, and she's got a headache."

Mr. Macleod was pacing up and down the room, very much in the manner of the carnivora about feeding time at the Zoo.

"A headache!"

He took his note-book from his pocket. Tearing out a page he scribbled on it these two or three strongly worded lines.

"I entreat you to see me, if you ever called yourself my friend. It is a matter of life or death; almost, I would venture to say, of heaven or hell.—A. M."

The maid of all work bore these winged words above. The result was presently visible in the form of the lady herself. She entered with the air of a martyr, conscious of her crown.

"You are my priest. I have come."

"It is not as a priest I have summoned you, Ellen, but as a friend."

The use of the christian name was perhaps unintentional, but the lady marked her sense of the familiarity at once.

"Sir!"

Her lip curled, possibly with scorn. His answer was sufficiently startling. "Ellen, I entreat you to be my wife."

"Your wife, Mr. Macleod! Are you mad?"

"I am—nearly! I shall be quite if you don't accede to my request at once."

"I think you are mad now. How dare you insult me! when from my bedroom window I just saw you kissing that creature in the street."

"I kissed her! She kissed me."

"It's the same thing."

"It's not!" Which was true enough—it was a different thing entirely. "Ellen, can you not see that I was never more in my life. If you do not marry me, something to"

woman will, and for all I know that wretched parent of hers may be the occupant of a dissenting pulpit ; he looks disreputable enough for anything. What with her and her father, and my aunt, I am as a reed in their hands. I do entreat you—be my wife.”

The offer was not put in the most flattering form. Still, it was an offer.

“If you really want me,” began Miss Bayley.

“Want you ! I want nothing so much in all the world.”

“And if you think I can be of use to you in the parish——”

“Parish ! it’s not the parish I’m thinking of, it’s—it’s that wretched woman.”

Miss Bayley did not like this way of putting it at all.

“I will consider what you say, Mr. Macleod, and will let you have an answer—say in a month.”

“In a month !” the curate was aghast. “I want your answer now. Ellen, I do entreat you, if you do not wish to see me disgraced in the face of all the world, promise to be my wife.”

“But, Mr. Macleod, you do not even pretend to care for me.”

“Care for you ! I care for you more than I ever cared for any woman yet.”

“Then in that case”—the lady was a little coy—“it shall be just as you will.”

At this point the ordinary lover would have taken her in his arms, and here would follow a number of crosses denoting what we have seen termed “osculatory concussions.” But the Rev. Alan was not an ordinary lover at all. He continued his frenzied pacing round the room.

“It is not enough to promise to be my wife, you must be my wife.”

“Mr. Macleod, what do you mean ?”

“Miss Bayley—Ellen—those two persons are at the rectory, awaiting my arrival at this moment. She is a disreputable woman, he is a ruffianly man. They are quite capable of coercing me into some dreadful entanglement from which I may find it impossible to release myself. My only hope lies in an immediate marriage.”

“I do not understand you in the least.”

“Then let me endeavour to make myself quite plain. I will not return to the rectory ; you will put on your hat and jacket and come up at once with me to town. I will get a special licence. And we will be married before anyone has an inkling of what it is that we intend.”

“Mr. Macleod, is it an elopement you propose ?”

"Ellen, it is."

The little man was shaking like a leaf.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"Nor did I dream that I should ever make such a proposition to a living woman—but needs must when the devil drives."

The lady began to cry.

"Alan, I must say you have not a flattering way of putting things."

"What avails flattery at such a moment as this. For heaven's sake, don't cry. I have heard you say yourself that you don't believe in long engagements."

"Yes—but when one has not been engaged five minutes!"

"What matters five minutes or five years, when one has once resolved. It seems to me that when there is nothing to gain by waiting—but everything to lose—the sooner one marries the better."

There was something in this; she told herself that he was not such a nincompoop after all when he was driven to bay—poor, dear little man! Amidst her tears she thought of other things. A regular marriage would involve a trousseau. She was quite sure that she should get no money out of her father for that—for the best of reasons, he had none to give. And then she knew her curate. She thought it quite possible that if that other woman—the brazen hussy!—did once get him in her hands, he might at any rate be lost to her. Better a good deal than to run the risk of such an end to all her hopes as that!

The end of it was that the Rev. Alan Macleod and Miss Bayley went up together by the next train which left the neighbouring station—eight miles off—for town.

IV.

Shortly after his marriage Alan Macleod received the following curious letter from his aunt:

"Nephew Alan,—Don't talk fiddlesticks about giving up the church because you're married, though I never could understand why you ever became a parson, unless it was because your father was the devil's own.

"I meant all along that you should marry the doctor's daughter. Of course, as a Macleod of Pittenquhair, you might have had the best in the land, but then what a Macleod you are! Have you ever heard of the Irishman's pig? They pull him by the tail when they want him to follow his snout. That is what I have done you. I heard all about the girl and about your "

together, and how you thought it was the church she worshipped, when the curate was the object of her adoration. Don't you ever believe about single young women worshipping the church when there's a bachelor inside it! I heard she was a decent body, so I said that, sooner than leave you, the last of the Macleods of Pittenquhair, a barren stock, the girl should have you.

"The thing was how—with you and your 'celibate priest' stuff and nonsense. But Providence helps those who help themselves—so 'Miss Vesey' tumbled from the skies.

"I saw her first at a thought-reading *séance*. She did some very funny things, and she plays the piano like an angel. She certainly had a gift that way, for, with the aid of her music, she played all sorts of tricks on the fools who were there. I thought to myself, what tricks she might play on you if you came within her range! Then, all of a sudden, the whole thing was hatched in my brain. I made her acquaintance. I took her home to supper. Afterwards, inspired by the largest quantity of champagne I ever saw a woman drink, she told me all about herself. She was the most candid young woman I ever met.

"She was married—to an unfrocked parson. But, according to her own account, she was more than his match. A perfect limb! And as clever as she was wicked—one of those wicked women who are born, not made, for she was not yet twenty-one. I told her all about you. I said that if, through her, you married the doctor's daughter at Swaffham-on-Sea, she should have five hundred pounds upon your wedding day. She came into the scheme at once. So we arranged it all together.

"Among other things, her husband was one of those scamps who pose, in the advertisement sheets, as distressed clergymen whose large families depend for sustenance on their being able to dispose of some article or other at one third of its cost price. Just then his line was apostle spoons—which he bought for five shillings and sold for twenty. I was to summon you up to town. I was to bully you about your marriage. And then, when I had thoroughly upset you—which, I explained to her, it was the easiest thing in the world to do—I was to call your attention to his advertisement of the apostle spoons. I was to march you off then and there to buy them. When I had got you into her house I was to leave the rest to her.

"She was to pose as her husband's daughter, which she was young enough to be—in years, at any rate. She said that if I brought you to her in a state of agitation and confusion bordering on imbecility—which I undertook to do—and if you were the sort of man I had

described to her, within half an hour she would induce you to use language which might be construed into an offer of marriage. Then, with her husband's aid, she would so drive you to distraction as to send you flying into Miss Bayley's arms as into a harbour of refuge.

"I need not describe to you how she succeeded—though we had neither of us bargained that you would be *quite* the fool you were. When I heard of your eloping with the doctor's daughter the instant 'Miss Vesey' put in an appearance on the scene, I owned that I had at last attained to one article of faith—an implicit belief in the infinite capacity for folly to be found in the human animal in trousers.

"It is unnecessary, under these circumstances, to say that I congratulate you upon your marriage. I hope that your wife will be a sensible woman, and present you, without loss of time, with a son—or, better still, with half a dozen, so that I may have an opportunity of finding at least *one* among them who shall not be *quite* such a fool as his father.—Your affectionate aunt, Janet Macleod (of Pittenquhair)."

When Miss Macleod's nephew had finished reading this letter, he wiped the perspiration from his brow. Then he wiped his glasses. Then he sat thinking, not too pleasantly. Such a letter was a bitter pill to swallow. Then, not desirous that his aunt's epistle should be read by his wife, he tore it into strips, and burned them one by one. He told himself that he would never forgive his aunt—never! and that, willingly, he would never look upon her face again.

But to so resolve was only to add another to his list of follies. Within twenty-four hours of his marriage—fortunately for him—his wife had proved that the grey mare was once more the better horse. Now she had got her man, at last, the strong vein of common sense that was in her came to the front. When Miss Macleod came to see her, she received her with open arms; and, as a matter of course, where she led her husband followed.

To one thing Alan has been constant—to the doctrine of the "celibate priest." According to him, a "priest" married was not a "priest" at all. Immediately after his marriage, therefore, nobody offering the least objection, he quitted the "priesthood." He is now a gentleman of leisure. Probably with a view of providing him with some occupation his wife bids fair to come up to his aunt's standard of a sensible woman, and to present him with half a dozen sons.

There is, therefore, no fear of the Macleods of Pittenquhair becoming—like certain volcanoes—extinct, at least in the present generation.

THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF BURGLARY.

IN a chronological history of crime the first chapter would undoubtedly be devoted to murder. In the teeth of Biblical evidence, a conscientious historian could not do otherwise. Moreover, in the natural order of things, personal crimes would precede offences against property.

But that burglary is a crime of very great antiquity is not to be wondered at, for it is an offence directed against the very foundation of peaceable existence. Cicero, in the *Oratio pro Domo*, eloquently discourses upon the sanctity of home, but he did not invent the sentiment.

The idea of home was one of the first which began to formulate in the human mind as man emerged from absolute barbarism. The protection of that home would be his first thought.

The cave dwellers in Dordogne and the inhabitants of the now submerged Lake Dwellings show us how this thought was carried out.

The expression "a man's house is his castle," is English, but the feeling contained in the expression is of no nationality; it is universal. It is implanted in every human heart.

Sir Matthew Hale, speaking of burglary and housebreaking, says that such crimes were classed in our law under the head of "hamesecken." From the use of the term and the context with which it is found, he seems to have considered the word to be "home-sacking," which, at first sight, would appear, plausibly enough, to be correct. But it is clearly derived from the Anglo-Saxon *ham*, a house or home, and *socne*, liberty or immunity. We find the same meaning in the words "socmanni," "socage," "sac," and "soc," all of which contain the primary signification of franchise, liberty, freedom, &c.

In the seventeenth century, however, if not earlier, the word had lost its primary meaning of "home-freedom"; and under the form of "hamesecken" denoted all those offences which were aimed

against the safety of the house, and it was this diversion of its original meaning which confused Sir Matthew Hale.

Sir Henry Spelman, in his Glossary, tells us that *hamsoca*, or *hamsocna*, or *hamsoken*, for the word is spelt in various ways, was the privilege appertaining to the home, or freedom of the dwelling-house, the word being derived as above stated. "Ancient laws," he says, "everywhere accorded to the home of each individual the most undoubted security, and permitted nothing to be done therein against the will of the owner; in fact, every man's house was accounted his castle, fortified by ramparts of the law, wherein each man, were he ever so poor, was recognised as lord of his own household, wherein he might give his orders at pleasure, live securely, and freely ward off violence and injury." For these reasons it was laid down in the laws of Edmund, Rex Anglo-Saxonicus, cap. 6, that disturbers of the freedom of the home in all cases were to be punished at the discretion of the king, in whose hands also was the power of life and death.

For similar reasons by the laws of Canute, cap. 39, it was enacted that the king had, with other privileges, the right of deciding cases where the dwelling-house of any subject had been invaded. Moreover (cap. 52), he had in addition the power of inflicting a fine.

Bracton (lib. iii. tract. 2, cap. 23) defines *hamsocne* as an "*invasio domus contra pacem domini regis.*" Ranulfus Castrensis (lib. i. cap. 50) calls *hamsocne* "vel *hamfare (sic) insultus factus in domo.*" Another book, the MS. *Coxfordiensis Monasterii*, defines the term more fully. Under the head of *Hamsocne* it informs us that "the Prior will hold pleas in his own court concerning those who enter the house or dwelling of any man for the purpose of embroiling him in a lawsuit, or of robbing him, or of taking away anything, or of doing any other thing whatsoever against the will of him to whom the house or dwelling belongs."

In ancient documents or charters in which privileges were granted to individuals by the magistrates, the term is of frequent occurrence. In some of these charters the expression "let nothing be said about *hamsoca*" is made use of, which afforded an opportunity of committing crimes of this nature with impunity. But generally the term "*hamsoca*" was added to the charter without limitation, and it may be inferred that thereby the privilege was given to the grantee of the charter, of adjudicating in his own territory upon all crimes perpetrated against the safety of the house, and of then and there imposing and exacting a fine.

Another writer defines "*hamesoken*" to be freedom from amerements, or punishments by the purse

strangers without the permission and against the peace of the king. The difference between ameracements and fines is that the latter are certain and created by statute: they can only be imposed by courts of record. The former are arbitrarily imposed by courts not of record, such as a court leet, for instance. The same writer goes on to say that a man may have jurisdiction over crimes of this nature in his own house and on his own property.

The actual term burglary, which may be derived from the Saxon *burg*, a house, and *larron*, a thief (Latin, *latro*), appears to have been introduced by the Normans, as in Saxon writings (*apud Saxones*), according to Sir Henry Spelman, it is not to be found. The laws of Canute class it, or its equivalent, among the *inexpiabilia crimina*.

The difference between burglary and housebreaking, according to the modern idea, must have sprung up not long before Sir Henry Spelman's time, since he defines burglary as a "*Nocturna diruptio habitaculi alicujus vel ecclesie, etiam murorum portarumve civitatis aut burgi, ad feloniam aliquam perpetranda. Nocturna, dicitur recentiores secutus, veteres enim hoc non adjungunt.*" Both crimes seem to have been punishable with death, as appears from the ancient laws of Canute and from a statute of Henry I.

It is also stated elsewhere that "all robbers of houses (*burgatores domorum*), or breakers of churches, or the walls or gates *civitatis regie vel burgorum*, effecting their entrance maliciously or feloniously are to be condemned to death, "*id est,*" as the sentence ominously concludes, "*suspendantur.*" "They are called burgatores," it goes on to say, "because while some plunder up and down in the field afar off, these, with more pertinacity, assail the walls and break into villas and houses, and there commit their depredations. The words *burg* and *bour*, moreover, signify not only habitations, but a part even more sacred still, that is to say, the inner hall and bedchambers, which are not safe from robbers of this quality."

Lord Coke's definition of burglary is even more concise than that of Sir Henry Spelman. "A burglar," he says, "is he that in the night time breaketh and entereth into a mansion house of another of intent to kill some reasonable creature or to commit some felony within the same, whether his felonious intent be executed or not. In those days, as of course, the indictment was required to be drawn with exceeding accuracy. The alleged entrance must have been stated to be *noctanter* or *nocte ejusdem diei*, for if it was in the day time it was not burglary. "It was necessary that it be said in the indictment *burglariter*, without which burglary cannot be expressed with any kind of other word or other circumlocution; and there-

where the indictment is *burgaliter* instead of *burglariter*, it makes no indictment of burglary; so, if it be *burgenter*."

Again, both the words *fregit* and *intravit* were requisite, "for breaking without entry, and entry without breaking, makes not burglary." It must have been a *domus mansionalis* where burglary was committed and not generally *domus*, for that is too uncertain.

At the present time, however, there are four points to be considered in determining if the crime of burglary has been committed.

(i) *The time*: The crime must be committed at night. Before the Larceny Act of 1861, night was supposed to continue from sunset to sunrise, in spite of the necessary twilight after the one and before the other. But by the Larceny Act, as regards burglary, night is deemed to commence at nine o'clock at night and end at six o'clock the next morning.

(ii) *The place*: The house must be a dwelling-house of another. It will not suffice if it be an outhouse or a stable, unless immediately connected, by a covered passage or otherwise, with the dwelling-house. A person cannot commit a burglary, therefore, if he break into and enter the room of any one lodging in his house, and steal his goods. The owner, or any of his family, or even a servant, other than a caretaker, must sleep in the house, so as to make the breaking into it burglary.

(iii) *The manner*: There must be both a breaking and an entry. They need not both be done at once; if a burglar makes a hole one night and enters the next, it will be sufficient. Opening a window, picking the lock, opening it with a key, unloosing any fastening, coming down the chimney, are all breakings sufficient to constitute burglary. The slightest degree of entry with any part of the body or with any instrument held in the hand, is enough.

(iv) *The intent*: The intent must be felonious, either at common law or by Statute, as, to commit murder, robbery, or any other felony whether perpetrated or not. The crime is punishable with penal servitude for life, or for ten years, or imprisonment.

The question is often asked, When is it justifiable to kill a burglar? A forcible or felonious attempt to violate a man's rights to his house or goods may be resisted with any necessary amount of violence, even to the extent of killing, but not where the felony is without violence. But you cannot anticipate killing—you cannot kill him in cold blood because you think he will kill you. If after ordering a man to leave your house he remains there, and so terrifies you that, for fear of your life, you shoot him, the law will not be very particular in deciding whether you were or

ing him, for "omnia præsumentur contra spoliatores." It is possible to justify the killing of a burglar who has forcibly broken into, or is breaking into, our house on the ground that thereby our life was endangered, but if he has already retreated and has escaped from us, we are not, in the quaint language of an old writer, justified in shooting him as he fleeth down the avenue.

THOS. T. GREG.

THE TEA INDUSTRY OF INDIA.

THE TEA PLANTER'S FINANCE.

AMONG the effects which the recent rise in the exchange value of the Indian rupee will exercise on English enterprise in India generally, not the least important or permanent will be that resulting to the tea industry, which has now assumed, both in that country and in Ceylon, large and important proportions. The addition of one penny to the value of the rupee means a gain to the revenue of the Government of India of one million sterling, and the same addition means to the tea planter a very appreciable shrinkage of income. We have now for so long been accustomed to treat the rupee as an impostor whose real value is or has been far below that of a florin, or 24 pence, which is its face value, that the above seems the most readily intelligible way of stating the case. Really the financial position is, that the Indian Government have for many years been the losers and the planter has been the gainer, by the depreciation of the rupee from its par value. But the latter has been so accustomed to look upon this gain, not as a bonus but as an integral part of his profits, that the estimates of his undertaking have been based on its perpetual continuance, and this calculation has in many parts of India, where labour is comparatively dear and where the yield of tea is comparatively low, interposed the only barrier between profit and loss, between cultivating a tea garden so as to pay, or the reverse. So much indeed has this been a part of the planter's financial creed, that only the other day I read in one of their reports the following: "I have lost twenty per cent. on the remittances received last week;" the fact of course being, to less tutored minds, that of the forty per cent. which the writer had been in the habit of gaining on his remittances he had lost, or to be more accurate, he had failed to realise, more than a half. Now, however, if even part of the recent advance in the value of silver is maintained, this source of revenue, which has always been purely fortuitous and absolutely unstable, is now or very much curtailed. The

enterprise has entered upon a more difficult, but, I may be permitted to add, a more healthy phase of its existence.

THE TEA ENTERPRISE IN CEYLON.

The enormous and rapid extension of tea cultivation in Ceylon and many parts of India was, we know, the result of two special motive causes, the one being the dissatisfaction felt with the quality of the tea imported into this country from China, and the other the failure of the coffee enterprise owing to the ravages of what was too familiarly known as the leaf disease (*Hemeteia vastatrix*). The quondam coffee planters faced their troubles with a patient perseverance which merited a better reward. For not only did they fight with hopes delusively renewed every year by the apparently returning vigour of their plantations (whose leaf crop was never more glossy and abundant than just before a fresh attack of the fatal disease), for the preservation of their coffee trees, but they successively tried the planting of cinchona, cocoa, vanilla, and other products, which one by one failed them in the very hour of anticipated success. Then they sought to retrieve their fortunes, already sorely shattered, by the planting of tea, a shrub or tree known to be indigenous in many parts of India, and little exacting in its demands upon the soil on which it grows. It formed, therefore, a ready and convenient substitute for the discarded coffee trees, and money being a very essential consideration to men whose resources had been exhausted by their protracted struggles, tea plantations, especially in Ceylon, were first formed on the same ground that had been previously occupied by coffee. The product thus originally adopted as a last resource or make-shift has formed in that island its staple industry, so that while in 1873 the exports of tea growers in Ceylon amounted to no more than 23 lbs., they were expected in 1890 to exceed 48 millions of lbs. My readers will be better able to grasp this astonishing fact when they remember that it takes from three to four years to obtain any produce at all from the tea plant. In the third year, that is to say, there is a small return, but practically the planter has to wait till the fourth year for the fruition of his labours. Thus it happened that the first tentative attempt at growing tea having proved unexpectedly successful, the rush into more extended cultivation was immediate and simultaneous.

EXTENSION IN INDIA.

The extension of tea planting in India, in the widely-separated districts of Assam, Cachar, Chittagong, Dooras, Kangra, Ochr-

Doon, Neilgherries, and Travancore, had meanwhile gone on *pari passu*. I have given the above names approximately in order of the inception of the enterprise in each—Assam taking the lead in point of age, as dating from 1835, and Travancore being the most youthful but not the least formidable competitor. The increase in production has been most marked in the last twenty years, the exports in 1868 having been roughly 8,000,000 lbs., and in 1888, 92,000,000 lbs. To all these districts the tea plant is indigenous, where it forms a tree rather than a shrub in the virgin jungles. According to a legend whose origin is lost in obscurity, it was originally imported into China by one of the gods, whose eyelashes (having been plucked out in a very ungodlike fit of temper) formed the original tea bushes of China. There it formed a separate plant owing to the variety of soil and treatment it experienced, and eventually a hybrid was developed, which, with greater or less admixture of the indigenous and China plants as the circumstances appear to demand, is generally adopted in the plantations of Ceylon and India. All this extension, it will be observed, has taken place at the expense, and to the injury, of the China tea trade, and the competition has now begun to be, if I may use the word, *inter-necine* between the different districts of India and Ceylon. And now has come this question of the rise in silver, which has for the moment disturbed and disjointed all Eastern trade, and which makes the competition in the profitable production of tea still more acute than it formerly was. Those districts alone can hope to survive the struggle which possess the two initial elements of success—viz., a soil and climate suitable to the abundant production of tea leaves, and a plentiful and cheap supply of native labour.

THE SUPPLY OF LABOUR.

Obviously, where labour is not available on the spot, but where it has to be imported from any distance, the expense is a heavy addition to the prime cost of wages. It has been calculated, for example, that it costs something close on one hundred rupees per man, merely to land coolies in one of these districts. And further inducements have to be offered to obtain them even with this outlay. For there the planter has to find his labourers in rations at a fixed price, which seldom if ever recoups their cost, in blankets, in medical attendance, and what not. A still heavier expense, under which many tea districts labour, is what are known, only in not a few instances to be wiped off the wrong side of the ledger, as advances. The headman,

or rather headmen on a plantation, obtain from the planter at the end of the season "advances" to enable them to return in the year following with so many coolies. It is inconvenient, perhaps sometimes it may be impossible, for them to do so, and the advances are lost, or they may be recovered, but only at a ruinous loss of time and outlay. When a tea district, then, is so fortunately situated as to have at its command a plentiful supply of indigenous labour, half its difficulties are over and half the expenses of working are saved. There is no loss on "advances," no loss on the enforced supply of rice or rations, no separate medical attendance, and no outlay on transport. There is a certain fixed rate of wages which the various gangs of labourers relieving each other periodically, as their engagements terminate, receive when their work is done. Of course in all cases there is the expense of housing, putting up "cooly lines" as they are called; but this is a known and easily calculable expenditure, and does not weigh so heavily as those which are always unexpected yet always recurring. The lines, too, which are necessarily substantially built to withstand the heavy rains, form part of the fixed property of a well-found estate.

THE CAPITAL REQUIRED.

I may here be expected to give some idea, first of the initial cost of a tea garden, and secondly as to the revenue which may be expected to arise from it after that initial cost has been incurred. But I do so with extreme reluctance, not because I have no practical experience, but rather because that practical experience has taught me that estimates, however wisely and moderately drawn up, cannot be relied on to hold good over a period of three or four years—the required interval between seed time and harvest—in the face of so many causes wholly out of the planter's control, which may or may not operate. Take this question of silver alone, if my readers are not sufficiently bored with it already. A very able authority, reviewing the position, considers it probable that this may rise to 59*d.* per ounce or its American parity. But, on the other hand, if silver were to rise to such an extent, many mines which have been thrown out of working owing to the low price of their products would be reopened and their supplies let loose to flood the market. This is no minor factor, as I have endeavoured to show, in the tea planter's outlook. But all this may seem over cautious, or rather what I have said of tea may be predicated more or less strongly of all other enterprises, whether in India or elsewhere. I

will therefore go on to the first of my points, viz., the initial cost of a tea garden. Quoting from a paper¹ which ought to be, and I believe is, well posted on the subject: "A good property for investors should have a capital not exceeding 500 rupees per acre. We know that many fine gardens have not cost as much as this, and we could also point to some which have cost nearly three times this amount. As a general rule 500 rupees per acre should be the value of a good garden."

THE REVENUE TO BE LOOKED FOR.

On the other point, viz., the revenue which may be expected from this outlay, I have recourse to a tabular statement which gives the cost of the production of a tea estate in Ceylon, of 250 acres, in full bearing, with a good factory, adequate machinery, and fuel on the estate, at various rates of yield per acre. The prices are expressed in hundredth parts of the rupee or "rupee cents," and include carriage to Colombo and shipment there, in mercantile phrase "f. o. b. Colombo." At a yield of 150 lbs. to the acre, the price would be 50 cents per pound; 200 lbs. to the acre, 46 cents; 250 lbs. 40 cents; 300 lbs. 37 cents; 350 lbs. 35 cents; 400 lbs. 32½ cents; 450 lbs. 31½ cents; 500 lbs. 29½ cents. On a larger estate of say 400 acres, the prices might be reduced by one or two cents per lb., the average yield in Ceylon being taken at 300-350 lbs. an acre, and the price of Ceylon tea put on board at Colombo, at 33-37 cents, or 6*d.* per lb.

RESULTS RECENTLY OBTAINED IN TRAVANCORE.

I need not trouble my readers by going over this matter as it results in the different districts of India, but briefly noting that the average yield in Assam may be taken at 280 lbs. per acre, I will give some remarkable results which have been recently achieved in Travancore, the youngest competitor, as I have already said, for the first place as a tea district. I give them because there were not here, as in Ceylon and other older countries, the artificial adjuncts of a good factory, adequate machinery, or even skilled labour. They were purely experimental, and conducted on land which had been four years under coffee.

1. Tea plants—indigenous, Travancore, yielded in their sixth year of growth 608 lbs. per acre.

¹ *The Tropical Agriculturist*, N.

2. The same variety, in their third year of growth, yielded 269 lbs. per acre.

3. Assam hybrid variety yielded in their seventh year 393 lbs. per acre.

The price obtained was also very exceptionally high, but need not here be quoted, except generally to show that quantity was not obtained at the expense of quality. Nor do I think this gives much criterion for or against its continuance. A certain tea hits off the popular taste for the moment, fetches a high price, but is, or may be, discarded next season in favour of a newer brand. Only the other day (October, 1890) I read the following :

“In these days of cheap tea, it is interesting to know that the choicest products of Eastern gardens still realise high prices. The sensation of last week's London tea market was the sale of a parcel of newly-imported tea from the — Estate, Ceylon, which was ‘knocked-down’ at Mincing Lane to the firm of William Ford and Sons, Leith, at the extraordinary price of 30s. 6d. per lb.”¹

But such fancy prices possess no charms except for the compilers of those wonderful pieces of fugitive literature, prospectuses. They are too fragile for everyday wear. What is required is a good all-round price for tea raised at the cheapest rate compatible with fair treatment, and large quantity will never make up for deficiency in quality.

Travancore and Tinnevely, which together occupy the southern extremity of the Indian Peninsula, are already well-known to Ceylon planters as the cradle whence they have been accustomed to derive their supplies of labour, and they have now obtained a more practical share of their attention by the occupation of the hills which form their dividing boundary. These hills receive the rains brought by the wind-driven clouds from both the coasts of India, and to this must be attributed the large yields I have noted—periodical moisture being necessary to bring out the periodical “flushes” of leaves. To this regular distribution of the annual rainfall is attributable the immunity from fever which prevails in the forests farther north, which are dry for seven months of the year, and subject to a tremendous rainfall—some 150 inches or thereby—in the remaining five ; and seeing that the price paid for native labour is four annas (6d.) per day per man, without rations or other allowances, we may expect tea to be here produced at a less cost than that calculated for Ceylon, as the area dealt with is more extended.

¹ Even this price has been more recently very largely exceeded.



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CONCLUSION.

But the mystical letters, *Q.E.D.*, which follow the successful solution of the propositions of old Euclid, have yet to earn their place. I may not here institute elaborate comparisons, or pit the prospects of one tea district of India against those of another. I may only reiterate my proposition, that the tea industry has entered upon a more difficult but a more healthy phase of its existence, where excellence will depend, not upon fortuitous or fluctuating conditions, but upon the stable basis of cheap production, combined with the excellence of the product itself. *Qui palmam meruit ferat.*

GEORGE CADELL.

COMET LORE.

OF all celestial bodies, none, perhaps, have been the subject of so much curious speculation, both among the learned and unlearned, as comets. This is but natural. The appearance in the sky of an object so different from sun, moon, and stars cannot fail to awaken feelings of alarm, wonder, curiosity, or interest, according to the knowledge and intelligence of the beholder, the circumstances in which he is placed, and the disposition of the age in which he lives. Although they have long been recognised as material bodies obeying the laws of motion and gravitation in their passage through space, there is still enough of mystery about them to interest both the scientific inquirer and the ordinary observer.

It is not difficult to realise the alarm which the unexpected advent of a large and brilliant comet would occasion to a people unaccustomed to seek natural causes for unusual phenomena. As the sun sinks in the west a strange light is seen in the sky—a star, but yet not a star, or something more than a star. Soon an ill-defined, spectral appearance is perceived to be associated with it. As twilight deepens the form appears more distinct, and lengthens out, and eventually is revealed to the terror-stricken spectators as a flaming, fiery sword approaching the earth from the unfathomable depths of heavenly space. The Deity, who they imagined did not concern himself with the affairs of men, has awoke from his indifference, and has dispatched this dire instrument of vengeance to punish them for their sins. At length they see it sink under the horizon and disappear, and they feel they have a respite. The punishment is not for them. But the next evening the appearance is repeated, and the changing aspect of the celestial visitor is watched with feelings of mingled hope and fear. When its size is seen to be diminishing, and it is evidently receding from this world, opinion changes. It was not an actual weapon of destruction, but a portent, a warning of some great event to come—some calamity—for the natural inclination of the human mind is to interpret any unexpected change in the course of events as for the worse rather than for the better. Soon a monarch dies, a pestilence breaks out, or news comes of a war or revolution, and to the comet is attributed the prognostication, perhaps the cause of the event.

Such we may conceive to be the effect produced by the apparition of a comet on ignorant and untutored minds. Let us see what learning and culture have done to modify this feeling.

We have no authentic record of the apparition of comets in the patriarchal ages of the world. The Mosaic chronicle is silent on the subject, though attempts have been made to refer certain appearances described in the Scriptures to these bodies. No doubt comets were seen in those early times, but how they were regarded by the patriarchs and their contemporaries we have no means of judging. Some passages in the Book of Job, particularly that alluding to the "sweet influences of the Pleiades," have been adduced as evidence that men in those ancient days believed in the influence of the celestial bodies over sublunary matters; and if this were so in regard to the regular motions of the stars and planets, we may suppose that the appearance of an extraordinary object such as a comet would be taken to indicate an interruption, so to speak, in the current of mundane affairs.

It is to ancient Egypt that we trace back the stream through which the liberal arts and sciences have flowed into and become incorporated with our western civilisation, and it would be interesting to learn what were the views held in this branch of a science which we know was highly cultivated on the banks of the Nile. On this point, however, our sources of information are singularly barren. Seneca remarks that Eudoxus while bringing over to Europe the learning of the Egyptians, made no mention of comets. Diodorus Siculus tells us that the Chaldeans predicted, among other things, the return of comets, and the same is said of the Egyptians. It would be rash to assume, however, that they attained such a knowledge of the constitution and orbits of these bodies as would enable them to calculate the precise time of their reappearance, in the same way as has been done in recent times; to do so would seem to require the use of means and appliances which we cannot suppose the ancient nations possessed. It may be that the historian merely referred to the general powers claimed by the magicians of foretelling remarkable events, including extraordinary sights in the heavens.

We first find attention paid to these phenomena, and definite theories propounded respecting them, in the Greek schools, and it is curious to observe how favourably some of the early hypotheses contrast with the fantastic ideas advanced in later times. Several philosophers, among whom, it is said, were Anaxagoras and Democritus, thought they were formed by the clustering of many small particles. The Pythagoreans held they were permanent bodies belonging

solar system, revolving round the sun like the planets, but in orbits so extensive that they were visible only when near the earth. Seneca was of opinion that they were "above the moon," and had something in common with the stars. But all these hypotheses were afterwards set aside in favour of that of Aristotle, who, while recording the Pythagorean doctrine, pronounced comets to be mere exhalations from the earth ignited in the atmosphere. The way in which these primitive graspings after truth succumbed to the teaching of the Stagyrite, the powers of whose genius held the human intellect in thrall for nearly two thousand years, would afford a subject for a most instructive chapter in the history of science.

But these inquiries into the physical constitution of comets by no means banished, even from the minds of the philosophers themselves, the belief in their mystic connection with terrestrial events. Thus Seneca, notwithstanding his rational views on the astronomical aspect of the subject, imputes to the influence of a comet a catastrophe which occurred in Achaia, in which two cities were swallowed up by the sea. Sometimes their appearance denoted divine beneficence, as when, on the expedition of Timoleon of Corinth, the gods announced success to the adventure by a burning flame which shone in the heavens and preceded the fleet until it arrived in Sicily; and three centuries later, Augustus Cæsar interpreted the appearance of a comet at the commencement of his reign as a token of prosperity to himself, at the same time that he encouraged the popular conceit that it was the vehicle by which the shade of his predecessor Julius was conveyed to a place among the demigods. Generally, however, comets were the precursors of evil events—the death of great men, war, famine, national humiliation, &c. A prophecy in one of the Sybilline books refers to the advent of a comet as indicating calamities of these kinds.

The state of this subject in the western world in the first century of the Christian era may be gathered from Pliny. In his "Natural History," Book II., ch. xxii., he gives a classification of comets, distinguishing their nature and properties according to the varieties of their appearance, and, alluding to the hypothesis of their being permanent bodies moving in orbits like the planets, as merely one of the opinions held respecting them. After describing the frightful aspects sometimes exhibited by comets, Pliny goes on to say: "It is generally regarded as a terrific star, and one not easily expiated. . . . It is thought important to notice towards what part it darts its beams, or from what star it receives its influence, what it resembles, and in what places it shines. If it

resembles a flute, it portends something unfavourable respecting music," &c.

With the introduction of Christianity came a change of sentiment regarding the supernatural characters of extraordinary phenomena. According to the Aristotelian philosophy, comets were atmospheric meteors. They were therefore under the dominion of the Prince of the Power of the Air. In classic times comets had presaged events of varied character—sometimes good, more often evil. After the decline of Paganism and throughout the dark ages their influence became wholly malevolent. The importation into the civilised world of notions derived from the weird mythology of the barbarians also had its effect upon men's minds. Haunted with fantastic conceptions of the good and evil spirits which they were taught to believe were about their paths, and influenced their destinies, and prone rather to dread the evil than to invoke the good, they were ready to see in any unaccountable appearance in the air or sky a material manifestation or embodiment of some malignant being. Accordingly comets came to be looked upon less as presages or divine warnings than as actual powers of evil, themselves the causes of the calamities which followed. As illustrating what may be termed the demoniacal theory of comets, we may cite the following two examples. Amid the darkness, superstition, and ignorance of the closing years of the tenth century, when all Christendom was expecting the Millennium, Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., and his pupil Adelbold, attained such skill in the practical study of astronomy as to obtain the credit of foretelling the advent of the comet which, among other signs, was to usher in the new order of things. Their success in this respect was imputed to criminal familiarity with the powers of darkness. In 1456, the Turks having overrun south-eastern Europe, and threatening Vienna, a large comet appeared, spreading dismay throughout the Christian world, which saw in the strange star a mysterious power in league with the forces of Antichrist. The Pope, Calixtus III., formally exorcised the comet as if it were a veritable demon, and the faithful in the same petition prayed for deliverance from it and the conquering Moslem.

The cometographers of the middle ages exercised their skill not only in interpreting the significance of the appearances of their own days, but in finding comets to connect with all the most remarkable occurrences of former times ; and they have been suspected of falling back upon their powers of invention when history failed them. It must be admitted that the very precise details relating to appearances which are referred to primæval times,

this suspicion. Several writers, among whom are Hevelius, Lubinski, and Zahn, mention a comet as having appeared three days before the death of Methuselah. It was first seen in the constellation Pisces, under the planet Jupiter, and ran through all the signs of the Zodiac (which, the author of this story would have us believe, were known to the antediluvians) in twenty-nine days, disappearing on April 16. After the Deluge the next great event in the history of mankind is the confusion of tongues, and this, it is said, was announced by a comet, which was seen in Egypt for sixty-five days, and passed through three signs of the Zodiac. We read of two comets having appeared in the time of Abraham, the first when the patriarch was in his seventieth year, and the second, a most frightful one according to Halepo, immediately preceding the destruction of the guilty cities of the plain. The same writer states that a terrible comet appeared to the Egyptians on the occasion of the Exodus of the Israelites and the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. These apocryphal accounts are noticeable chiefly as examples of the tendency in ancient and mediæval times to connect all remarkable events with extraordinary sights in the heavens. Some of them are evidently attempts to give an astronomical colouring to occurrences recorded in Scripture. Thus the first comet of Abraham's time has been referred to the appearance related in Genesis xv. 17, and that of the Exodus is evidently the fiery pillar or cloud which guided the Israelites out of Egypt.

That the appearance of a comet has been followed by the death of a royal personage is true in one instance, at least, in which there seems to have been an actual connection between the two events. Louisa of Savoy, the mother of Francis I. of France, perceiving one night an unusual light in her room, desired the curtains of her bed to be drawn aside, when she observed a brilliant comet in the sky. Impressed with the belief that this was a portent which did not appear for persons of ordinary condition, she ordered the window to be closed, and announced her intention of preparing for her approaching departure from the world. Her physician, on being summoned, assured her that there was nothing in the state of her health to give ground for uneasiness, an opinion which, she admitted, would have accorded with her own feelings if she had not seen the signal for her death. She died the third day afterwards, the sight of the comet having effected that of which she believed it was the presage. Very different was the conduct of Queen Elizabeth of England on a similar occasion. A comet appeared in 1568, while the Court was at Richmond, and some of her courtiers endeavoured to dissuade

the queen from looking at an object supposed to be inimical to monarchical greatness, but she caused the window to be thrown open, exclaiming "Jacta est alea." It has been remarked that no comet appeared before her death.

A belief in the connection of "blazing stars" with revolutions and popular insurrections was very general in the troubled times of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. An account, quoted from Ribeyro, of the comet of 1664, as seen at Ceylon, will serve to illustrate this superstition. "It appeared at first, before the rebellion broke out, with a fearful blaze, the tail standing away towards the west, exactly pointing out the side of the country from whence the rebellion sprung. Just when the rebellion broke out the star was right over their heads, as it were pointing out the rebels, and when they were in actual rebellion the tail was turned the other way, and by degrees vanished in a little time, showing its short continuance."

Long after the revival of learning, and when more or less intelligent views were taken of natural phenomena, the philosophic purveyors of popular knowledge while allowing a material existence to "blazing stars" as they then came to be called, still clung to the supernatural character of their visits, and the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in dealing with this subject, exhibit a curious mixture of pseudo-science and superstition. A book by Thomas Digges, printed in 1603, probably represents the ideas prevailing at the time. "Comets," says he, "signifie corruption of the ayre. They are signs of earthquakes, of wars, changing of kingdoms, great dearth of corne, yea, a common death of man and beast." Perhaps the most curious explanation of the constitution of these bodies is that given in a treatise on "The Blazing Star," printed for Francis Fox, 1664. According to the author of this work they are "hot fumes of a thick substance like unto glew." 'This glue, mounting very high in the air, takes fire, and becomes "a burning or blazing star," continuing until it be burnt out, but if it do not ascend very high "it then only flies like a squib through the air, and is such as we call shooting or falling stars, and may be seen in a clear winter's night very often; although ignorant people will not be persuaded but that they are the stars which thus fall, which, if it should be so, the sky in a short time would be empty."

Before the close of the seventeenth century the labours of Newton and Halley had proved to demonstration that comets are celestial bodies, moving in definite orbits and becoming visible at determinate times according to natural laws. But the beliefs of ages were not easily eradicated. The denial of the spiritual characters of these

signs in the heavens savoured of heresy. In the ranks of intelligence there were to be found many who refused to surrender, at the bidding of astronomers, their faith in the divine mission, or at least permission, of comets, and the latter were taunted with fixing long periods for their cycles of revolution in order to evade their predictions being tested. Some divided blazing stars into two classes, natural and supernatural. Others, while admitting the material nature of these bodies, maintained that they were not allowed to appear but for some special purpose, as on acts of particular providence. Even the astronomer-divine Whiston, the learned editor of "Josephus," writing in 1737, observes that during the introduction of the Protestant Religion, A.D. 1530, 1531, 1532, and 1533, there appeared no fewer than six comets, and hopes that the comet then visible, or another which was expected at the end of the year, "may be introductive of the old Primitive Christian Religion into Britain." Whiston's philosophical speculations, though they will not bear the test of more modern knowledge, deserve attention on account of their ingenuity. By noting the periodicity of several brilliant apparitions recorded in history, he came to the conclusion that they all appertained to one and the same comet. He reckoned that this comet would be in the neighbourhood of the earth at the time of the Deluge, and suggested that the disturbance caused by its proximity may have been the cause of that catastrophe. Going still further back, he supposed that an earlier visit of the same comet effected such an alteration in the earth's rotation as to produce a change of climate corresponding to the change from Paradise to the condition of the earth when Adam was sent forth to labour in sorrow. John Goodridge, in a work published in 1781, intended to show that the comet of 1680 is "the real Phoenix of the ancients," adopts theories evidently borrowed from Whiston; but he goes further, and, if his words are to be taken literally, attributes the transgression of our first parents to the influence of this body, thus saddling a comet with the responsibility of all the ills which have resulted to humanity from that event.

Of the calamities attributed to comets, pestilence has always occupied a foremost place. The pestilence of 1305, the great plague of London in 1665, and perhaps every other plague recorded in history, have been traced to this cause. A custom still in vogue is said to derive its origin from an epidemic which raged A.D. 590, and which was ascribed to the malignant influence of a comet then visible. The disease was characterised by violent paroxysms of sneezing, and on a person being seized with the first

a pious benediction could afford by exclaiming, "God bless you!" Another symptom, gaping, gave rise to the custom of making the sign of the cross after yawning.

The ascription of pestilential effects to comets continued to receive a certain amount of countenance from some *savants* long after other such fancies had been relegated to the domain of popular ignorance. Among those who have favoured this idea is Thomas Foster, a physician of some note in the scientific world and member of several learned societies in England and the Continent, who, in a work published in 1829, devotes forty-one pages to a catalogue of plagues and epidemics, in nearly every instance accompanied by a comet. According to the advocates of this theory the pestiferous breath of comets is not always vented upon the human race. Sometimes it is the brute creation that suffers. In Egypt, in 1825, horses and other animals succumbed to a comet in great numbers. In two or three cases we read of a serious mortality among fishes, and the great comet of 1668 expended its malignity upon cats.

We thus see how varied and fanciful have been the functions attributed to comets, not merely by the vulgar, but by the most educated and intelligent of mankind in all past ages. They have been regarded as portents of good or bad events, more frequently the latter; as precursors of wars and revolutions, the fall of dynasties, and the death of monarchs; as the causes of earthquakes and cataclysms, as bringing pestilence, murrain, and famine, as visible manifestations of demoniacal malevolence; as instruments of divine vengeance, "heralds-at-arms sent by God to declare war against the human race"; as chariots of fire conveying the shades of heroes to the celestial regions, or as themselves the glorified souls of illustrious persons. Even in the last century they have been connected with such purely moral events as the fall of man and the progress of religious creeds. Latterly, in countries where rational explanations of astronomical phenomena have prevailed, the opinions as to the ways in which terrestrial affairs may be affected by comets have been, for the most part, grounded on considerations of the physical constitution of these bodies and their movements. Scares have from time to time arisen lest a comet in its flight through the solar system may come into collision with our planet and set it on fire, or so disturb its annual or diurnal revolution as to render it unfit for human habitation; or that, by a large comet falling into the sun the earth may be visited with such a sudden increase of heat as would be equally destructive. These, of course, are perfectly legitimate subjects of speculation; but our nineteenth century has not been free from ideas of cometary influence equally fantastic with

those of antiquity and mediævalism. Napoleon I. took, it is said, a comet which appeared at his birth as his protecting genie, and, as we have seen, but a few decades ago an English medical practitioner of standing seriously entertained the opinion that comets exercised a baneful effect on the health of men and animals ; and even at the present day a peculiar excellence is supposed to attach to vintages of a "comet year." But of all the curious effects for which comets have been held responsible perhaps the most singular is one pointed out by a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of November 1813. This gentleman, after analysing the events which followed the appearance of a comet two years previously, arrived at the conclusion that it exercised a remarkable fecundative influence on the human subject, an extraordinary number of twins and many triplets having been born in and about the metropolis (why London was particularly favoured does not appear). A shoemaker's wife in Whitechapel had four children at a birth, who lived to receive in baptism the names of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

In 1853 a priest in Russian Poland assembled his flock to show them a comet in the south-east, standing apparently directly over Constantinople. This star, he said, was the same which guided the Magi at the Epiphany. Its appearance was the signal for the Russian eagle to spread out its wings and embrace all mankind in one orthodox faith, and the dull light of the nucleus indicated its sorrow at the delay of the army of the Czar in proceeding to its destination on the shores of the Bosphorus. Possibly this priest may have been drawing on the credulity of his hearers, but it is certain that this comet was regarded in many parts of Europe as a messenger of coming troubles. And it must be admitted that, in this instance, subsequent events seemed to justify the forebodings, though no such calamities followed the much more brilliant comet of 1858. From a passage in Milne's "Life in China" it appears that a comet is looked upon in that country as a warlike augury, denoting invasion from the quarter where it first appears. This is remarkable, as in China careful astronomical observations have been carried on continuously for thousands of years, and it is to the ancient records of that nation that we are indebted for the only reliable accounts of comets in early times.

Altogether, the history of comets presents an interesting example of the persistence of what may perhaps be regarded as an instinctive sentiment of the human mind in the face of the dictates of rational philosophy, religion, and common sense.

STENDHAL.

THE recent publication of the youthful journals of Henri Beyle (Stendhal), though calculated to give rise to bursts of critical merriment at their naive fatuity, or to excite wonder that this victim of excessive self-analysis should have lived to become the author of the "Chartreuse de Parme" or the "Rouge et Noir," and sole master of Prosper Mérimée, at least gratifies that desire which Sainte-Beuve first expressed to know the "first manner" of this singular genius, who is hailed as father by the self-styled realists, naturalists, and psychologists of these days of ours. The confident self-revelations of the long-ago published correspondence of the man are now supplemented by the daily confessions of the youth; but the character is the same throughout, complete in its startling independence from the beginning. Rousseau prided himself on having been the first to confess himself in public; but Rousseau's morbid vanity impaired his sincerity, and in his self-portraiture he was not so entirely distinct as he supposed from all previous autobiographers, the "falsely sincere." In Stendhal's journals we have the exact notation of the daily moral temperature of one utterly opposed by nature and principle to all vanity and hypocrisy, and an unblushing complacent record, destined solely for the private satisfaction and edification of a youth who found himself supremely interesting, and who was free from that "mania of seeing duties and virtues in everything" from which Rousseau suffered. The enigmas and apparently irreconcilable contradictions of this bizarre and anomalous man of action and of letters would, indeed, seem to baffle any attempt to hold and securely bind this Proteus by a convenient label or formula of criticism; yet many, like him, have been compounded of seemingly contrary and contradictory qualities; many, like him, have provoked excessive enthusiasm or detraction, and seemingly rendered an equitable appreciation almost impossible; and it is by no means impossible to discern an artistic unity in the labyrinth of his twenty volumes of improvisation and self-confession, or at least to find that these eccentricities and incongruities of thought

and action run into well-defined channels, and to comprehend the method of his madness. He may not be one to win cordial sympathy or command unreserved admiration, though Stendhalian fanatics are to be found in France ; but he is assuredly a most striking personality, and forcibly enthrals the attention in much the same way as the portrait of some mediæval Italian, self-centred and passionate, anything but regular in feature, nay, almost repulsive, yet fascinating by his lambency of eye and enigmatic smile.

In every age men are to be found who are out of harmony with their environment, born out of due time, alien to their fatherland. Examples of precursors and survivals are sufficiently frequent, and the case of the delicate and cultured who have shrunk from contemporary civilisation, and in the seclusion of their "ivory tower" have loved to live in thought as men of some supposedly more ideal epoch, is almost a commonplace. Stendhal is one of these victims of nostalgia ; but his malady is a complicated one, inasmuch as he is no simple Romanticist or Hellenist who imaginatively finds a fuller and more sympathetic existence in an abstract and unhistorical mediæval Europe or ancient Greece. Cosmopolitan were the best term for him ; but cosmopolitan in a restricted sense, as limited by certain strong instincts and prejudices, necessarily narrow in proportion to their intensity. Idolising force and energy and power of will as completely as Balzac, and finding in passion the sole inspirer of all that is good in art and life, an age or nation attracts or repels him according to the presence or absence of his favourite qualities. Stendhal's fixed idea is hatred of France and of what Sterne called "the eternal platitude," the "little vanity and no originality at all," of the French character, and intense love of Italy, "where men feel rather than reason, enjoy rather than judge, live for their hearts and not their wits, where reverie is not rare and vanity is unknown, and no one cares to imitate his neighbours or to act solely with an eye to the opinion of others." To travel in Italy and to read English books he declares to be necessary for happiness, and "a man's true country is that in which he meets the most people like him in character." He may revert with delight to the Italian Renaissance and the iron times which preceded it, and amuse his leisure hours by searching in forgotten manuscripts and chronicles for tragic stories telling of sombre energy and frenzied love, yet he is well content to be an Italian of the decadence, and ingloriously while away ennui by the morning study of Correggio and Guido and by the melodies and society conversations in the evening at the opera. It might be that those deliciously thrilling days were gone when

insecurity deepened emotion and life tasted sweeter because its tenure was doubtful from hour to hour; that "in removing daily peril from us the police have reduced us to half our real value, for as soon as ever man escapes from the iron rule of need, as soon as ever an error is no longer punished by death, he loses the power of accurate reasoning and strong will"; but he consoled himself with the thought that his energy might still be converted into one form, at least, of passion, and that the love-inspiring ladies of the Renaissance had left descendants who did not altogether belie their origin.

A native of Grenoble, and thus one of those men of the "Midi" who, according to Stendhal, "do what gives them pleasure at the moment, and not that which is prudent," this would-be Italian might leave directions for an inscription on his tombstone to attest that he was Milanese, but he was unable to withdraw himself entirely from the influence of the country of his birth. In philosophy he was assuredly a Frenchman, but, even thus, not a Frenchman of his own times, for he was liable to be charged with being an anachronistic and superannuated partisan of Helvetius. Positivist and materialist as any Encyclopædist, spiritualism had no meaning for him, nor could he credit that others could be "tourmentés des choses divines," or touched and troubled by the enigmas of life. His vision was bounded by a complacent sensationalism; he found truth in Hobbes, Locke, and Bentham, and salvation in Condillac and Destutt de Tracy, who carried the materialistic side of Locke's doctrine to its furthest logical expression. Destutt de Tracy, further, was the commentator of Montesquieu, who, in Stendhal's opinion, had laid not a whit too much stress on the influence of climate on character. Nor was Cabanis' "Reflections on the Physical and Moral Elements of Man" less to his taste, and in the terrible Russian campaign his thoughts characteristically ran on the doctrine of temperaments and racial variety, an opportunity to study which was so amply afforded by the composite mass of the army, drawn from all the nations of Europe. This theory of the temperaments, of the fatalistic predispositions of the sanguine, bilious, phlegmatic, melancholic, nervous, and athletic temperaments and their various combinations, took strong hold on him, and served for endless deductions in his books on love, painting, and travel. Even when fortune smiled on him in the days of his rapid promotion in Napoleon's service, he left directions by his will for an annual literary prize, to be adjudged in England by Englishmen to the best "anatomical description," in simple style, of one of the passions, embodying examples from history and from poetic imitations of nature. Like

Taine, he regarded good and evil as mechanical products equally interesting to the impartial spectator, and he would abruptly end an argument by signifying that agreement between different natures was impossible: "You are a rat, I am a cat," or, "We are both right, for there is no such thing as ethics, and our physical natures are different." As a child of the eighteenth century, his scepticism caused him no hesitation or pain, and this robust, audacious epicurean was proof against any discomfiting pessimism. Altruism, self-sacrifice, renunciation, duty, were words which had no meaning for Stendhal. He considered all philosophic systems as so many more or less obscure romances addressed to youth, the delusive charm of which soon faded on a clearer perception of the realities of life. He had decided that there were only two sciences, of which the first was the knowledge of the veritable motives of men's actions; and since, according to Stendhal, La Rochefoucauld, and Macchiavelli, men's actions are directed solely by self-interest, and all ostensible motives are merely so many hypocrisies and falsehoods, youth would find in Helvetius a sufficient master in the art of detecting real motives and escaping the calamity of being duped. The second branch of true science consisted in what Stendhal termed Logic, the importance of which it was his way to inculcate and emphasize by placing in his pronunciation an interval between the syllables. This Lo...gic was the art of avoiding false steps in the pursuit of happiness, happiness being the natural end and aim of man. If happiness could not be obtained, then one must put up with pleasure; just as, in the place of the ideal love he craved and thought his due, he contented himself with the vicious idylls complacently detailed in the early diaries. In any case, happiness must be the object; and, after his many investigations of the principle of the ridiculous, he declared at length that the real cause of laughter and ridicule consisted in the spectacle of a man who made a mistake in his progress to his object—that is to say, his happiness. To speak of a man's natural character was to speak of his habitual manner of seeking happiness; but Stendhal was of opinion that vanity rarely allows the Frenchman's real nature to pierce through the thick crust of social and moral conventions.

The epicurean Stendhal greatly admired his own ardent soul—fiery and passionate, yet tender and melancholy as that of a St. Preux—his sensibility and power to shed tears of tenderness, his "excessive delicacy, which the inflection of a word or an imperceptible gesture raises to the height of happiness or plunges to the depths of despair." He rightly deemed such a character to be out of place in society; indeed, what society was worthy of one who could cry

"I should need the soul of a poetess, a soul like mine, and I have renounced all hope of her, but, could she be found, we should taste happiness more than human," and then console himself by adding "my sensitiveness, being unemployed on earth, shall expand itself on Shakespeare's heroines and augment my genius." Yet, unless his evenings were spent in salons, his happiness could not be attained. What was to be done? His boundless energy must be called into action to modify his nature and fit it for society. Our character, he said, good or bad, is like the body to which we find ourselves tied as soon as the age of reflection begins. Fair, ugly, or between the two, one must accept it as it is; only, the wise man will use it for his purposes and will make the best of it. Frederick the Great had early attracted his attention as an example of a character almost entirely self-made, carefully elaborated by the superaddition of many new habits and by the pruning of the old ones. One of his diaries, therefore, he dedicated to "Frederick II., or the Firm Will." Fearing his sensibility and emotions, his timidity and naiveté, he occupied himself with drawing up short maxims or rules for conduct on all occasions, determining that, these once settled, he would not depart from them, nor have occasion for hesitating reflection or for perilous listening to the promptings of his passionate feelings. In order to become amiable, he must have at command a ready store of anecdotes, and must adroitly conceal his natural hatred of fools and bores—that was to say, of people who differed from him or regarded life from a different standpoint. In spite of his will, however, his early diaries are full of regretful reviews of his failure during the day to carry out the ideal behaviour proposed and naive resolutions for the morrow, are one continued exposition of his inability to reconcile his natural character and the fictitious one he wished to assume. And, as often as not, he finds that his purpose would have been better attained if he had not too cleverly obscured the natural man; the lover of the natural and the simple, the hater of the affected and emphatic, has constantly to discover that he has defeated his object by the ability with which he has maintained a role so carefully selected and premeditated. He is for ever repenting that he has acted altogether too cleverly, for ever lamenting that he had not dared to be himself, to be natural, he whose admiration for the naive La Fontaine "daily increased."

Moreover, a society life was a necessary factor in his happiness, because it afforded room for his favourite study and practice of the tactics of love, and for the collection of the "little true facts," traits and anecdotes that paint the heart and illustrate the passions. Bi

in one's manifest superiority to one's acquaintances, expressed impatience and scorn for mediocrity, wit which stings and wounds susceptibilities, which creates few friends and many enemies, and an ill-concealed contempt for all that seemed to bear the stamp of hypocrisy, are hardly calculated to make their possessor an eagerly sought member of salons. His mingled natural timidity and artificial audacity, his abrupt passages from a profound melancholy to mad gaiety and ridiculous buffoonery, dismayed and puzzled the women whom it was his object to conciliate. He affected the tone of the profligate and blasé man of the world, and was surprised and disgusted that he was taken at his word. He laments his inability to please those whom it is his wish to please, in spite of his pre-conceived rules of conduct to shower praise and charm by eulogy, or to maintain a discreet silence—the "silence of happiness"—or only to employ his wit to the least possible amount, as a sort of ticket of entry. And so he philandered through life, subduing women, as he supposed, by the brilliancy of his flashing eye and by the grace of his well-shaped hands, of which he was as proud as Balzac was of his; uneasy and restless when he felt that a cherished passion was reaching its end and verging on indifference; delighting again to feel the first tremor of some new devotion, which proved to him that his heart was not so dead and callous as he feared. And to this continual theme of love all his other delights were subservient, each helping to intensify the ruling passion, each owing its charm to its connection with love. His diaries are a daily record of his temperance in the matter of love; his lives of Rossini, Mozart, and Haydn sprang from the double pleasure which the Italian Opera of his day could afford him, the pleasure of the conversation in the boxes, and the pleasure arising from music which was the handmaid of love. The silent listening to the plaintive and dreamy recitatives of Paisiello and Cimaroso was entrancing, precisely because the sensations aroused by the airs were akin to his remembrances or hopes of love, sweetly leading the imagination to the conception of the charming illusions of love, inspiring tenderness, inducing sweet reveries, consoling in hours of despair. "When music transports me into exalted thoughts on the subject which occupies me, I consider that music, no matter of what sort, to be excellent." In other words, music was the food of love to him as to Shakespeare's Duke of Illyria. Italy was his *pays d'élection* simply because, from the nature of its climate and from the enforced absence of all politics, its inhabitants found their sole occupation in love-intrigue. That Italy should have no authors like Montesquieu or Bentham, that there should be no *esprit* in

Italian salons—where, in contrast with those of the French, conversation was only a means, not the object of the passions, where people spoke at length and with many picturesque and passionate details of what was interesting to them, and of that only—could be pardoned; for whereas in the rest of Europe love was but another name for self-interest and vanity, in Italy love was unselfish and supreme. Italy also was the home of art, and art being the cult of beauty, Stendhal characteristically followed Hobbes in defining beauty as the “promise of happiness,” thus reducing art as well as music to the expression of love alone.

The memoirs of the last century sufficiently attest the Nemesis which eternally dogs the steps of those who seek their happiness in a society life and salon conversations. In Stendhal's multitudinous confessions this ennui is for ever recurring, ennui is the bane of his life. A fuller knowledge brings satiety, indifference follows protraction of enjoyment, habit engenders monotony. The mind cannot dwell long on any one thing; pain is the twin of pleasure. Stendhal declares that he was “good for nothing” except when in love or enthusiastic; if emotion was absent, his wit was in default. But love and enthusiasm are exceptional states, which, from their very intensity, are speedily superseded by their complementaries, apathy and doubt. Humanity craves novelty, and the routine of civilisation opposes novelty. If Stendhal was not amused, his spirits flagged; if compelled to prolong his stay anywhere, his faculties devoured themselves for want of objects for his imagination to embroider. In Italy, Stendhal longed to be living in some fourth storey in Paris, busy with the composition of a comedy or novel, and in love; but no sooner is he in Paris than he craves to return to Italy. His judgments on men and things were dictated by his recollections of the pleasure or ennui they had caused him, and he was totally unable to do anything or to render any service which brought no pleasure in its accomplishment. He would not have written at all if this formless improvisation had not caused him pleasure. If bored by anyone he did not shrink from revealing his ennui; a friend was useful if amusing, but a friend does not amuse if he asks a service. “I know not what I am,” he writes, “good or bad, witty or foolish. What I do know perfectly is whether I desire or hate, and what are the things that give me pain or pleasure.”

His two heroes, Julian Sorel in “Rouge et Noir,” and Fabrice del Dongo in “La Chartreuse de Parme,” are idealisations and developments of his own character as they would have been modified, in his belief, by the environments which were, respectively, the most

hateful and the most delightful to him. Julian hates his father as being a fool ; Stendhal can find no reproach sufficiently strong for his own father, who had actually dared to lose his fortune in the whirl of politics and thus defraud him of the social advantages of wealth. To Stendhal as to Julian the idea of religion is inseparably connected in his mind with that of hypocrisy and the hope of money-making, or at most is inspired by the *peur de l'enfer* ; nay, in his youth he had devoted himself to the study of mathematics, because in mathematics alone of all branches of knowledge he found no taint of hypocrisy. Throughout the novel Stendhal contrasts himself, as Julian, with the French character according to his analysis. Julian is ardent, passionate, energetic, and imaginative, and thus prone to regard the world through an exaggerating medium ; habitually imprudent, enthusiastic, and self-forgetful ; utterly eccentric and carelessly defiant of the conventional. But the detested French are cold, hard, full of common sense, and conventional ; avoid eccentricity and dread ridicule ; are fatuous and governed entirely by vanity, self love, and money—that is to say, possess the qualities which are the pet aversions of Stendhal. This French character, so odious to him as being the antithesis of his own temperament, had been typified and idealised by Racine. This was enough to make Stendhal the precursor of Romanticism by his pamphlet “ Racine et Shakespeare,” for in attacking the conventions of the French stage he was delightedly exposing the lack of passion in his countrymen, their moderation and dislike of excess.

Julian is born in a provincial French town, where the “ tyranny of public opinion is as *bite* as in the little towns of the United States,” and money-making is the sole object of life. A “ soul of fire,” dowered with “ a bilious temperament, fashioned to feel injury and hate profoundly,” and conscious that he is exceptional and superior to other men, he finds himself debarred from the prizes of life by a mean parentage, and hates accordingly the fools who owe their position to the accident of birth. As a boy, his only books are Rousseau’s “ Confessions,” the bulletins of Napoleon’s army, and the “ Memorial of St. Helena ” ; all others he regards as organised lies written by rogues to secure advancement. But all hopes of a military career are at an end now that the Legitimists have succeeded to Napoleon, and he is forced to relinquish the heroic dreams of his childhood and direct his self-seeking towards the then fashionable priesthood, unscrupulous as one who considers hypocrisy and religion as synonymous. Hypocrisy is the sole arm of the weak, and Julian considers it his duty to become a consummate hypocrite in order to match and baffle

the hated hypocrisy of his superiors in position. Before entering on his novitiate at a theological seminary, he is selected to be the youthful tutor of the boys of M. de Rénal, the great man of the village, who is pompous and provincial, and who "owes a reputation for wit and especially for good breeding to half a dozen witticisms which he had inherited from his uncle." Madame de Rénal, a yielding nature, "a naive soul who had never ventured even to judge her husband and to avow to herself that he wearied her," he first hates because she is beautiful and wealthy, and then considers it a duty he owes to his ambition and hatred of his "betters" to make love to her and subdue a natural enemy. He wakens her to a love unknown before, but only that she may learn love's torments, alternately distracted by excessive love and remorse, inspired by the *peur de l'enfer*. He, on his side, is a cool tactician and clear self-analyser, and yet, from his immaturity, subject to moments of abandonment and forgetfulness of his chosen rôle. The discovery of the intrigue compels an early retreat to the seminary, the mean domestic politics of which are depicted with all the eager satisfaction of intense hatred and contempt. In this "ugly" life Julian learns what Stendhal calls the great truth, that conspicuous difference of character engenders hatred and jealousy, and that a temperament like his inevitably brings persecution on itself unless it can win success and make itself feared. After this hate-inspired merciless portrayal of provincials and priests, we find Julian free at last and transferred to the life of the capital, object of his dream, and elevated by the caprice of a minister of state to the position of private secretary. In his patron's daughter, strange child of a mother who shrank becomingly from all that was emotional and startling, and whose way of thinking consisted in saying nothing about anything, he discovers a still cleverer counterpart of himself. This virago, Mathilde, is an example of atavism, and suffers *à la* Stendhal from nostalgia for the times of the League or the Fronde, when she could have found scope for her energy and strength of will. Joined to her high birth and ample fortune, her genius is not considered ridiculous, and her eccentricity is termed distinction, and yet she is incomprehensible and feared by her acquaintances on account of her wit, and is in utter contrast to her perfectly correct, lethargic, and tiresome admirers in the court and diplomatic circles, whose "noble and empty countenances announced a suitable and scanty range of ideas." It is evidently Julian's duty to revenge himself for his dependent position by quelling this haughty creature, and he calls into play all his Macchiavellian arts. Mathilde is first struck by the impassable

"English" coolness of Julian, and then fascinated by his method of love-making—or rather warfare—which dispels that ennui from which she suffers, delighted with the new sensation of finding a despotic, forceful master. To inspire fear and constant doubts as to his love for her is his surest weapon, and he is on the point of forcing a marriage with Mathilde on his patron, when a letter from Madame de Rénal, exposing his character, dictated to her by her Confessor, Julian's enemy, in one of her fits of remorse, frustrates his carefully elaborated designs. In revenge he makes his way to the village where Madame de Rénal lives, fires on her, and is tried for attempting murder. Then follows the analysis of Julian's prison emotions, a Stendhalian masterpiece, only to be equalled by the similar, but contrastedly calm, prison episode in the "*Chartreuse de Parme*." Julian voluntarily foils the frenzied attempts of Mathilde to secure his release, and renders his condemnation to death inevitable by his haughty defence and aggravation of the charge laid against him. Weary of Mathilde's *amour de tête*, "which has more wit in it than true love has, which has only moments of enthusiasm, and is too self-conscious and self-judging," he passes his happiest days awaiting death, solaced by the visits of his intended victim, whose self-forgetful love, freed from the priest-inspired detestation of him, glows to an ecstasy of tenderness. To her he confesses himself repentant of having flung aside for ambition's sake her love, never appreciated till now. In the hours of her absence he sums up the problem of existence, reads clear in his soul, and determines that the only distinction between "great men" and galley slaves is that the former do not rise every morning anxious how to secure the day's necessities, and that those in honour are merely clever rogues who have had the good fortune to escape detection. Hypocrisy, or at least charlatanism, reigns supreme, and if even Napoleon was not exempt from charlatanism, what could be expected from the rest of the species? Where then is truth? Possibly in God. But how is it possible to believe in the great name of God after the unspeakable abuse which priests have made of it? "To live isolated! . . . what torture! I am growing mad and unjust. I am isolated here in this dungeon; but I have not lived isolated on earth; I possessed the powerful idea of duty. The duty which I had prescribed to myself, rightly or wrongly . . . has been like the trunk of a solid tree against which I leaned during the storm. I wavered, I was agitated, after all I was only a man . . . but I was not swept away. It is the damp air of this dungeon which made me think of isolation. . . . And why still be a hypocrite while curing hypocrites?—It is neither

death, nor the dungeon, nor the damp air, it is the absence of Madame de Rénal which overwhelms me. If, at Verrières, to see her, I was obliged to live whole weeks hidden in the cellars of her house, should I complain? The influence of my contemporaries carries the day, he cried out with a bitter laugh. Speaking to myself alone, a few days from death, I am still a hypocrite. . . . O nineteenth century! . . . A huntsman fires a shot in the forest, his prey falls, he hastens to seize it. His boot strikes an ant-hill two feet high, destroys the ants' dwelling, scatters abroad the ants and their eggs. . . . The moral philosophy of the ants will never be able to comprehend this black, huge, dread body, the huntsman's boot, which has suddenly penetrated into their home with incredible rapidity, preceded by a frightful noise, accompanied by coruscations of reddish fire. . . . So death, life, eternity—things very simple for one who should have organs vast enough to comprehend them. . . . An ephemeral insect is born at nine in the morning in the long summer days, to die at five in the evening; how should it understand the word night? Give it five hours longer existence, it sees and comprehends what night is; I, in like manner, shall die at the age of twenty-three. Give me five years of life to live with Madame de Rénal. . . . He began to laugh like Mephistopheles. What folly to discuss these great problems! I am a hypocrite, as if there was someone to overhear me; I forget to live and love when I have so few days to live. . . . Alas! Madame de Rénal is absent; perhaps her husband will no longer let her return to Besançon, to continue to dishonour herself. This it is which isolates me, and not the absence of a just, good, all powerful God, not malicious, nor greedy for revenge. . . . Ah! if He existed. . . . Alas! I should fall at His feet. I have deserved death, I would say to Him; but, great God, good and wonderful God, give me back her whom I love!"

Transport Julian to Italy, and make him an aristocrat, though still encumbered with a foolish father. Having no need of hypocrisy, the happy Fabrice is at once naive and tender, unconsciously brave, too full of fire indeed to please prosaic souls, but for that very reason winning the love of women, and indulging, in the interests of his passion, all the "sublime follies" inspired by love and delectable to Stendhal. Two women, more especially, representing two sides of Italian character, shall worship him: Clelia, a Guido-like figure, calm, reasonable, not animated or witty, yet constant and devoted—in short, a musical soul. Gina, the Duchess of Parma, in contrast, of the Lionardo type, sparkling

—always im-

passioned, impetuous, excitable, heroic, loving danger, ignorant herself of her next movements, capable of revenge if provoked, but witty, happy, gay, and amiable. Fabrice's adventures are delightfully chronicled, and the characters move like chessmen in countless complicated intrigues, developing their love-emotions according to the supremely clever analysis already lovingly drawn up in the book "De l'Amour." In the uncompleted novel "Lamiel," lately published, the same characteristics recur. Lamiel is a feminine Julian Sorel, descendant of Marivaux's Paysanne Parvenue, and akin to Fabrice in her constant self-examination as to whether she is really capable of love, in her audacious recklessness when at length inspired by enthusiasm. The same inevitable likes and dislikes of Stendhal are detailed once more: hypocrites and dupes, sordid provincials and emasculate aristocrats abound. Lamiel's parents are stupid, she hates conventional duties, delights in the novel and unforeseen, must be amused by social conversations, calculates her chances of obtaining happiness, is natural, full of courage and force, firm, passionate, enthusiastic, imprudent, and tormented by ennui.

If it were not for the marvellous analysis of motive and emotion in his two great novels, the life and work alike of Stendhal would have been a failure. As a man of action he had failed, for he had ever alienated his influential patrons by his uncertain behaviour and incapability of bearing restraint, and by his abrupt resignation of posts when they became irksome to him. He had lightly squandered his many opportunities for the display of his energy, and his spasmodic audacity and gay, careless bravery or bravado had availed him nothing. At the fall of Napoleon his hopes vanished and his career was at an end. Admiring intensely Napoleon the hero and civiliser with all the fervour of his scorn for Napoleon's successors, he hated Napoleon the tyrant and ravisher of liberty, and explained his composite feeling towards him by the analogy of the emotion felt by youths "capable of enthusiasm" who weep for the fall of Rome in spite of its injustice and tyranny. He seems to have accepted gaily the change of his fortunes, probably seeing in it merely a novel and consequently pleasant change of position, an enfranchisement from all ties, and an opportunity to live the vagabond life of a cosmopolitan on scanty means till death should find him in Paris on one of his continual absences from his trivial post. Like the majority of his contemporaries he had traversed the various political revolutions, accepting each successive government, incapable of predicting the next, busied with the small talk of daily politics. Aristocrat by habitude, liberal by principle, he dreaded what he deemed the

inevitable assimilation of European politics to those of America, where public opinion is tyrannical, where favour must be carried with shopkeepers, where there is no opera and no salons. English books and the *Edinburgh Review* might be delightful to his intellect, but how was it possible to live in Puritanic England, "corrupted by a tinge of Hebraic ferocity," where leisure, love, painting, and music were unknown, and the fierce struggle for gain absorbed all other faculties? Liberty he loved, but liberty led to levelling, and to the reign of the mediocre and dull. What depths of ennui were in store for the unfortunates yet unborn, heirs to the progress of society, but to such a progress as would destroy, as he deemed, the delights of salons, and render impossible any startling eccentricities of passionate souls like himself. "That which is exactly reasonable affords no footing for the fine arts; I esteem a wise republican of the United States, but I forget him for ever in a few days; I cannot regard him as a man, but only as a thing." Enough has been said of his failure as a man of society, naturally consequent on his alternating haughty scorn of fools and his robust gaiety and buffoonery, though to the last this hater of all restraint slavishly bowed to every edict of fashion, and had recourse to art to conceal his baldness and corpulence, seeking perpetual youth.

As a man of letters, again, he cannot be placed in the front rank, despite the interest of his numerous works. He wrote to disburden himself, and from an impulse of self-confession; if he published at all, it was to the "Happy Few" he dedicated the pages which had sprung from his need to occupy himself during the hours when society did not engross his wit. He was indignant when, in later life, the cross of the Legion of Honour was given to him as the man of letters, and not as the man of action. He had improvised only to give himself pleasure, had noted down his sensations from day to day; to have formed any plan would have bored him and chilled his imagination; he found it easier to rewrite a page than to alter or correct it, to recompose a missing portion of fifty pages of the "Chartreuse de Parme" than to take the trouble of seeking for it amid the litter that encumbered his chamber. His favourite set of ideas are repeated in a thousand forms, for his facility of expression was equalled by his lack of memory, and of "bis crambe repetita" he had no fear. "To write my journal in the evening is for me a pleasure much more active than that of reading; this occupation admirably clears my imagination of all thoughts of money, of all the dirty distrust which we decorate with the name of prudence." It is not that he is fastidiously seeking -- and forms of the given

idea the one most perfect fashion of moulding it ; provided he conveys his meaning clearly in a conversational manner, he is quite satisfied, and one form is as good as another. His works, with the exception of the two masterpieces, are a mass of fragments, and have the appearance of ill-arranged material for some chef d'œuvre to come. His prolegomena and carefully amassed critical apparatus for the production of a comedy that was to make him, as he naïvely declared, the Molière of his century, bore no fruit ; his brilliant *aperçus* and witty differentiations of the characteristics of the French, English, and Italian peoples are left to us in the garrulous formlessness of diaries and letters. Hating all research of style as literary hypocrisy and rhetoric, clearness and simplicity were his only canons, and analysis for analysis' sake his only design. In his letter to Balzac respecting the publication of "La Chartreuse de Parme" he airily declares that he prepared himself for its composition by reading each morning two or three pages of the Civil Code, in order to be perfectly natural and to avoid the emphatic style then in fashion. And yet criticism is disarmed by many pages of the "Rouge et Noir" and the "Chartreuse de Parme" ; his travel books remain as an accurate delineation of the manners of the Italy of his time ; his apophthegms and maxims will decorate many a page of future criticism ; his analysis of love will be ransacked for motives, developments and casuistry of the passion by future romancers, and his name will ever figure as the precursor of that French school of analytical and "documentary" novelists which is, as yet, far from having run its course.

GARNET SMITH.

TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS.

TRAVELLERS are things of the past ; in the present day we have only tourists, or globe-trotters, as our American cousins say. Time is so short nowadays, and so precious, that we rush through everything that is to be seen with something of the feeling of the bored visitor to Madame Tussaud's.

Everything must be "done" ; but everyone is *blasé* now ; there is a *fin-de-siècle* feeling pervading the atmosphere. The school-girl, fresh from an "improved" education, is weary ; the school-boy looks down on all meaner things from the heights of his superior knowledge ; the youths and maidens "of a larger growth" enjoy only the opportunities for flirtation and tennis that travel offers ; and the older people only miss their home comforts. People mostly travel because others do ; and for the reason which the Whitechapel factory-girl gave for her visit to the picture-gallery "to pass the time away."

There is an improving little poem by Miss Jane, or Ann, Taylor, which was familiar enough to the nurseries of thirty years ago, but which is probably forgotten nowadays : a fond but tiresome parent sends, if we recollect aright, his two sons for a country walk, and on their return catechises them as to what they saw, with that judicious mixture of worldly wisdom and improving discourse which was apparently so dear to the heart of the youth of that period. "Charles" has seen nothing ; he is accordingly reprimanded. "Henry" saw all sorts of wonders of nature in those innocent country roads, which no one would have suspected them of ; and he probably "got two ginger-bread nuts"—like the little boy in Miss Bronte's story—in reward for his infant precocity. Henry was somewhat of a prig, perhaps ; and, in any case, it was mean of him not to point out what he saw to Charles—knowing by instinct the inquisition that awaited them both. But the moral of the tale is undoubtedly excellent. We in our generation resemble Charles rather than Henry :

Sated with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam ;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home.

We do not go abroad any longer for the pure joys of travel. The majority of us go in order to hurry as quickly from one place as steam can carry us ; and when we do settle down for a brief space, it is generally in the same cosmopolitan kind of "grand hotel," which might be in London, Athens, Madrid, or Constantinople, without our being the wiser, when once we are inside it. The manners and customs of different nations, the peasants' ways of living—all these no longer interest us. "We cannot rest from travel," indeed ; but very few of us realise the words from "Ulysses" :

I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch, wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

We move very fast now, too fast indeed for much feeling or appreciation. The individual who is hauled up by the projected railway to the top of the Jungfrau, will not appreciate the charm of the route as the mountaineer who has climbed arduously, and at each new turn has seen fresh beauties revealed to him. The railway may or may not spoil the mountain ; but it will assuredly spoil the taste of the traveller. And it is the same everywhere. "There was a rocky valley," wrote Mr. Ruskin, "between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the Vale of Tempe ; you might have seen the Gods there morning and evening—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the Light walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for Gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get) ; you thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls 'Railroad Enterprise.' You Enterprised a Railroad through the valley—you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the Gods with it ; and now every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half an hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton ; which you think a lucrative process of exchange—you Fools Everywhere." For the large class of British, indeed, who travel to find their own particular society and tastes wherever they go, Apollo and the Muses are of small account. Wherever a new funicular railway can plant a new monster hotel, there they immediately start their lawn tennis, their insularity, and their suburban cliques. It makes small difference to them whether the snowy summits of the Bernese Oberland be ranged as their background, or the latest and largest of the terrible "sky-signs" of Oxford Street.

These people are a numerous and ubiquitous class. No one can stay a week, say, at one of the monster hotels of Interlaken in

August, or on the shores of the Lago Maggiore in September, without being struck with the same types constantly recurring. The *table d'hôte* presents an ever-varying kaleidoscope, but the patterns are limited. There is a chaplain, stationed there, maybe, for three months; he is often pleasantly harmless, often an insufferable prig, always terribly bored. In any case his position is not altogether an enviable one. On Sundays, to bring himself "in touch" with his surroundings, he chooses for his theme the beauties of nature, and discourses eloquently in the crowded *salon* (from which the folk of other nationalities have been previously turned out) on "the rippling brook, the purling rill, and the Alpine meadow." Then there is the country vicar's family—large as only a British family *en voyage* can be—the father tall, dignified, large-nosed, and also, like the chaplain, terribly bored; his wife a mild, placid, housekeeping-book kind of woman, who knits at intervals in a furtive manner, and finds her chief occupation—that of ordering the dinner—gone. Then there is the bevy of daughters, four or five in number, all tall, angular, and large-nosed; they fill up one end of the long table, and chatter among themselves like a parish. Whenever the family determines on any expedition, the discussions that take place beforehand are simply interminable—often resulting in the said expedition being put off *sine die*. The girls do not, however, care much for the scenery or the walks; the youngest may perhaps be mildly interested in botany, but their principal dissipation, besides lawn tennis, is in the "choir practices," which are held every Saturday afternoon under the chaplain's direction, in preparation for the Sunday services in the *salon*, at which the eldest sister plays the harmonium. The chaplain, a mild little man, divides his summer heart between the country vicar's youngest daughter and a rather "smart" American damsel who always lays siege to him at *table d'hôte*. He studies botany with the youngest daughter, and produces withered specimens of flowers to compare with hers at dinner (she sits on the other side of him); but an occasional glance from the fair American's eyes is enough to nip any budding romance. The vicar's daughters, it need hardly be said, do not love the fair Yankee, and think her bold; and she is certainly not of their kind. There is great rivalry, especially over the choosing of the Sunday hymns; for the American damsel attends all the choir practices, avowedly with the object of laying siege to the chaplain. He does not particularly interest her; indeed, she would not dream of noticing him at home; but here, in these solitudes, one cannot be so particular, and flirtation of any sort is always acceptable. Sometimes, indeed, th

is married already, and then the duty devolves on the wife of calling the visitors to the "family prayer" at 9 daily, and organising the choir practices on Saturdays. But in these cases one notices that the practices are by no means so well attended as when the chaplain is young and unmarried.

Then there is the maiden lady who travels alone, or with a companion. This type is most widespread, and is found in the Swiss hotels, though perhaps its more regular hunting-grounds are the shores of the Italian lakes. "Grey moths" we have sometimes heard this class called, and the expression seems well chosen. The "grey moth" is of "a certain age"—she is to all appearances extremely dowdy—and one only guesses her to be very well-to-do from the extreme deference with which both her maid and her "companion" treat her. Miss Smith is one day a little late in coming to *table d'hôte*; her maid trots after, carrying a shawl to be carefully wrapped round her mistress's knees; the "companion"—often a pretty girl—follows with a vinaigrette: Miss Smith has tired herself with too long a walk, and must be taken care of. She does not seem in the least grateful for any of the attentions she receives, and she snubs the devoted companion persistently throughout the meal—doling out her small modicum of wine with careful justice, and keeping the half-bottle of Mâcon carefully on her own side. The companion—probably a poor relation, taken abroad out of charity—is never allowed to choose her own seat at dinner. One evening it chanced that a pleasant young officer sits next to her. So careful is Miss Smith that, on the following evening, she thoughtfully places herself next to the said officer, leaving the young girl beside a tiresome old lady of her own type—a real Riviera hack, a "grey moth"—who proceeds to daze the unfortunate companion by repeating extracts from the "Peerage"—the only book she travels about with—all dinner-time. By the time the dessert, or rather the mouldy nuts and stale biscuits that in most fruit-growing countries go by the name of "dessert," is reached, the unhappy companion is still hearing this sort of thing: "Of course, my dear, you know, it was Lady Honoria, the third daughter of the Earl of Winslow, who married Mr. Smith, of the Grenadier Guards, and her family being as old as the hills, and he hardly even well-connected, it was considered a dreadful *mésalliance*, &c., &c." The companion rises from dinner half giddy, and in her inmost heart laments her officer.

Then there is the designing damsel who lies in wait for the hearts of young and foolish men. She is somewhat past her first youth, but adopts a very youthful style of dress, and is addicted to seeking

mild cigarettes in the lobbies and gardens of hotels with a female friend. (She is mostly to be found travelling with a companion of like proclivities.) When she chances to meet with the vicar's daughters she scandalises them even more than does the fair American already mentioned. But she does not stand in their light; for the chaplain to her seems poor game. Hers is a life of disappointments. To begin with, but few eligible young men turn up at *table d'hôte*, and when they do they are either mountaineers with skinned faces, whose hearts are all given to future expeditions, or else travellers who are here to-day and gone to-morrow. The siren may make herself never so agreeable to Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson at dinner—it is often but labour wasted, for the next day she has perhaps the mortification of seeing their portmanteaux brought down by the “boots,” and they are off with barely an adieu!

The love affairs of hotels are rarely serious. They have some affinity with “Commemoration” love affairs, but are in the main but vanity! Once, indeed, we remember a romance which threatened to end very seriously; but in this particular case the siren was far from young, and was probably an adept at the business. Her victim was a middle-aged widower, quite old enough to know better—a rich manufacturer, travelling about with a family of children, varying in age from six to thirteen, whom he was taking for an autumn holiday. He seemed a weak-minded, foolish individual, and it was quite tragic to see how easily he fell a victim to the wiles and the paint of the so-called “countess.” Every day at dinner the poor fly could be seen being drawn yet further into the spider's web. We cannot say how the matter ended, but we fear that the “countess's” manœuvres proved only too successful, for on the evening before our departure we noticed that the eldest girl's eyes were very red. She descended the staircase after dinner with her lips quivering, her brother making vain attempts to console her. Then we saw the father come in from his moonlight walk with the “countess”; he brought his daughter up and placed her little hand in that of the tawdry painted female. We did not wait to see more. Poor children! we sympathised with their red eyes. What a stepmother to have in prospect!

Newly-married couples on their honeymoon lend themselves very easily to detection. They wander about together, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot,” and always have an indescribable air of being very unused to one another. Be their luggage as old as the hills, yet they shall not escape detection. Miss's vigilant eye spots one of them at once, the chaplain con

as to the most convenient time for the service, and the poor newly-married wife, though she and her husband had planned a Sunday morning excursion, has not the courage to resist the appeal. If the vicar's daughters are not handy, she finds herself "nailed" to play the harmonium before she knows where she is. A young and pretty American mamma sits next to her at *table d'hôte*, and is vaguely interested in her, asking how many children she has. The American mamma is very helpless and very charming, travelling with a maid and a most tiresome boy of six, who always, alas! dines at the *table d'hôte*. She is generally a little vague in her manner, because one ear is, so to speak, taken up with the everlasting distractions of her offspring. This kind of American child is well known and well hated by all frequenters of monster hotels. Travelling and hotel life have demoralised him. He helps himself to every dish, tastes it, whines, and leaves it. His face is pale, his appetite depraved, and he teases for sweets all through dinner. His mother blandly excuses him: "He hasn't been quite himself since that last journey on the cars," she remarks appealingly to her *vis-à-vis*, who chances to be a strong-minded British spinster. "He's such a docile, intelligent child usually."

"Is he, indeed?" returns the person addressed, severely.

"But he was always very fastidious in his tastes. He takes after his pappa there. He's got quite a wonderful palate for his age."

"Well, if he was *my* child," remarks the stern spinster, unsympathetically, "I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd give him a bowl of bread and milk, and send him to bed early, instead of letting him make an exhibition of himself like this." The mamma cowers at the rebuke, and shrinks into snubbed silence—which her child does *not*—for the remainder of the meal.

We might continue *ad infinitum*, if we did not dread becoming as great a bore as the American infant itself; and our space—to say nothing of our readers' patience—is limited.

All the types enumerated above, and many more, can be met with in the course of a month's travel on "the tourist track" of the Continent. For those who think that

The proper study of mankind is man

this kind of experience is, perhaps, as interesting as any other; only they might have it without taking the trouble to travel quite so far.

Though the aggregate of British tourists is largely made up of this class, yet there is still a small percentage who travel for travelling's sake, who go for rest and for pleasure, and not to meet the

society of a third-rate London suburb. These go mostly to places not yet demoralised by the buzz of fashion—charming resorts which have just not quite emerged into publicity. The clever traveller will seize on a place at exactly the right period in its growth ; for it very soon loses its pristine bloom. Mürren, Glion, Interlaken, Monte Generoso—all these have long been ruined so far as the quiet, repose-seeking travellers are concerned ; many other places are on their way towards being spoiled ; the railway nearly reaches Chamouni ; and they are building an English church in the quiet valley of Macugnaga—as if the two native churches which already exist were not enough for the few travelling English who visit it to pray in !

However, the two classes of people we have mentioned—the quiet and the society-loving, the travellers and the tourists—can be quite happy if they keep to their own hunting-grounds. The “tourist track” is after all but a small part of the “playground of Europe” ; and, by a careful settling of plans beforehand, the opposite factions need never come across each other, unless they wish. Of course, accidents may happen ; a quiet couple on a walking tour may, after a month’s roughing it, find themselves landed—with a valise between them, and clothes proportionately dirty—in a monster hotel filled with gaily-dressed damsels who don a different costume every evening, own enormous American trunks upstairs, and are nothing if not critical. The woman who can calmly and amiably face a *table d’hôte* under these circumstances—in all the consciousness that her dress is dirty and her complexion the worse for wear—is surely as great as he who has conquered a city.

And lastly, there may be travellers who in spirit eschew monster hotels, “grey moths,” American trunks, and all their adjuncts—and yet who do not altogether enjoy roughing it in native inns. Of these it may be said that “the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak ;” they hate bad cooking, and they lose their tempers terribly over the small inhabitants that sometimes lurk in the cleanliest and most whitewashed-looking of native inns. There is no doubt that, to be an ideal traveller, you must be blest with a good temper and a sunny disposition ; you must not be too fond of your luxuries, but—like that most charming of travel-book writers, Mr. King, who explored all the Pennine Alps with his wife and her mule—you must be able to do without soap and water on occasion. The ideal traveller forgets all the disagreeable adjuncts of travelling, for the sake of its charms. He brings to everything he sees the power to appreciate it to the utmost. Unlike the man of whom it was said that—

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more,

he resembles the poet-painter, Blake, to whom the rising sun daily revealed a company of the angel choir. To have, more or less, this gift of second-sight ; to be always ready for any new experience ; to receive all impressions with an open mind ; to think it is no hardship to carry little luggage ; to be ever pleasant and unruffled ; to make friends and talk, where possible, with the natives ; to learn something wherever you go : these are the things which should separate you from those who travel vainly from Bakewell to Buxton, and which distinguish "travellers" from "tourists."

EMILY CONSTANCE COOK.

PAINS AND PENALTIES.

PART II.

THAT *Mutilation* should ever have been adopted as a penalty by the Christian Church,¹ one finds it difficult to believe; yet the ecclesiastical authorities inflicted it for comparatively trivial offences, and several councils emphatically attempted to suppress it. Thus the 13th canon of the Council of Merida, in 666, deprived bishops and priests of the right of mutilating the servants of the Church. The 6th canon of the Council of Toledo, in 675, while forbidding bishops to exercise exclusive jurisdiction in offences involving the capital penalty, also interdicted them from ordering mutilation of the limbs, even in the case of their own serfs; and ordained that bishops violating this law should be deposed, excommunicated, and denied the last rites of the Church when *in articulo mortis*. The 18th canon of the Council of Frankfort, in 794, forbade abbots to blind or mutilate their monks, whatever might be the offence.

Michelet cites a law of William the Norman which prohibited his nobles from inflicting the punishment of death, but allowed them to pluck out the eyes of offenders, to castrate them, to dismember them of their feet and hands, "afin qu'il ne reste plus de lui qu'un tronc vivant en mémoire de son crime." According to the custom of Avignon, in 1243, false witnesses were deprived of nose and lips, a punishment reserved in Switzerland for blasphemers. What could be done by the barbarity of man in the way of mutilation was brought to hideous perfection by the Indian tribes of North America, who probably have never been surpassed in this direction by any other savage tribes. They displayed a truly demoniacal skill—beyond even that of a mediæval inquisitor—in protracting the agony of their victims.

¹ It was a favourite mode of punishment with the Roman and Byzantine princes. A plate accepted by the Emperor Constantine V., whatever was most noble or holy or innocent

Eugene Sue, in his once-famous romance "The Mysteries of Paris," which, I suppose, would nowadays be considered deficient in interest by the public which patronises "The Shilling Shocker," proposed that deprivation of sight should be substituted for the penalty of death. Had his suggestion been adopted, persons born blind, or rendered blind by accident or disease, would have been obliged, to distinguish themselves from malefactors, to have secured a certificate of character similar to that of the Arabian grammarian Zamakhschair, who died in 1444. Having had one of his feet frozen while travelling in the Kharasm, he always carried about him an attestation of the fact, signed by numerous celebrated personages, that he might not be suspected of having had it amputated in punishment for some offence.

The heads of criminals, as is well known, were exposed after death for a more or less considerable period according to the nature of the crime or their rank and influence. Old London Bridge, the City gates, and Temple Bar enjoyed a sad pre-eminence in this respect. The head of Councillor Layer, a Jacobite, executed for treason in 1722, was exhibited on Temple Bar, until replaced in 1746 by the heads of two gentlemen, Francis Townley and George Fletcher, who had joined the army of Prince Charles Edward. These remained until 1772, when one of them fell down, and the other was shortly afterwards dislodged during a gale. Dare I repeat the familiar anecdote of Johnson and Goldsmith? The former, who made no secret of his Jacobite proclivities, had quoted to Goldsmith, among the poets' memorials in Westminster Abbey, the line from Ovid :

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis,

and when, on their homeward way, they passed under Temple Bar with its grisly trophies, Goldsmith happily repeated the quotation :

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

In 1326, Hugh Spenser, the favourite of Edward II., having been put to death at Bristol, his head was sent to London, and his body, divided into four quarters, to the four chief towns of England.

The heads of the Flemish patriots, Counts von Horn and von Egmont, whose execution at Brussels in 1568 has been so powerfully described by Mr. Motley, were placed in basins and exposed for two hours.

A stirring story is told by Agrippa D'Aubigné, in his lively "Mémoires." He was passing with his father, who had been implicated in the Huguenot "Conspiracy of Amboise" against

Francis II. and Catherine de Medicis (1560), through Amboise on a market day, when the elder D'Aubigné caught sight of the heads of his fellow-conspirators, elevated upon posts. Their features were still recognisable, and D'Aubigné was so deeply moved that he cried out, in the hearing of the crowd, "They have beheaded France, the murderers!" (*Ils ont décapité la France, les bourreaux!*), and set spurs to his horse. "I rode close up to him," says his son, "perceiving on his countenance the signs of extraordinary emotion; whereupon he put his hand on my head and said, 'My son, thou must not spare thy head after mine to avenge those leaders, full of honour, whose heads thou hast just seen; if thou sparest thyself, my curse will befall thee.' Though our retinue consisted of twenty horsemen, we had considerable difficulty in saving ourselves from the hands of the populace."

When the wise and witty Sir Thomas More was beheaded, his head was stuck on a pole on London Bridge, where it was exposed for fourteen days, much to the grief of his daughter, Margaret Roper, who resolved to secure it. "One day," says Aubrey, "as she was passing under the bridge, looking at her father's head, she exclaimed, 'That head has lain many a time in my lap; would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap!" Probab'ly she had bribed one of the keepers of the bridge to throw it over just as the boat approached, and the exclamation was intended to avert the suspicion of the boatmen. At all events, she got possession of it, and preserved it with great care in a leaden casket until her death, and it is now enclosed in a niche in the wall of her tomb in St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury.

Sir Walter Raleigh's head, in a red bag, was carried to his wife, who caused it to be embalmed, and kept it with her all her life, permitting favoured friends, like Bishop Goodman, to see and even to kiss it. His son, Carew Raleigh, afterwards preserved it with similar piety. It is supposed now to rest in the church of West Horsley, Surrey.

During the struggles of the Iconoclasts to put down image-worship in the eighth century, the hands of the artists employed in painting images were burned with red-hot irons. The Emperor Theophilus, who continued the persecution (829-842), was distinguished by the severities of his religious zeal, resorting to mutilation, scalding with boiling pitch, or to the stake, in order to convince the image-worshippers of their error. Two monks, Theophanes, having journeyed from Jerusalem dogma at Constantinople, the Emperor ordered

before him, and after engaging in a learned discussion, caused them to be branded on the forehead with some caustic verses, to the effect that these wretches, driven from Palestine for their offences, had taken refuge at Constantinople, whence they had been banished for new crimes.

In 1209, when King John was excommunicated by Pope Innocent III., Geoffery, Archdeacon of Norwich, was rash enough to express his opinion that it was no longer safe for priests to act as the officers of an excommunicated prince. The king immediately threw him into prison, where a few days afterwards he was compelled to assume a leaden cap, the weight of which speedily killed the unfortunate ecclesiastic.

Impalement, though common enough as a punishment among Orientals, has rarely been resorted to by Europeans ; but an instance, according to Lalanne, is recorded by Guillaume de Nangis. The Count of Acerra, to whom Charles, King of Sicily, had entrusted the administration of Provence, having been found guilty of sodomy and treason, was impaled on a red-hot iron and afterwards burnt, in 1294. Juvenal mentions it as in use at Rome, and it is still practised in Turkey and Arabia. The reader will probably remember the sensation produced in England at the time of the Bulgarian massacres (1876) by the statement that the Turkish authorities had impaled alive many of the unhappy peasants.

The torture known as *Peine forte et dure* was practised in England as early as the reign of Henry IV. It consisted in piling heavy weights on the chest of the sufferer until he confessed or expired. Sometimes criminals were put to death in this way, as, for example, Juliana Quick, 1442 ; Margaret Middleton, 1586 ; Anthony Arrowsmith, 1598 ; Walter Calverley, 1605 ; Major Strangeways, 1657. There was a case as late as 1741. In 1772 it was abolished.

Margaret Middleton's punishment took place as follows. After she had performed her devotions one of the sheriffs ordered the executioners to strip her. She and the four women attending her prayed on their knees that, for the honour of the sex, this indignity might be dispensed with ; but their prayer was refused. Then she asked that her maids might be permitted to undress her, and that the officials meanwhile might turn their faces in another direction. Accordingly her women removed her clothes, and put upon her a long linen robe ; after which she calmly lay down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief and her body mostly concealed by the linen vestment. A plank was laid upon her. She had folded her hands over her face, but the sheriff gave orders for them to be

bound. Two sergeants therefore separated them and tied them to two posts. Then the weights were piled on the plank, and as soon as she felt the pressure she gasped out: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! have mercy on me!" These were her last words, but the death agony was protracted over fifteen minutes. An angular stone as big as a man's fist had been placed under her back, and upon her body were heaped seven to eight hundredweights, which, breaking her ribs, forced them through the skin.

The instrument of torture called *the Rack* was a wooden framework, in which the victim was fastened, and by means of ropes and pulleys his arms and legs were violently stretched until the tension lifted his body several inches from the floor. According to Coke, it was first introduced into the Tower by the Duke of Exeter (1467), whence it was called, in grim jocularity, "The Duke of Exeter's Daughter." It was freely used—especially as a punishment for heretics—in the Tudor reigns. In 1546 Anne Askew, accused of Lutheranism, was racked in the Tower, as thus. First, she was led down into a dungeon, where Sir Anthony Knevet, the lieutenant, commanded his jailor to pinch her with the rack, which being done so far as he thought sufficient, he was about to remove her, supposing that she had suffered enough. But Wriothesley, the Chancellor, displeased that she was so speedily released when she would make no confession, commanded the lieutenant to bind her on the rack again. And when Knevet, less brutal than his superior, refused, and urged the victim's weakness as a reason, the Chancellor threatened to report his disobedience to the King. Then he and Mr. Rich, throwing off their gowns, must needs play the tormentor themselves, first inquiring whether she was with child. To which she nobly answered, "Ye shall not need to spare for that, but do your will upon me;" and so, "quietly and patiently praying unto the Lord, she abode their tyranny till her bones and joints were almost plucked asunder, so that she was carried away in a chair." When the torture was ended Wriothesley and his colleague left.

In the reign of Elizabeth the rack was still used, though torture was not known to the common law of England, and was exercised only by virtue of the royal prerogative. Several of the young Jesuit priests concerned in the Jesuit Invasion of 1580 were racked to make them reveal the names of their leaders. The Tower rack stood in the long vaulted dungeon below the Armoury. Under a warrant signed by six of the Queen's Council, and in the presence of the Lieutenant of the Tower, whose duty was to direct and modify the application of the pains, these men were laid at various times,

and more than once, as they could bear it, upon the frame, the Commissioners sitting at their side and repeating their questions in the intervals of the winding of the winch.

In 1605 James I. ordered Guido Fawkes to be put to the rack, and it seems he was tortured with exceptional severity. In the following year Owen, a confederate of the Jesuit Garnet, was tortured by being fastened by his thumbs to a beam above his head. The agony was so great that, fearing a repetition of the torture, he committed suicide on the following day. The would-be reformer, Edmund Peacham, in 1614, was "put to the manacles" by order of the Council. In January 1622 a servant to one Mr. Byng, a lawyer, was stretched upon the rack for saying "that there would be a rebellion." It was threatened in the case of Felton, the Duke of Buckingham's murderer; but Charles I., being unwilling to have recourse, like his predecessors, to the royal prerogative, ordered the judges to be consulted whether the torture was authorised by law, and they returned an unanimous answer in the negative.

The last case in England was that of John Archer, who had been concerned in a riot in Southwark, and was put on the rack on May 21, 1640.

Other instruments of torture which I may mention here are the Scavenger's (Skevington's) Daughter, so named from its inventor, Sir William Skevington, Lieutenant of the Tower, *temp.* Henry VIII.; and the Thumbscrew, or Thumbikins, which compressed the thumb between two iron bars forced together by means of a screw. The last person who underwent this infliction was Principal Carstairs, before the Scotch Privy Council in 1685. After the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, the Council presented the instrument to him as a pleasant souvenir, and he had the honour of exhibiting it to William III. The king expressed a desire to test its powers, and, inserting his thumb, bade Carstairs turn the screw; but at the third wrench he exclaimed, "Hold, hold, Doctor! Another turn would make *me* confess anything!" Much more horrible, however, was the torture of "the Boots," as applied after the Restoration to the Scotch Covenanters. Four pieces of board were nailed together so as to fit the victim's leg; and wedges were then driven in until the victim confessed or swooned. Sometimes the leg was inserted in a cylinder of iron. Wonderful as is the fertility of invention which men have brought to bear on the torturing, maiming, and slaying of their fellow-men, still more wonderful is the fortitude, the constancy, and the courage with which their victims have endured the worst they could devise!

Here I may allude to the forms of the death-punishment authorised in Scotland. Beheading, hanging, and burning, as a matter of course. Breaking on the wheel was not common; but strangling in the manner of the bowstring was less unusual. For women, drowning was regarded as specially appropriate—I know not why. Dr. Hill Burton informs us that, in 1624, eleven gipsy women were sentenced to be drowned in the North Loch of Edinburgh, in the hollow now covered by the Princes Street Gardens.

In 1685 two women, Margaret M'Lauchlan, an aged widow, and Margaret Wilson, a girl of eighteen, suffered death for their religion in Wigtownshire. They were carried (May 12) to a spot which the swift tide of the Solway overflows twice a day, and bound to stakes erected in the sand between high and low water-mark. "The elder sufferer," says Macaulay, "was placed near to the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission. The sight was dreadful. But the courage of the martyr was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no sign of alarm. She prayed and sang verses of psalms till the waves choked her voice. After she had tasted the bitterness of death, she was, by a cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends and neighbours implored her to yield. 'Dear Margaret, only say God save the King!' The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, 'May God save him, if it be God's will!' Her friends gathered round the presiding officer. 'She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it.' 'Will she take the abjuration?' he demanded. 'Never!' she exclaimed. 'I am Christ's; let me go!' And the waters closed over her for the last time."

Doubt has been thrown upon the authenticity of this moving narrative; but though tradition may have added some of the dramatic details, the leading facts have been shown to be strictly accurate by the Rev. Archibald Stewart, in his "History Vindicated in the Case of the Wigtoun Martyrs" (1869).

Sir Walter Scott, in his "History of Scotland" (1st series), tells a tale of a Highland chief, one of the MacDonalds of Ross, which is worth repeating. This worthy had robbed of the little she possessed a poor widow, who, in her despair, exclaimed that she would demand justice from her sovereign, if she fared all the way to Edinburgh on foot. "It is a long journey," cried the robber, "and, that you may make it more comfortably, I will have you shod." And he sent for a smith, whom he compelled to nail a pair of

wretched woman's feet, just as horse-shoes are fastened. But the widow was keen-witted ; as soon as her wounds permitted her to set forth, she betook herself to Edinburgh, and obtaining admission to the presence of James I., informed him of the cruel treatment she had undergone. The King, justly angry, ordered the arrest of MacDonald and of twelve of his principal adherents, and caused iron soles to be nailed on to their feet. Thus equipped, they were exposed to the public for three days, and afterwards executed.

We have not yet, however, reached what I may call *the nadir* of human cruelty. Perhaps it was touched by the men who invented the tortures accumulated upon Balthazar Gerard—the fanatic who murdered William the Silent at Delft, on July 10, 1584. Here is Brantôme's description of the wretch's sufferings :

First, he was subjected to the ordinary and extraordinary torture with great severity, but no word could be extorted from him, except that he persisted in his original statement. Then, for a period of eighteen days, "*il fut martyrisé très cruellement.*" On the first day he was conveyed to the place of execution, when the arm with which he had dealt his murderous stroke was inserted in a cauldron full of boiling oil. On the following day this arm was amputated, and he incessantly propelled it with his foot from end to end of the scaffold. On the third day the pincers were applied to his breasts and the front part of his arms, tearing off the flesh ; and next day, to the arms behind and to the buttocks. And thus, for eighteen days consecutively, was he tortured, enduring his agonies with the greatest constancy. The sharpest of all, however, was when he was bound to a stake in the middle of the public place, and cartloads of fuel being piled all around him and ignited, he was wreathed with flames and partly roasted, so that his fortitude gave way, and he broke into loud cries ; whereupon he was removed and carried back to prison. Finally, he was put upon the wheel, but only his arms and legs were broken, in order to prolong his sufferings ; he lingered for upwards of six hours, begging for a little water to wet his parched lips ; but no one durst give him any. At last, the officer in charge was solicited to have him strangled lest he should begin to blaspheme, and so his soul be lost. The executioner therefore approached him, and asked him how he fared. "As well as you have permitted me," was his answer. But when the rope was made ready for his neck he raised himself up, and as apprehending his end, which, as several observed, he hitherto had not done, he said to the executioner, "Ha ! leave me ! Would you torture me yet again ? Let me die as I am." And having been strangled, he gave up the ghost.

The recital of such barbarities as these sets one completely in accord with Montaigne, when he says: "Whatsoever is beyond a simple death, I deeme it to be meere crueltie ; and especially amongst us, who ought to have a regardfull respect that their soules should be sent to heaven, which cannot be, having just by intolerable tortures agitated, and, as it were, brought them to dispaire. . . . Were I worthie to give counsell, I would have these examples of rigour, be which superior powers goe about to keep the common people in awe, to be onely exercised on the bodies of criminall malefactors. For, to see them deprived of christian buriall, to see them haled, disbowelled, parboyled, and quartered, might haply touch the common sort as much as the paines they make the living to endure : howbeit in effect it be little or nothing, as saith God, *Qui corpus occidunt, et postea non habent quid faciant* : 'Those that kill the bodie, but have afterwards no more to doo' (Luke xii. 4). . . . It was my fortune to be at Rome upon a day that one Catona, a notorious highway thiefe, was executed : at his strangling no men of the companie seemed to be mooved to any ruth ; but when he came to be quartered, the executioner gave no blow that was not accompanied with a piteous voyce and hartie exclamation, as if every man had had a feeling sympathie, or lent his senses to the poor mangled wretch. Such inhumane outrages and barbarous excesses should be exercised against the rinde, and not practised against the quicke. . . . I live in an age wherein we abound with incredible examples of this vice, through the licentiousness of our civill and intestine warres : and read all ancient stories, be they never so tragicall, you shall find none to equall those we daily see practised. I could hardly be persuaded before I had seene it that the world could have afforded so marble-hearted and savage-minded men, that for the onely pleasure of murther would commit it ; then cut, mangle, and hacke other members in pieces, to rouze and sharpen their wits to invent unused tortures and unheard-of torments ; to devise new and unknowne deaths, and that in cold blood, without any former enmitie or quarrell, or without any gaine or profit ; and only to this end—that they may enjoy the pleasing spectacle of the languishing gestures, pitifull motions, horror-moving yellings, deep-fetcht groanes, and lamentable voyces of a dying and drooping man."

This is a long quotation, I admit ; but it is so pertinent to my subject that I could not find it in my heart to curtail it.

In France a much greater degree of cruelty was practised with the sanction of the law than obtained in England, down even to the end of the seventeenth century. We find

issued in 1670 for the regulation of the formalities to be observed when an accused person was put "to the question." On January 18, 1697, a decree of the Parliament of Paris reformed the procedure then in use at Orleans, abolishing the *estrapade*, and substituting the *extension* and the *brodequins*.

The *estrapade* was applied in the following manner. An iron key was placed between the palms of the condemned, whose hands were tied behind his back, and, by means of a rope passed through a pulley in the ceiling, he was raised twelve inches above the floor with a weight of 180 pounds fastened to his right foot. This was the "ordinary question." For the "extraordinary" the criminal was raised as high as the ceiling with a weight of 250 pounds suspended to his foot, and was raised and lowered three times running, with the result, in general, that he went off into a swoon.

Now, as to the *extension*. If water was used, the accused was stripped of everything but his shirt; and his legs were tied together at the calves. A woman was allowed to wear a petticoat, as well as her chemise, and the petticoat was fastened round her knees. In the torture of the *brodequins* (boots), the accused was stripped only as to his or her legs. The *Question de l'eau*, ordinary and extraordinary, with extension, was carried out with a little trestle two feet high and four earthenware water-jugs, each containing two to three pints.

The Question ordinary and extraordinary "avec extension" was applied with the same small trestle and four similar vessels of water. Then the small trestle was removed, and a large trestle, three feet four inches, substituted, and the torture continued with four more vessels of water, which was poured into the mouth of the accused slowly and from on high.

I subjoin a literal translation of the instructions issued for the benefit of the authorities, in reference to these forms of torture ("Mémoire instructif concernant la manière en laquelle se donne la Question avec extension ou par les Brodequins," cited by Lalanne, from *Recueil des anciennes Loix Françaises*, tome xx. pp. 284 et sqq.).

"The accused shall be tied by the hands, and these fastened at the wrist between two ropes of reasonable thickness, to two rings inserted in the wall of the chamber at a distance of two feet four inches one from the other, and at a height from the floor of not less than three feet. Two other large rings shall be similarly inserted in the floor at twelve feet from the wall and about a foot from each other; through these shall be passed ropes of sufficient thickness, with which the feet of the accused must be fastened above the ankle, the said

ropes being drawn as taut as possible, knotted, and passed and re-passed over each other, so that the accused may be very strongly bound. This done, the questioner will slide the little trestle along the ropes as close to the anklets as he is able.

“The accused must be exhorted to declare the truth.

“An attendant shall hold the accused’s head down a little, with a horn in his mouth to keep it open. The questioner, seizing him by the nose, shall compress it firmly, letting go nevertheless from time to time to allow freedom of respiration ; and lifting on high the first vessel, shall pour the contents slowly into the man’s mouth. He shall do the same with the other three vessels ; after which, for the question extraordinary, he brings forward the great trestle and empties the additional four vessels of water, at each operation the judge calling upon the accused to speak the truth ; and of all that shall be said and done, and generally of all that takes place on this occasion, an exact record must be kept.

“Let a large basin be placed beneath the accused to receive the overflow of water.

“If during the process the accused be willing to declare and acknowledge the truth, and the judge think it convenient to administer to him some relief, the trestle shall be placed under him ; and afterwards the accused shall be put back into the condition in which he was before being thus relieved, and the question continued as before, nor shall he be unbound until the question is finished ; after which he shall be released, placed on a mattress near the fire, and interpellated anew by the judge to speak the truth. Then shall there be read over to him a narration of all that has passed since the reading of the interrogatory, before the question was applied ; and if he sign it, it shall be the *procès verbal* of the question signed by him ; if not, mention shall be made of his refusal, and of the reason of the said refusal.”

For the “Boots” (*Brodequins*). — “The accused, after the interrogatory has been signed by him, shall have his legs bared and, being on the stool, shall have four pieces of oak inserted between them, from the feet to a little above the knees, two inside and one to each leg outside, each about two feet high and one foot wide, rising a couple of inches above the knee ; the said planks encasing his feet, calves, and knees outside and inside ; and each shall be pierced with four holes, through which shall be passed long ropes, which the questioner shall stretch as tight as possible, and afterwards wind round the planks to increase their pressure, while with a hammer or mallet he shall drive seven wooden wedges, one after the other, between

the two planks, squeezing them between the legs at or about the knees, and an eighth at the ankles. And before each is inserted the judge shall address his interpellations to the accused, behind whom shall stand a man to support him. If he swoon, wine shall be given to him, and, when all the wedges have been used up, he shall be unbound and laid upon the mattress, to which reference has already been made.

“If the water-question be preparatory, and the cold does not admit of its application, it must be deferred until milder weather, without it be allowed to apply the ‘boots,’ which shall be used only when, through some difficulty, the accused cannot undergo the ‘extension.’

“If the weather be not very cold, the water can be slightly warmed in the torture-chamber—where a fire must be kept burning all the time occupied by the question—the accused meanwhile resting upon the mattress.

“If the accused be sentenced to death with previous application of the question, and he is unable to sustain that of the water with extension (whether through the severity of the weather, or some other impediment), let the question of the ‘boots’ be immediately applied, provided his is *un corps confisqué*, and that the death punishment will not be deferred. The physicians and surgeons will remain in the torture-chamber while the question is being applied, to watch carefully that no harm come to the accused, and will also remain in the said chamber for some time afterwards, while the accused lies on the mattress, to administer all needful alleviation, and even to bleed him if they think it needful.”

The tender anxiety of the authorities lest their victim should be unable to endure “the question,” their concern for his health, and their fear lest he should slip out of their hands by previously succumbing to his trials, command our sympathetic admiration. So have I seen the farmer carefully nurse and minister to the lamb which he intends for the butcher’s knife.

It is hardly to the credit of the French Government that “the preparatory question” was not suppressed until August, 1780, and then only partially. At last, on May 1, 1788, was issued a peremptory decree, which set forth that since the test of *la question préalable*—nearly always equivocal, owing to the absurd confessions, retractations, and contradictions of criminals—was embarrassing for the judges, who were unable to discern the truth amidst the cries of suffering, and dangerous to the innocent, inasmuch as the torture wrung from them fictitious statements which they durst not disavow

from dread of a renewal of their torments, it was abolished for a certain number of years, and by way of experiment. Thus its abolition preceded by only a very brief period the ruin of the other ancient and admirable institutions of the French monarchy.

Adultery, as a crime which strikes at the root of the family life, was punished of old with extreme severity, as by various modes of death, mutilation, the scourge, imprisonment, starvation, ignominious exposure ; and it was reserved for the easier temper of modern times to let off the wrong-doer with a payment of costs and damages. The subject is not one which can fully be discussed in these pages, and I allude to it simply because we may trace, perhaps, to one of the penalties exacted, the original of the somewhat brutal practice of "tarring and feathering." An ancient *fabliau* preserves an incident of a dame who, wishing to punish a *curé*, a provost, and a forester for persecuting her with their dishonourable suits, made appointments with them to visit her, and then contrived that they should be stripped and thrown into a cask full of feathers, whence they were hunted by her husband, with all the dogs and inhabitants of the village at their heels.

In England this penalty was introduced for a different offence in 1189, when Richard I., before setting out for the Holy Land, ordained, in order to preserve the discipline of his fleet, that whosoever should be convicted of theft should first have his head shaved ; that boiling pitch should then be poured upon it, and a cushion of feathers (*de la plume d'oreiller*) shaken over it. He was afterwards to be put on shore at the first place the ship touched at ; though, after a baptism of boiling pitch, the poor wretch, I fancy, would have little life left in him. In modern times the practice has found favour with the populace as a means of readily executing justice on an offender whom the law, perhaps, shows no anxiety to reach.

The custom of opening a vein and bleeding soldiers whom their superiors, says Aulus Gellius, wished to punish with infamy goes back to the most ancient times. "I have been unable," he adds, "to discover the *rationale* of it in the ancient writings which have come in my way, but I think that at first it was less a punishment than a remedy employed in the case of soldiers troubled with torpidity. Afterwards it became a penalty, and we became accustomed to inflict it for various offences, undoubtedly in the idea that he who commits a crime is diseased." (See the *Noctes Atticæ*, lib. v. v. 8.)

Du Cange describes a punishment known as the *Hanniso*. Persons sentenced to it were compelled to parade before the pu

with head, feet, and legs bare, and carrying a saddle or a dog on their shoulders. Of punishments which, like the Hanniscara, are based on the principle of humiliating and ridiculing the offender, numerous examples might be adduced. Such as "riding the stang," in which a man convicted of ill-treating his wife was seated on a "stang," or pole, hoisted on willing shoulders, and carried in ignominious procession through the streets, jeered at and hooted by his neighbours. A henpecked culprit,¹ on the other hand, was placed on a horse behind his unruly wife, with his face to the horse's tail, holding a distaff, while his wife beat him about the head with a "skimming" ladle. On passing a house where the grey mare was the better horse, both husband and wife gave the threshold a sweep. A graphic description of the procession is given in "Hudibras" (pt. ii., canto 2):

The Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Sat. . . .
The warrior whilom overcome,
Armed with a spindle and a distaff,
Which as he rode she made him twist off ;
And when he loitered, o'er her shoulder
Chastised the reformado soldier.

The "stool of repentance" was also based on the idea of humiliating the offender, who was seated on a low stool in front of the pulpit, exposed to the eyes of all the congregation, and when divine service was ended, stood upon the stool to receive a formal reprimand. Robert Burns, as everybody knows, underwent this form of penance in 1784, at Mossgiel, and revenged himself on the minister of the parish in his "Epistle to Rankine" :

I was suspected for the plot ;
I scorned to lee ;
So gat the whissle o' my goat,
An' pay't the fee.

He did penance a second time a year or two later.

There is an odd provision in the Capitularies of Charlemagne, namely, that any person concealing a malefactor in the imperial palace should be compelled to carry him on his shoulders to the public place, and there be bound with him to the same post.

False witnesses were branded on the chest with two "tongues" of red cloth, about an inch and a half wide, and six inches long ;

¹ In most European countries, a shrew or a scold was seated on an ass, with her face to its tail, which she was compelled to hold while being promenaded through town or village.

two others were fastened on their backs between the shoulders. This reminds one of the "Scarlet Letter," by which in New England incontinent women were distinguished—a practice immortalised by Hawthorne in his beautiful romance.

In 1595 the chief magistrate of Homburg decided that the woman who should have laid violent hands upon her husband should, according to ancient custom, be mounted on ass back, her husband holding the bridle. The same penalty was frequently applied to the husband. In some localities, the nearest neighbour of the beaten husband acted as his substitute. Du Cange quotes an instance of this strange form of vicarious punishment as occurring in 1383: "The said Martin began to say that Joan, wife of William of the Garden, of the parish of St. Marie des Champs, near Vernon sur Sarnis, had beaten her said husband, and that it was agreed that Vincent, the nearest neighbour of the said beaten husband, should ride an ass through the town, doing penance in place of the said husband. And the said Vincent rode through the town, with his face turned to the tail of the said ass, crying with a loud voice, that he did this for the said husband whom his wife had beaten." Little did William of the Garden think that his name would descend to posterity because he was thrashed by his wife!

In 1621, an aged Roman Catholic barrister named Floyd, who had spoken contemptuously of the Elector Palatine and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of James I., incurred the wrath of the House of Commons. Philips proposed that he should ride with his face to the horse's tail from Westminster to the Tower, bearing on his hat a paper with the inscription, "A Popish wretch, that had maliciously scandalised his Majesty's children," and afterwards be consigned to the horrible dungeon known as Little Ease, "with as much pain as he shall be able to endure without loss or danger of his life." Sir George More would have had him whipped to the place from whence he came. Sir Francis Seymour: "Let his beads be hung about his neck, and let him have as many lashes as he has beads." Sir Edward Idis hoped he might be pilloried and whipped. Sir Francis Darcy, twice pilloried and twice whipped. Others suggested that a hole should be burnt in his tongue; that his tongue should be cut out; that he should be branded on the forehead; that his nose and ears should be lopped off; that he should be compelled to swallow his beads. Ultimately, the House sentenced the poor old man to be pilloried three times, to ride from station to station on a backed horse, with his face to the tail, and a paper explaining the nature of his offence. But the King inter-

ground that the House had no jurisdiction, which the other House proceeded to claim ; and in its turn sentenced the culprit to be fined £5,000, to be imprisoned for life, and to be whipped at the cart's tail from London Bridge to Westminster Hall. The whipping was remitted by the King at the instance of Prince Charles.

Let me find room for some of the usages of Chivalry. That a recreant knight had his spurs hacked off, and was stripped of his arms and insignia, is well known ; but with the practices described in the following anecdotes the reader, perhaps, will be less familiar.

Hermanfried, who shared the kingdom of Thuringia with his brother Baderic, had for his wife a woman of the temper of Shakespeare's (not Miss Terry's) Lady Macbeth. One day, when Hermanfried betook himself to dinner he found only half the table covered. "Why is this?" he demanded of his wife, who coldly replied: "It is fitting that he who is content with half a kingdom should have half his table empty." The insult roused Hermanfried to engage in a fratricidal struggle.

In 1395, on the Feast of the Epiphany, as the illustrious Prince William, Count of Ostervant, was seated with several other princes at the table of the King of France, came a herald, who began to cut and divide the table-cloth before the said Count, saying "that no prince, who was without arms and shield, ought to sit at the royal table." And when William indignantly replied that he had both arms and shield, *le doyen des héraults* replied: "Not so, my lord, for William, Count of Holland, your grand-uncle, was formerly conquered by the Frisians, and to this day lies unavenged on the hostile soil." From that moment Count William began to consider how he should free himself from this reproach.

The pains and penalties inflicted by the laws and customs of Feudalism would be an interesting branch of my subject to follow up ; but I am nearing the end of my tether. A note or two in a different direction may be permitted. Bankrupts at Rome were compelled to wear a black cap of pyramidal form, the *berrettino*. At Lucca, they wore an orange-coloured bonnet ; in Spain, an iron collar. At Padua, and in several other towns, was erected in the public place a "Stone of Shame," on which the unhappy insolvent was compelled to seat himself entirely naked, crying, "I surrender all my goods." Much harsher penalties were frequently exacted ; and Shylock's forfeit of "the pound of flesh" was scarcely an exaggeration. Shylock reminds me of the terrible treatment to which the Jews were exposed in mediæval times, almost every conceivable barbarity being practised upon them. King John won quite a

reputation in this line, drawing their teeth and plucking out their eyes with edifying inhumanity. That they should be hanged and quartered was almost a daily occurrence. In the thirteenth century it was enacted that any Jew lending money on interest should wear a plate on his breast, proclaiming that he was a usurer, or be banished from the realm—but this was a mild provision. Nor could any right-minded Jew object to such lenient penalties as having his eyebrows shaved, his nose tweaked, his beard cut off, and his back flagellated. They taught him humility, says Barabas, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*:

Yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.
I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar.

But when he was roasted before a slow fire, or when red-hot irons were applied to his feet, or his nails were plucked from his fingers and toes, probably he formed an indifferent opinion of Christian mercy.

I have written thus far, and yet have touched only the fringe of my subject. Chinese punishments; those in vogue in Turkey, as, for instance, the bowstring and the bastinado and the sack; in Russia, as, for instance, the knout; in Spain, as the *garrote*; among the Polynesians, the Dyaks, the Tartars, the Malays, the races of Africa—what an immense field lies open to the inquirer. Banishment and transportation (which was first legalised in England in 1666) are subjects on which much that is interesting might easily be said. Then there is oakum-picking and the treadmill—the latter an invention, I believe, of Sir William Cubitt, of Ipswich, and first introduced at Brixton gaol in 1827. Branding as a punishment, and death by starvation—which Dante has invested with poetic interest by his episode of Ugolino—would lead us into prolonged inquiry.

That the engineer is often hoist by his own petard History fails not to record. According to the old story, Perillos made for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, a brazen bull, in the interior of which it was designed that the victim should be shut up and roasted to death; and it is said that Perillos was the first to suffer by his own invention. And we read that in the ninth century, Motawakkel-Billah, tenth khalif of Bagdad, of the line of the Abassides, punished his vizier who had been guilty of treason, first, by preventing him from sleeping for many days, and finally by imprisoning him in an iron furnace bristling with sharp, red-hot spikes—an engine invented by the vizier himself.

In 1691 the grand vizier Ali Pasha introduced the custom of causing the functionaries who incurred his displeasure to be paraded ignominiously through the public places in an *araba*, or cart without springs, drawn by oxen. The innovation brought about his ruin: for the Kyzlar-agaci Ismail having been disgraced by the grand vizier, was on the point of entering the cart, when his successor, Vizir Aga, laid a complaint before the Sultan against the perpetration of such an outrage on so high an official. Indignant at the breach of etiquette, the Sultan dismissed the grand vizier, and sent him into exile; the ex-minister leaving the palace on the very araba which he had ordered for his enemy.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

NIGHT-BIRDS.

FROM time immemorial "the night-bird's wail" has struck terror into the hearts not only of "foot-pads" but of humanity in general, which has therefore been only too ready to connect it with everything that is eerie and evil. Poetry, classical and modern, teems with allusions, mostly uncomplimentary, to the nocturnal disturbers of mankind's repose ; and in the folk-lore of almost all races they bear a bad reputation.

The night-birds *par excellence* are, of course, the owl tribe, a large and cosmopolitan group, whose members vary in size from the great eagle owl, which equals in apparent if not in actual bulk the king of birds himself, to the tiny sparrow owl, which scarcely exceeds in size the familiar bird from which it takes its name. Still, they bear a strong family resemblance to each other, all possessing loose downy plumage, which renders their flight perfectly noiseless, and the great head, with large eyes set in disks of radiating feathers, which gives them such a strange, half-human appearance—no doubt the cause of their reputation for wisdom. Like the hawks, they are armed with strong hooked bills and talons, and feed upon living animals ; but the resemblance is only one of analogy, and naturalists are now inclined to think that they should form an order by themselves, and not, as was formerly the case, be grouped with the diurnal birds of prey, from which they are separated by several well marked structural differences. Of these the most constantly obvious externally is the power the owls possess of turning the outer toe backwards when perching, so that they sit with the toes in pairs, like parrots. Although the light of day is too dazzling for most owls, they are keen sighted enough at night ; and their hearing is likewise good, as testified by their large and well developed ears. The feathery tufts which many of the species bear, and which are called "ears" or "horns," have nothing to do with the organs of hearing, being merely erectile crests of feathers. The sense of the owls had need be acute, since their chief prey

is small rodents, though they also feed on insects, and the large species, such as the snowy owl and eagle owls, will attack such large animals as hares, young fawns, and even, it is said, foxes.

Most owls will also prey upon birds, but these, of course, they cannot obtain so readily, since the diurnal birds are roosting and quiescent at the time of the owls' activity. But the fact that the owls are persecuted with great fury by other birds, if they are so unfortunate as to be discovered in the day time, shows that they are regarded as enemies. No doubt, however, their odd appearance has something to do with this unpopularity, as they are also attacked by the other birds of prey, which one would think hardly likely to suffer from their nocturnal assaults. The owl, on these occasions, shows himself no coward; and, when very hard pressed, throws himself on his back, and uses beak and talons with such energy that he is not unfrequently victorious over his enemies. The great eagle owl, in fact, is said to sometimes vanquish the eagle himself; and Aristotle notices that the two birds have sometimes been captured, engaged in a desperate conflict.

As a rule, the owls choose holes, whether in trees, rocks, or buildings, for the purpose of nesting, laying their white eggs on the merest apology for a nest. Some kinds, however, like the short-eared owl, one of our British species, nest on the ground, while the little American prairie owl nests in burrows, either dug by itself, or the abandoned ones of the prairie-dog or the vizcacha, with both of which rodents it appears to live in peace and friendship. This bird is diurnal in its habits, as also are the hawk owl (so called from its resemblance to a hawk), and the snowy owl, the most northerly ranging member of the group, and not the least beautiful, with its magnificent yellow eyes set off by its thick plumage, white as the snows among which the bird resides. Most owls, however, except the barn owl, whose plumage is white and buff, are soberly clothed in brown and grey tints, which harmonise admirably with their environment; and the snowy owl does not attain perfect whiteness till old age, being marked with dusky bars in its youth. The plumage in almost all owls is remarkable for the delicacy of its markings and shading, and there is very little difference between the male and female; the latter, however, as in the diurnal birds of prey, is the larger bird. The young birds are clothed with a beautiful down, and are hatched at different times, the parent beginning to incubate as soon as the first egg is laid.

The cries which have caused the family to be stigmatised as odious, ill-boding birds are no doubt often the melodies by which—

The bird of night,
Smit with her dusky wings and greenish eyes,
Woo's his Jun paramour.

But they are certainly in many cases weird and hideous enough to justify popular opinion. The sudden harsh screech of the barn owl (which is probably the death-foretelling screech owl of popular tradition) is startling enough; but it is far surpassed by the performances of the Virginian eagle owl, whose voice sometimes resembles "the half-suppressed screams of a person being throttled," and the outcries of this bird's European congener, the common eagle owl, are at times no less uncanny. Similar, too, is the nocturnal melody of the Ceylonese devil bird, which, curiously enough, is a near ally of our own tawny owl, whose soft hooting is one of the pleasantest sounds emitted by this usually unmelodious tribe. But there are others in whose notes there is nought appalling—Shelley's "sad Aziola," for instance, and the small South American owl, which is said to take its stand on a bush in broad daylight, and utter a cry so alluring that small birds approach to listen, and become the prey of their charmer—a story which certainly needs confirmation. An Australian owl, too, has a cry so like that of our cuckoo as to have given rise to a popular saying that in that land of contraries the cuckoo sings by night.

A scarcely more tuneful family is that of the other great group of nocturnal birds, the night-jars, and one of no better repute, as witness their common name of "goatsuckers," derived from an absurd idea, as old as the days of Aristotle, that they sucked the milk of goats. As a matter of fact, they are, like the owls, most useful birds, feeding entirely on insects, and those often of injurious kinds, such as cock-chafers and moths. For the capture of these, their whole structure is beautifully adapted, the mouth being extremely wide, and the wings long and powerful, in fact, they resemble gigantic swallows, except that the tail is not usually forked. The bill and feet are small and feeble; the former being usually plentifully beset with bristles at the base, and the middle toe of the latter armed with a serrated claw.

The eyes, like those of the owls, are large, and the plumage is also similar in its softness and sombre colouring, though the markings are even more delicate and beautiful. It sometimes assumes very strange forms: the lyre-tailed night-jar possessing a lyre-shaped forked tail much longer than its body, and a still more remarkable species, the Leona night jar, having in each wing a long feather-shaft, more than twice the length of the bird itself, and webbed only for a few inches at the tip. This ornament, perhaps the most peculiar

possessed by any bird, is confined to the male ; but, as a rule, the sexes in goatsuckers differ very little. Many species possess "ears" similar to those of the owls ; as in those birds, too, some kinds have dark and others yellow eyes. In fact, the goatsuckers are more nearly allied to the owls than are any other birds, the links between them being found in the *Podargus* group of night-jars, and in the guacharo bird (*Steatornis caripensis*).

The *Podargi* differ from the other night-jars in several particulars: they have a strong hooked bill, and much shorter wings, indicative of less aerial habits ; they also perch on trees in the usual manner, and lay white eggs, in an open nest of twigs on the branches ; or, in the case of the owlet night-jars, which resemble them except in having the usual weak bill of the group, in the hollow boughs of trees. As a rule, night-jars lay their eggs, beautifully mottled with greys and browns so as to imitate pebbles, on the bare ground, on which also they usually rest ; if they happen to perch on a tree, sitting along the branch instead of across it.

The guacharo is a bird of so peculiar a type that it can be included neither among owls nor goatsuckers, and has habits of the most melodramatic character. In form it is like a large night-jar, but has the toothed bill of a falcon, and several anatomical peculiarities ; it also feeds, at any rate partly, on fruits, a habit shared by no other night-bird. It lays its one egg, white with bloody stains, in a rude nest in the sides of certain mysterious caverns (the best known breeding-place being in Trinidad), which the Indians—though they enter them yearly to obtain the young birds, which are very fat and yield a valuable oil—are afraid to penetrate to any distance ; for they are said to be haunted by the spirits of the dead, a belief which is easily accounted for when the weird effect produced by the harsh cries of the birds, re-echoed from the roof and walls of the cavern, is taken into account.

Many of the true goatsuckers have notes of the most remarkable character, as, for instance, the "whip-poor-will," and "chuck-will's-widow," both American species ; and an Australian *Podargus* demands "more pork" in such a monotonous and sepulchral tone, that it is most depressing to listen to. The only night-jar common in England has, as is well known, a curious purring note, which seems to be of a ventriloquial character. It can also produce a cracking sound by striking its wings together during flight, like the pigeon. Our bird is about the size of a turtle-dove, the average dimensions of the family, though the *Podargi* are larger. It is migratory, leaving us for Africa in the autumn, and returning again in the spring-



habit shared by other species, such as the American night hawk, which ranges in the summer as far north as the Arctic regions. But, on the whole, this family is less widely distributed, and less important than their rivals in nocturnal cacophony, the owls.

However, by no means all the birds that "flit through the night to frighten it" are owls or night-jars; many other species are most active and noisy during the hours of darkness. The bittern is a bird of night, and so are those strange New Zealand birds, the apteryx and the *wekas*, or flightless rails; and most of the duck tribe take flight for their feeding-grounds only as evening draws on. Then, too, migratory birds, from the chiff-chaff to the wild goose, usually pursue their long and dangerous journey by night; and no doubt their strange and varied calls, heard suddenly amid the darkness, have done as much as the notes of the true birds of night to encourage the growth of superstitions, to which savage and civilised men alike have been, and yet are, a prey, whether the unseen terror at which they tremble be hell-hound or banshee, wraith or wildjäger.

F. FINN.

LIVING TO EAT AND EATING TO LIVE.

GREAT men are always credited with being abstemious in their eating and drinking, and the first Napoleon was no exception to the rule.

Describing the food which was placed on his table to his physician, Dr. Antommarchi, he said : “ Physicians have the right of regulating the table ; it is fit I should give you an account of mine. Behold what it consists of : a basin of soup, two plates of meat, one of vegetables, a salad when I can take it, compose the whole service ; half a bottle of claret, which I dilute with a good deal of water, serves me for drink ; I drink a little of it pure towards the end of the repast. Sometimes, when I feel fatigued, I substitute champagne for claret : it is a sure means of giving a fillip to the stomach.” The doctor having expressed his surprise at this temperate mode of living, he replied : “ In my marches with the army of Italy, I never failed to put in the bow of my saddle a bottle of wine, some bread, and a cold fowl. This provision sufficed for the wants of the day ; I may even say I often shared it with others. I thus gained time ; the economy of my table turned to account on the field of battle. For the rest, I eat fast, masticate little ; my meals do not consume my hours. This is not what you will approve the most ; but in my present situation what signifies it ? ” He was referring here to his captivity at St. Helena.

The daily habits of the poet Southey, a man who made literature a successful and healthy profession, are thus described by his son in his life of his father : “ Breakfast was at nine, after a little reading, dinner at four, tea at six, supper at half-past nine, and the intervals filled up with reading or writing, except that he regularly walked between two and four, and took a short sleep before tea, the outline of his day when he was in fullwork will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was open to enter

into conversation, to amuse and be amused." This rational mode of living deserved its reward: temperance, soberness and chastity preserved his mental powers vigorous to old age, and he has left to future generations work that will keep his memory green.

Shelley was a vegetarian, and an idealist. Perhaps, if he had been a meat eater, his verses would have displayed more passion and fire, for the contrast between his poetry and Byron's is striking, though Byron himself attributes his best work to the inspiration of gin-and-water. Byron's life is a melancholy example of how soon the candle that is lit at both ends burns out. Byron's horror of corpulence drove him to dietetic expedients to avoid it that certainly tended to shorten his life, such as chewing tobacco to stave off hunger and the desire for food, taking inordinate quantities of vinegar, and other questionable methods. Had he lived in these days he could have been told how to keep down fat and still live well, and enjoy most of the luxuries of life. Walter Scott passed a genial social existence, took plenty of exercise, lived temperately, and insisted on having seven or eight hours of sleep out of the twenty-four; hence he lived to a good age, and did more work—that bears in every page of it the impress of genius—than any man of his day. Burns, his equally gifted countryman, lived to eat and drink, and hence the result. It is true he left poetry behind him that the world will not willingly let die; but what might he not have done? The high, strong, nervous system of the poet and literary man bears excess badly, and Swift seemed to know this, for in a letter to Pope he says: "The least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and a sup more than your stint, is a great debauch, for which you will certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed." The machinery of sensitive souls is as delicate as it is valuable, and cannot bear the rough usage that coarse customs inflict upon it. It is broken to pieces by blows which common natures laugh at. Equally, when we descend into the lower regions of Parnassus, the abode of talent and cleverness, the care of the body is absolutely essential to long life and continued usefulness. He who lives by his intellect must take care of his stomach, for, after all, "mind is matter and soul is porridge."

But a nation is not made up exclusively of Napoleons and great men, any more than of anchorites and sybarites, and as the characteristics of a nation in a great measure depend upon its diet, it is not too much to say that the energy, pluck, and determination of the English race is due to the greater variety and larger consumption of food, more especially of animal food—flesh—indulged in by them, than to any attributes of blood or climate; in 6

English soldier had half a pound more meat a day—he has too little now—he would be twice as formidable on the field of battle. I am well aware that this is awkward reading for vegetarians ; but vegetarians are, as a rule, not noted for their ferocity, nor does their appearance indicate that a vegetable diet is the most suitable for the English climate and idiosyncrasies. It is now well known that the different varieties of food have their separate uses in the body, and, broadly speaking, one may say that flesh food furnishes muscle and energy ; vegetables, as containing starch and sugar, furnish fat ; fats themselves are consumed in the body, and by their consumption, supply it with warmth. To show that this latter is the case, we may instance the Esquimaux and other denizens of cold climates, who live almost entirely on fat, and who consume about twelve pounds a day of this material. That flesh food produces muscle, activity, strength, and fierceness of disposition, may be seen in its effects upon those animals that live upon it, such as the lion, tiger, wolf, and other wild beasts, as compared with the sheep, horse, cow, and similar vegetable feeders. It is also a well-known fact that bears and other wild animals, when in captivity, if fed on vegetable food, become comparatively tame, whereas, if the food is changed for flesh, they soon lapse into habits of ferocity. Those races that live entirely on vegetables are noted for their mildness of manner—as, for instance, the Hindoo and Chinese.

But, if ancient history is to be believed, there is little doubt that our ancestors were not always as fastidious as their descendants in their choice of meat, and were even given to eating human flesh. Those interesting savages that Stanley so graphically describes, and that poor Jameson seems to have interviewed to some purpose, had their counterpart in the Attacotti, a people of ancient Scotland, for St. Jerome specially charges them with preferring the shepherd to his flock.

Indeed, there is no animal living that does not furnish food for one race or another, and hunger will cause the most refined and civilised to eat those animals the bare mention of which at other times as food, cause horror and disgust. One thousand two hundred dogs were eaten in Paris during the siege, and the flesh fetched from two to three francs per pound. According to Pliny, puppies were regarded as great delicacies by the Roman gourmands. Cats are eaten by the Chinese, monkeys by the natives of Ceylon, the lion by the Africans. The bear supplies food to many nations of Europe, and its hams are considered excellent. Two bears were eaten in Paris during the siege, and the flesh was said to taste like

pork. The camel is eaten largely in Africa, one eaten at Paris during the siege is said to have tasted like veal.

But to our subject. Eating too much is as conducive to shortening life as drinking too much, and our friends the teetotallers would do well to wage war against both in their well-meant crusade, for beyond a certain amount, to be mentioned presently, excess of food is a slow poison, and induces disease of the liver and kidneys as surely as excess of alcohol does. What it will do for the liver may be seen in the case of the Strasburg geese that furnish the gourmand with his *pâté de foie gras*. In this case the poor goose is fixed in a box near the fire and crammed to repletion twice a day with Indian corn, previously soaked in water. In about a month the breathing becomes difficult, and the bird is killed *to prevent its dying*; the liver is now found to weigh *two* pounds. This proves what gorging will do for the liver.

In the human being excess of meat diet has to be eliminated by the kidneys, and hence it is well to drink large quantities of water to flush the system where large quantities of animal food form the basis of nourishment. It has long been a moot point as to whether human beings can exist on meat and water only. It is now admitted that they can, and, indeed, my own opinion is that, of the two, a man would live longer as a total meat eater than as a total vegetarian, for if he lived on meat alone he would be wiry and active, whereas, in the case of those who live on vegetable diet, such as the Hindoos and others, the excessive corpulence induced would tend to shorten life. Dr. Good, a celebrated American physician, answering the question, "Can health and life be sustained indefinitely on a diet consisting of meat and water?" says, "The reply must be in the affirmative." Not only is this true of natives of certain districts, whose progenitors lived on such a diet, and where no other was obtainable, but it is also true of Europeans who locate in such places. In the Athabasca district and in the Mackenzie River region of North America the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company habitually live, some of them on a diet of meat alone and some of them solely on fish, this depending on the natural food supply of the country in which they happen to be stationed. They have lived in full possession of great bodily and mental vigour on such a diet for periods of twenty and thirty consecutive years. Those living on fish alone enjoyed, if anything, slightly better health than those whose diet was limited to meat. They were singularly free from indigestion and all digestive troubles, as well as from rheumatism. No vegetables of any kind were used.

pound of flour in the year, which was always consumed in the form of a pudding on Christmas Day. They were also allowed tea, but in the Mackenzie River district the amount supplied to each man was only one pound in the whole year, so that this article may be fairly disregarded. The experience of diet thus gained throws much light on the etiology of scurvy, which is unknown where the diet is thus limited to fresh fish or meat, while it is quite prevalent at a post known as York Factory. It is accounted for by the following circumstances. At this post the diet consists largely of geese which migrate there late in the spring, returning south in the early autumn. Hence the inhabitants kill and salt a sufficient supply to last until the supply of fresh geese again becomes accessible. Scurvy always makes its appearance in the winter, and especially in the spring, thus affording strong proof of the view popularly held, that scurvy is chiefly due to the use of salted meat, such as bacon, &c. The life led by these men is one of great activity in the winter and comparative inaction in the summer, while those stationed at the posts in the capacity of clerks and officers take little exercise at any time. These are facts which can be fully proven by the testimony of numerous gentlemen who live there, some of whom have had the experience of such a diet themselves. One of these is Mr. James Stewart, a druggist, who has lived on fish alone for four years; and another, Mr. William Brass, of St. Andrew's, Manitoba, who has lived similarly, and enjoyed unimpaired health for twenty consecutive years. They are both verging on seventy years, and are in the full enjoyment of a green old age. But meat, or fish, or flesh, or fowl, or the thousand and one vegetable luxuries, if taken beyond moderation, are injurious to health and to digestion, and lead to discomfort and disease, and the gourmand, as a rule, has a hard time of it when the day of reckoning comes. He is sowing the wind to reap the storm, and he is sowing the seeds, the fruit of which will be disease, pain, and premature death. Amongst the earlier effects arising from excess in feeding in adult life may be mentioned an oppressed stomach, deranged digestion, palpitation of the heart, a loaded tongue, vitiated secretions, with disordered action of the bowels, a gorged liver, obesity, fulness of blood and its consequences, a sluggish brain and troubled sleep, gravel, perverted nutrition from the preternatural accumulation of the products of waste in the system, developing gouty and rheumatic affections. Such, and others also, are the earlier ills arising from over-feeding. But no doubt the most troublesome of them all is the corpulency that is sure to come sooner or later in those who eat more than the system

requires for the operations of life, and though this may not destroy life directly, it does so indirectly by preventing proper exercise and by impeding the healthy action of those organs that eliminate waste. Where this is not eliminated obesity and gout are the most common forms of disease that follow years of over gorging.

Of these two evils of "living to eat," I think gout is the lesser, at least in early life, for the victim has his periods of immunity from his enemy, and these are fairly distant at first; but where good living causes obesity the burden is always there, though while youth and elasticity last the obese person gets on fairly well. The fat is a burden, it is true, but, with the exception of making the subject more prone to colds and to a deranged liver and stomach, it entails nothing worse. The victim can enjoy his gun, or his ride after the hounds, or his day on the moors or the stubbles. He may, at the close of it, be more fatigued than his thin friend, and may feel inclined to doze an hour or two longer next morning, and be a little stiff when he gets up; but youth and excitement soon tell he returns again to his day's enjoyment with gusto.

If he is fond of society and dancing, here again, if he has eaten himself into an obese state, he is slightly handicapped. The elegant and graceful figure he leads through the mazy throng soon shows him his misfortune, and, as he pants and puffs, makes some observation that shows she knows his weakness and the nature of the enemy that is crippling his movements, and forcing beads of perspiration down his flushed face.

If the victim is a female, the corpulency is a still more unfortunate disease. Up to a certain point, a nice plump figure is an advantage, for men do not admire a skinny beauty; but alas! this point is soon passed, and the victim of obesity, to hide the deformity, laces tightly at the waist, and forces the excess of adipose tissue up, so as to make the bust a deformity—or down, to give a still worse appearance to the figure. The fat is there, and it will not be forced out of sight. Each dress, as it is made, has to be increased in bulk, and the poor dressmaker is blamed for a bad fit that she does not deserve, and for a state of affairs that she deplures, but is afraid to mention, or to suggest a remedy for, even if she knew one.

But, alas! youth does not last for ever, and with the approach of middle age a change comes over the scene—the enemy gathers strength as years creep on, and as the enemy gathers strength the victim loses it. He or she becomes too unwieldy to take exercise to do anything but sit or eat or sleep. So the muscles lose their tenuity, the heart gets flabby, there is breathlessness on exertion,

are frequent, and in the winter, as exercise cannot be taken, and the circulation gets languid, an attack of bronchitis comes to give warning that things are getting serious. As the internal organs get congested, the functions of the kidneys and liver are not performed properly—thus the victim of obesity is more subject to bile, headache, and kindred ailments. As he always carries the refuse about with him that should be eliminated from the system by the harmonious working of the organs that perform this office, his blood gets overcharged with uric, and other acids, that herald the advent of approaching gout, “the rust of aristocratic hinges.” This gives a finishing touch to his misery.

By this time the victim begins to think it is time to see if something cannot be done ; and now the quack comes in for his innings. Some friend recommends a medicine that will reduce fat, and the sufferer tries it ; but, alas ! as all medical men know, and quacks too (if they were not devoid of principle, and did not live by trading on the ignorance of others), there is *no* medicine that will reduce fat. There are plenty of drugs that will purge, and destroy the coats of the stomach, or carry the food through the alimentary canal before it has time to nourish the system, but none that will reduce fat without doing irreparable harm. However, the quack produces plenty of lying testimonials, and the obese sufferer swallows the (to him) poison, until increasing weakness and a depleted pocket warn him it is time to stop.

Still, there is a remedy for the victim of superabundance of fat, and a safe one, but it is dietetic. Food has been the source of his disease, and food can be made to cure it, and this, not on the Banting system of starvation, but on a full, sufficient, but scientifically arranged non-fat-forming dietary. His diet can be so adjusted that he may gain strength and lose fat, and lose it rapidly too—lose it so fast that if he did not get stronger during the process he would be frightened at his melting away.

Large experience in treating corpulency has proved to me that we in England eat too much sugar and farinaceous food for our climate and habits ; indeed, we eat too much altogether, and it is simply astonishing to see how soon an obese individual, who puffs and blows on the least exertion, if put for a time on an excess of nitrogenous food—*i.e.* meat—and restricted in other respects, can be made to part with fat, and gain health, strength, and activity in the process. Such people, when their diet is properly adjusted and scientifically arranged, will lose ten to fifteen pounds of a useless encumbrance in a month. Indeed, I saw in the February number

of the *Gentleman's Magazine* that Dr. Crespi, in an article called "Some more Curiosities of Eating and Drinking"—by the way, a very interesting article indeed, as most are that deal with the subject of regimen—mentions a little work¹ written by me as a guide for those who, living not wisely but too well, are unfortunate enough to be overweighted with adipose tissue, or, in plain words, too fat.

Having to do professionally with none but the victims of corpulency, I am astonished at the ignorance of even clever people, as to the use of certain foods in the system. They will bear any amount of discomfort, and absolute ill-health, sooner than study whether certain articles of diet are or are not suitable in their case. If such people possess a horse that does not seem to do his work properly, that puffs uphill, perspires too profusely, or goes lazy, the groom is soon called to task, the animal is properly fed and groomed, and the result is quickly palpable in improved condition and muscle. But the human animal goes on eating food which is slow poison to him, getting fatter and fatter, until he often becomes almost too unwieldy to walk at all, and the last thing he thinks of is, to ask a professional dietician whether he is doing right or not. In treating as I do great numbers of such people by correspondence, in all ranks of life, I get them to fill up a form, embodying their present diet and mode of life, and it amuses me to see that the Englishman's, or woman's, breakfast is almost invariably buttered toast, ham and eggs, or meat, and fish. The more varied cookery comes later in the day. Of course, there are exceptions to this monotony, but they are rare. Under ordinary conditions, this diet may be very suitable, but under other conditions it is anything but so, and many a man would live twenty years longer if he began the day with dry toast and a plain grill. Few people do with less than four meals a day; some go in for five, and seem to think that the more they eat the healthier they will be. As by the laws of the conservation of energy nothing is lost, and as food in the animal economy is converted into power, what a waste of power there is in some individuals! *Not* a misfortune perhaps in some cases.

Sir Henry Thompson, a great authority on dietetics and the art of feeding—though I differ from him in many opinions he enunciates in his work "Food and Feeding"—for instance, where he says the stomach *conforms slowly* to radical changes in diet—considers that coarse food, when taken to excess, is more injurious than a refined dietary, and that a man who does intellectual work should have a more mixed alimentation than the man who does manual labour.

¹ *Food to the Fat: the Scientific Cure of Corpulency.* London: Chatto & Co.

The intellectual man, whose nervous system is often exhausted when his meal is put before him, cannot digest a heavy dinner of roast beef or other meat and vegetables. Such should commence with a little soup, which, being quickly absorbed into the system, gives the stomach strength to digest the after, more solid, substances of the meal.

With regard to the quantity of food that should be taken by a person doing ordinary work, supposing this to consist of bread and meat only—and these two contain every element necessary to proper nutrition—it would be represented in a person of average size doing ordinary work by two pounds of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat; in this there would be no waste. Singly it would be necessary to eat six pounds of meat, or four pounds of *whole-meal* bread; in each of these cases there would be a large quantity more of certain constituents of the food than the system would demand, and these, not being required, would be useless, in fact injurious, as they would clog the system as waste, in the form of fat or gout poison. Prison dietaries are so arranged that there shall be no waste of material, and as, of course under ordinary circumstances, a mixed diet is most conducive to health, this would represent a model diet for an ordinary-sized man. This consists of *per week* in the *prepared* food: cocoa, $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; oatmeal, 14 oz.; milk, 14 oz.; treacle, 7 oz.; salt, $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; barley, 2 oz.; bread, 145 oz.; cheese, 4 oz.; flour, $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; meat (cooked without bone or gravy), 12 oz.; shins (made into soup), 12 oz.; suet, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.; carrots, 2 oz.; onions, $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; turnips, 2 oz.; potatoes, 96 oz. It must not be supposed that this diet is correct in *all* cases; the amount of food required depends on existing circumstances. Dr. Pavy says: "No fixed quantity can be given as suited to all. Variations in external temperature, the amount of work performed, and individual peculiarities, occasion a variation in the amount of material consumed in the body; and in a properly arranged diet the food should be adjusted accordingly. For this adjustment Nature has provided by the instinct or sensation with which we are endowed. Appetite—or, in its more exalted character, hunger—apprises us that food is required, and produces an irresistible desire to seek and obtain its supply. By attending to its dictates a knowledge is also afforded of the proper amount to be consumed. We may ascertain by observation the precise amount by weight that is necessary to keep the body in a healthy condition, but Nature's guide was in operation before scales and weights were invented."

Three meals a day should be the limit in all cases where a person desires to live long and enjoy good health. These taken at intervals of six hours would generally insure the individual who *deserves* them

a good appetite and a healthy digestion : but "in taking appetite as a guide in regulating the supply of food, it must not be confounded with a desire to gratify the palate. When food is not eaten too quickly, and the diet is simple, a timely warning is afforded by the sense of satisfaction experienced as soon as enough has been taken : and not only does a disinclination arise, but the stomach even refuses to allow this point to be far exceeded. With a variety of food, however, and especially food of an agreeable character to the taste, the case is different. Satiated with one article, the stomach is ready for another, and thus, for the gratification of taste, and not for the appeasement of appetite, men are tempted to consume far more than is required, and also, it must be said, often far more than is advantageous to health. . . . Were it not," says Dr. Pavy, "for the temptation to exceed induced by the refinement of the culinary art, the physician's aid would be much more rarely required."

He might add, that if people who eat more than is good for them were to eat less of what is not good for them, or were to consult a dietician and have a proper system of diet laid down for a month or two a year, it would be a great deal better for them, and would conduce more to comfort and long life than taking quack pills and purgatives, or going for a periodic flushing to the Spas abroad. Having said so much on the evils of excess of food, let us look at the other side of the picture and see what evils arise from eating too little, or from long continued deprivation of food. Of late we have seen some illustrations of how long life can go on without any food at all. The spectacle has not been a pleasant one to look at, and the pinched and haggard features of Succr after five and thirty days of fasting are not easily forgotten. Long continued want of food blunts the moral sensibilities of a people, and in years of famine the most awful crimes that history records have been committed. Josephus tells us that during the siege of Jerusalem, under Titus, mothers ate their own children : the pangs of hunger obliterate even the love of offspring and the sacred dictates of humanity. In the wake of famine always follow plague and pestilence, to reap what the first has sown.

The history of Ireland is remarkable for the illustration of how much mischief may be occasioned by a general deficiency of food. Always the home of fever, it even now and then becomes the very hot-bed of its propagation and development. The potato famine of 1846 is but a too forcible illustration of this. It fostered epidemics which had not been witnessed in this generation, and gave scenes of misery and devastation that are not surpassed by the appalling epidemics of the Middle Ages.

So much for the effects of deficient food, and it may be taken for granted that, if discontent, misery, and disease are the handmaids of famine and starvation, content, long life, and absence of crime are the attributes of a well-fed people. "The laws of nature are such as to conduce to an adaptation of the supply of food to its demand. We are all conversant with the fact that exercise and exposure to cold—conditions which increase the demand for food—sharpen the appetite, and thus lead to a larger quantity of material being consumed: whilst, on the other hand, a state of inactivity and a warm climate tell in an opposite manner, and reduce inclination for food. A badly-fed labourer is capable of performing but a poor day's work, and a starving man falls an easy victim to the effects of exposure to cold." In the case of navvies and other hard-working men the appetite is known by the employer to form a measure of capacity for work. A falling-off of the appetite means, that is to say, a diminished capacity for the performance of work. A farmer, where wages were good, when asked how it was that he paid his labourers so well, replied that he could not afford to pay them less, for he found that less wages produced less work. Indeed, one might just as reasonably expect that a fire would burn briskly with a scanty supply of fuel, or a steam-engine work with a deficient supply of coal, as that a man could labour upon a meagre diet. Men have also learnt, where arduous work has to be performed, and similarly in cold climates, where a large amount of heat has to be produced—for the demand is the same in the two cases—that the requirements of the system are best met by a liberal consumption of fatty matter, which is the most efficient kind of force-producing material, with the food. The fat bacon, relished and eaten with his bread by the hard-working labourer, yields at the smallest cost the force he forms the medium for producing."

It is found that hard work is best performed under a liberal supply of *flesh* food: this does not conduce to obesity; it nourishes the muscles and gives energy to the body. What meat is to man, *corn* is to the horse. "The Arab," says Donders, "never lets his horse eat grass and hay to satiety. Its chief food is barley, and in the wilderness it gets milk, and if great effort is required even camel's flesh. The horses which in Sahara are used for hunting ostriches are kept exclusively on camel's milk and dried beans." To sum up, science intimates that a liberal supply of meat and fat is necessary to maintain muscles in a good condition for work, and the result of experience is to confirm it. As far as muscular labour is concerned, cost for cost, man can never compete in economy with steam, and

hence the worst use to make of a man is to employ him exclusively in mechanical work—a proposition which harmonises with the increased introduction of machinery in our advancing age of civilisation. To illustrate this, take a steam-engine of one-horse power (that is, a power of raising 33,000 lbs. a foot high per minute); it will require two horses in reality to do the same work for ten hours a day, or twenty-four men, and the cost would be 10*d.* for the steam-engine, 8*s.* 4*d.* for the two horses, and just £2 sterling for the twenty-four men.

As the system for its nourishment requires food to replace wear and tear, and also to keep up the warmth of the body, physiologists have named these respectively—nitrogenous, fats, carbo-hydrates and mineral matters. The first, which are meats, form muscle and give energy; the second, fats and oils, supply, by their use in the system, warmth; and the third—carbo-hydrates—such as bread, flour, potatoes, and all articles containing starch, make fat, and also to a small extent muscle and heat. Mineral matters, such as salt and lime, are also necessary to proper nutrition. On the proper distribution of these three forms of food depends the harmonious working of the different organs of the body, and the repair of its wear and tear.

Bread and cheese furnish all that is absolutely necessary to sustain life, at the cheapest rate, and the same amount of nourishment is contained in 3½*d.* worth of oatmeal as is contained in 3½*d.* worth of flour, 4½*d.* worth of bread, 5½*d.* worth of beef-fat, 3*s.* 6½*d.* worth of beef, 11½*d.* worth of Cheshire cheese, 4*s.* 6*d.* worth of lean ham, 1*s.* 3½*d.* worth of arrowroot, 1*s.* 3½*d.* worth of milk, 1*s.* 6*d.* worth of hard-boiled eggs, 5*s.* 7½*d.* worth of Guinness's stout, 7*s.* 6*d.* worth of pale ale, and so on. It will thus be seen how, in eating to live, a man may do it on 2½ lbs. of whole meal bread, costing 4½*d.*, or on 3½ lbs. of lean beef costing 3*s.* 6*d.*, or, if he did it on the nourishment contained in pale ale, on nine bottles, at 10*d.* a bottle, costing 7*s.* 6*d.* However, no one does this, and a combination of food may be had at prices varying according to income, which is better, for, as Scripture says, "man cannot live by bread alone." Where *all* food and liquid is withheld death takes place in about eight days, the symptoms being at first severe pain at the pit of the stomach, this subsides in a day or two, but is succeeded by a feeling of weakness and sinking in the same part, and an insatiable thirst, which, if water be withheld, becomes the most distressing symptom. The face becomes pale and haggard, the eyes acquire a staring appearance, and rapid loss of flesh takes place.

swell, and the skin becomes a dirty brown; the bodily strength rapidly declines, the sufferer totters in walking, the voice becomes weak: the mental powers exhibit a similar prostration, which generally increases to imbecility, so that it is difficult to induce the sufferer to make any effort for his own benefit. Life terminates either calmly by increasing torpidity, or suddenly by convulsions. It is thus plain that eating too little may terminate life more rapidly than eating too much, and that, if we wish to live long and enjoy good health, we must avoid doing either. Abernethy used to say that no man could be induced to attend to his digestion till death stared him in the face. It is a melancholy thing that this should be so, but it is. In these days of epicurean cookery, the temptations to overload the stomach are very great, and though it is not necessary to go about like the Italian *Cervaro* with scales to weigh the daily food, it is necessary not to eat to repletion or at shorter intervals than every six hours.

As before remarked, how much more healthy the wealthy epicure would be, and how many more years he would live, if he occasionally employed a dietitian to draw out for a month or two once a year a scientifically arranged dietary, so that the accumulated waste in the system, in the form of gout and fat, should be burnt away, and all the complex organism of the body put in thorough working order! All this could be done without going abroad. Many tell me that the enervating effects of a course of Carlsbad and other waters are so great that when they return to England they have to eat again to excess, to get up their strength, and as their knowledge of dietetics does not tell them the food they should eat for the purpose they naturally eat the most tempting: hence they soon recharge the system with gout poison, or lay on fat instead of muscle. So the benefit gained by a trip abroad is thus transitory, whereas by proper dietetic treatment the good result is more permanent, and is not weakening; in fact, it induces increased energy and elasticity.

N. L. YORKE-DAVIES.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

WHAT a month of revivals it has been! At almost every theatre of note revivalism is the order of the day. At Terry's Theatre, "The Rocket," a revival. At the Criterion, "The School for Scandal." At the Vaudeville, "Money." At the Lyceum, a whole series of revivals. At the Princess's, "Linda Grey," a revival of a provincial experiment. At the Prince of Wales's, "L'Enfant Prodigue," an importation of a Parisian success. At Drury Lane, a revival of "It's Never Too Late to Mend." At the Globe, a revival of "The Bookmaker." At the Strand, the revival of "Turned Up" still holds its ground. At the Avenue, "The Henrietta," an importation from America. What a record! Not a new play. Is there no originality left, that we must see all these ghosts of former successes—or failures—stalking across the boards? What is the matter with us? Is civilisation a failure, or is the Caucasian played out? Shall we have to turn for inspiration to the Turk, and derive new dramatic ideas from "The Two Serjeants" of Mehemet Hilmi, or the "Pleaders of the Court" of Mirza Jafar Karajahdaghi?

Some of these revivals are very interesting, however, and very welcome. Specially delightful is "The Rocket," written in the best days of Mr. Pinero's farce, when the jets of his mad humour came hot and strong like an oil geyser at Baku, promising and fulfilling a fortune of mirth. It may be heresy—if it is, I care not—but I prefer the whimsical spirit which prompted "The Rocket," to the analytical spirit which prompted "Lady Bountiful," just as I prefer the humour of Labiche to the analysis of say M. Céard. And that is the vapour of it. "The Rocket" is really excellent fooling; one can laugh from start to finish, and what can one say more? Mr. Edward Terry's Chevalier Walkinshaw is the drollest of rascalions. He resembles one of Lever's studies of Continental adventurers seen through distorted glasses. He is one of Mr. Terry's triumphs.

What is to be said of "The School for Scandal" at the Criterion? That Mr. Wyndham is brilliantly youthful as Charles of the gentlemen who drink and sing in

eighteenth century than a picture by Orchardson, that there are some pretty scenes and pretty dresses and a stagey Pavane, that Mrs. Bernard Beere is an admirable Lady Teazle, if Lady Teazle could have become so *Grande Dame* in six months, that Mr. Arthur Bouchier has excellent ideas concerning Joseph Surface, but has not yet given them free play, that Mr. Cyril Maude is a Macaroni of Macaronis, and that in it all Sheridan somehow or other goes by the board. Personally, I think it is a mistake to revive Sheridan's plays, unless we are prepared to play them as they would have been played in Sheridan's time. Written for wholly different conditions of stagecraft, there is something ghastly about the effort to fit them to the elaborate mechanisms and rare scenic changes of our theatres. And yet, if they are played as they were written, why then undoubtedly they are, to put it mildly, a little long. Personally again, I think they are better to read than to see acted.

Mr. Bronson Howard's new comedy—new, that is, to London—may have many defects, but it has the one great, essential, most excellent merit of being exceedingly interesting. I have been told that there are errors in the piece, technical errors, errors of legal finance; I do not know, and indeed I do not care. All plays are fairy tales, "the best of the kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if our imagination do but mend them;" and all we have a right to ask of our fairy tale is that while it is being told to us it shall have the art of convincing us. And while it is on the stage, "The Henrietta" does convince. It is a study of that modern madness which Balzac was perhaps the first to appreciate fully. It seeks to resume, and in a measure it succeeds in resuming, all the characteristics of our age of million-worship, with its feverish pursuit of fortunes, compared to which the fabled wealth of Monte Cristo dwindles into insignificance. There is something really epical in the great battle scene in the broker's office in Wall Street, in the third act, in which old Nicholas Vanalstyne makes his desperate stand against the conspiracy of "Bears," who are banded together to ruin him—that conspiracy, the secret chief of which is Vanalstyne's own son, the son whose sole ambition, dearer than his father's honour, dearer than his own life, is to make the biggest pile yet made and become the king of Wall Street. In this terrible conflict of forces, in which the fortune of the fight is recorded by the monotonous, merciless ticking of the tape-machine, there is something to the modern mind as thrilling, almost as exhilarating, as the fight of Grettir at Drangey, the fight of Alan Breck in the Round House. The whole play reeks of money, stinks of money. It depicts, with

an exaggeration which is not mere caricature, the kind of creatures that are engendered by the desperate struggle for money for money's sake. Nicholas Vanalstyne, the sire, who juggles with millions, who, judged by the rule of any high code of honour, is a swindler and a cheat, who disinherits an idle son by cutting him off with a paltry half a million of dollars, who runs a whole railway in order to beggar the woman he is in love with, and so compel her to marry him, and who has yet a heart and bowels of compassion, and can feel pity and be generous; he is possible, he is even probable; he is not pleasant. Of such a sire Nicholas Vanalstyne the younger is the logical successor. He has all the base ambition, all the greed; none of the good qualities. He has been taught that money, million piled upon million, is the only thing worth winning; he has learned that scrupulousness is absurd in the effort to win money, and he has pushed the lesson home. He does not hesitate to plot in secret against his own father and business partner; he compasses his father's ruin and degradation that he may rise upon the old man's fall. It is only natural that such a man should betray the woman who trusted him; it is only natural that he should allow his innocent brother to take upon himself the guilt of that betrayal. It may be only stage justice, but it is very fine stage justice which strikes this wretch dead of heart disease at the very moment when his triumph is converted into unexpected defeat. There has been no finer curtain for many a day than the end of this third act, in which the baffled scoundrel falls dead in the deserted office, and lies upon the floor, while just above him the tape-machine ticks off with monotonous persistence its message of despair. Yes, on the whole, "The Henrietta" is a good play, and, on the whole, it is well acted. Mr. W. H. Vernon and Mr. Lewis Waller as the Vanalstynes, father and son, were simply admirable. If every part in the play had been played as they played their parts, the success of "The Henrietta" would have been indeed secure. Mr. Henry Lee was very good in a very good character, that of Watson Flint, the broker, who acts with the impassiveness and impartiality of a machine for any employer and any side, and whose whole purpose in life is the realisation of a profit of one-eighth of one per cent on every commission. Mr. Shine, as an impossible New York dude, recalled the amazing amusing masher in Mr. Augustin Daly's "Nancy." Miss Fanny Brough was, of course, delightfully diverting as the fascinating widow Cornelia Opdyke. Miss Marion Lee spoiled what should have been the sympathetic part of Agnes Lockwood by needless mannerisms, and an exasperating affectation of girlish tricks.

acting of Mr. Bernard Gould, whose dual career as draughtsman and as actor is an attractive one to follow. Whenever I see him act I think he ought to be only an actor, but when I see his pencil-work I think he should be faithful to that branch of art. Can he succeed for long in being really good in both?

It is difficult to write about "L'Enfant Prodigue" without drifting into the dangerous vein of rhapsody. Not for long enough has a London audience been afforded the chance of seeing anything so exquisitely pretty, so tender, so delicately simple as this pantomime of poor Pierrot's passion, and crime, and shame, and redemption. To a London audience, of course, the whole thing is absolutely novel. To Paris Pierrot is a familiar figure. That white face crowned with its close-fitting black skull cap, that body clothed in the white garments of tradition, has aroused the laughter or entreated the tears of generation after generation of Parisians. From whatever stock that Pierrot is descended, from whatever succession of the fantastic figures of the Italian Comedy of Masks his gradual evolution may be traced, Pierrot as Paris now knows him is a nationalised French subject; the freedom of the city of Paris is his; he is more Parisian than the Parisians themselves. But since his stay in France Pierrot has undergone further transformations. The Pierrot of to-day is not the Pierrot of yesterday, or of the day before yesterday. A whole chain of metamorphoses lies between the Pierrot of Debureau, the idol of the old Funambules, and the Pierrot of Mademoiselle Jane May. In the fragile, delicate, fanciful creature she plays so exquisitely, a creature whose very crimes seem but the whimsies of some spoiled, enchanting child, there is little of the old broadly comic, audacious, grotesque Pierrot of the Funambules.

Over in America the unconquerable energy of Mr. Augustin Daly has put "L'Enfant Prodigue" upon the New York stage with Miss Ada Rehan in the part of Pierrot. It is to be hoped that when Mr. Daly comes to London this year he will give us the opportunity of seeing this great actress in a part so new to her genius. It will be difficult to see Miss Rehan in pantomime without feeling regret for the enforced silence of that enchanting voice, the sound of which always recalls those lovely lines of Beaumont and Fletcher -

I did hear you speak

far above arguing

But it has always been my belief that there is no triumph in the field of dramatic art which Miss Rehan has not attained; and I have no doubt that her performance as her

hurled at Ibsen in consequence of the "Ghosts" representation. On the other hand, certain champions of the Norwegian dramatist have run fair and square a-tilt at the hostile critics, and have shown themselves to be in no sense behindhand in their use of the vocabulary of attack. For my own part, I am somewhat amazed and somewhat amused at all this heat, this passion, this sound and fury. Cannot a man admire Ibsen and find "Ghosts" interesting without being set down as unclean? Cannot a man dislike Ibsen and find "Ghosts" repellent without being denounced as a nincompoop? I think "Ghosts" a very powerful play; I was very glad indeed to see it acted—once; but I can understand perfectly well that others may not think as I do. What I cannot understand, is the way in which some writers rave against Ibsen as if he had committed some grave sin against the State; writers who in the same breath declare him to be utterly worthless, unimportant, and obscure, and yet at the same time a menace to morality, and a disgrace to art. Why should Ibsen be discussed in this vaporous, rumbustious fashion, unworthy of articulate men? Where we differ let us differ decently, like courtly swordsmen. Men can write temperately against Ibsen, for Mr. Andrew Lang has done so; men can write temperately in favour of Ibsen—at least, I trust so. Mr. Lang called nobody any names. He does not like Ibsen, and he said so in a very entertaining letter to the *New York Sun*, if I remember rightly. Mr. Archer does like Ibsen, but he does not call his opponents hard names. On this point I am of Mr. Archer's opinion, and yet I hold him to be a grave offender against light, for he cannot read Alexandre Dumas the Elder, and from the bottom of my heart I think the man is more to be pitied who cannot admire Dumas than the man who cannot admire Ibsen. I yield to no one in my admiration for the Norwegian dramatist, and I do not in the least feel angry because Mr. Archer does not like Dumas. Every man to his taste, though personally, if I had to choose, I would rather like D'Artagnan and Chicot than Nils Lykke or Sigurd hin Staerke. I only mention this matter to feather my arrow of entreaty for a larger tolerance. Let us admit that a man may like Ibsen or not like Ibsen, like Dumas or not like Dumas, and yet remain a man and a brother.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

THE CANAL.

THE smooth canal, where level meads extend,
 Lies with the sunlight glittering on its breast ;
 So softly on their way its waters wend
 They hardly stir the rushes from their rest.
 The towing-path, a narrow strip of grey,
 Follows one curving bank ; its further bound
 A hedge of tangled rose and hawthorn-spray ;
 Beyond, a sweep of undulating ground.
 And past the pastures, where the placid herds
 In undisturbed contentment graze or lie,
 A wood—a very paradise for birds—
 Unfolds its fluttering pennons to the sky.
 No cumbrous locks with clamorous sluices near,—
 Though far away, amid surrounding green,
 Dark gates and beams loom when the days are clear—
 Break on the charm of that enthralling scene.
 A foot-bridge high above the current flung,
 Of wood-work still unstripped of bark, and slight,
 Looks like a forest-branch but newly swung
 For sylphs to watch the waters from its height.
 The loiterer there, with musing eye, receives
 A picture sweet as cloud-land ever spread,
 Or wondering boyhood, half in doubt, believes
 From pastoral legends of an age long dead.
 And should, perchance, a laden barge draw near,
 The silent boatman stationed at the helm,
 The slow horse, and the gliding hull, appear
 Part of some pageant in that fairy realm.
 The sun himself there sheds a chastened ray,
 The sedges whisper of enduring peace,
 The roving zephyr hums a drowsier lay,
 The woodland carols hover round, and cease.
 Then silence, or the lull of blending songs
 From winds and waters, rustling leaves and reeds ;
 From sylvan minstrels, and the gentler throngs
 That chant the measures of our dreams ; succeeds.
 Till care of earthly things, the lapse of time,
 The very pulse of being, in suspense ;
 The soul alone is conscious, with sublime
 Serenity enfolding every sense.

TABLE TALK.

FRENCHWOMEN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE part taken by Frenchwomen in politics, in letters, and in society is far more active than that of Englishwomen. In letters we pay France no special deference. George Eliot runs a good second to Georges Sand, and Mrs. Browning leads all poetesses since Sappho. In women of action, however, we are wholly inferior. We can boast, it is true,

That sweet saint who sat by Russell's side ;

but to the three leading personages in Mr. Austin Dobson's characteristically delightful "Four Frenchwomen" we have no parallel. Political struggle has been more peaceful in England. A nation that has no Marat needs not to breed a Charlotte Corday, and in the absence of a Reign of Terror men do not martyrise a Mdme. Roland and a Princesse de Lamballe. Of this triad of female worthies, who ennoble the drama—sordid in some respects, if sublime in others—of the French Revolution, Mr. Dobson gives an account that exercises a strongly emotional effect upon the reader. The fourth heroine is a woman of a different stamp. To Madame de Genlis a parallel is easily supplied. I venture to suggest the famous Duchess of Newcastle—Mad Meg of Newcastle, as, with shocking disregard of her birth, state, beauty, and talents, contemporary wags did not hesitate to call her. More than one literary Englishwoman—notably Mrs. Inchbald, once the sweetest and sunniest of women—is far more interesting than Madame de Genlis.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

IS there an exception to the rule that the great oratorical effects are the result of arduous study? Lord Dufferin, who is an authority, has recently said that great speeches, as a rule, are committed to paper, and to a great extent acquired by heart. That this was so in ancient times will not be disputed. Nobody can conceive the Catiline orations of Cicero—
and their exquisite combin
phrase

of careful and systematic labour. There are, of course, different kinds of speeches. An after-dinner speaker and a practised debater must be ready to catch every chance reference or occasional incident, and turn it to his purpose. The less sign of preparation shown in an after-dinner speech, the more effective it is. This even may conceivably be the result of pains. Of speaking it may be said, as was ingeniously said of writing by Sheridan,

You write at ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's sure hard reading.

Oratory, moreover, is like the duello—the party depends upon the attack, and the attack upon the opportunities offered. When, however, a speech is on an important theme, and when an intelligent audience assembles to hear and profit by it, an orator who did not carefully prepare it would pass an affront upon the public. Is, then, a speech to be committed to memory? Not necessarily. A man will nevertheless do well to acquire perfectly two or three sentences in different parts on to which he can turn when out of wind, oblivious or temporarily grieved for loss of matter. These halting stages are very useful as harbours of refuge, and have been employed by not a few of the best speakers of a previous generation.

REVIVAL OF PANTOMIME.

WHAT is represented as a new development, but is practically a revival in theatrical art, constitutes one of the most attractive exhibitions of the present season. I refer to the representation in pantomime of "L'Enfant Prodigue," which, after having obtained last year a remarkable triumph at the Bouffes Parisiennes, has now been transferred to the Prince of Wales's Theatre. In this, what is practically the Parable of the Prodigal Son is told in pantomime with the aid of no more speech than an occasional interjection. Pierrot, who is a variant of Pulcinello in the old French comedy *de la jive*, has been accepted in France as the type of good-natured simplicity and silliness. The height of popularity was reached by him in or about 1830, when, on the little stage of the Funambules, Debureau, the greatest pantomimist of the day, in his huge white smock with enormous buttons, his wide trousers, his white face, and his black cap, enchanted the Parisian public. Charles Nodier, Jules Janin, and Théophile Gautier were wild with admiration, the last named writing for him a recitation called "Pierrot posthume," in which the simpleton is persuaded that he is dead, and wails pitifully over his own loss.

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MADAME LA COMMANDANTE.

BY A. WERNER.

“AND so, after the first act, Deshayes and I went into the *foyer* —”

The Chief of Mozimba Station was languidly rolling a cigarette between his long, white fingers, while the staff—with the exception of the obsequiously attentive second in command—lent an equally languid ear, while sipping their after dinner coffee, to his reminiscences of the *beau temps jadis* of Brussels. Rawlings, the Englishman, who was near the foot of the table, and out of Lieutenant Sainte-Aldegonde's immediate line of vision, openly stifled a yawn, and gazed up at the rafters with the expression of a martyr. But the narrative was doomed never to reach its end.

“Isn't that a steamer whistling?” interrupted a sun-tanned officer, whose brusqueness of manner was as offensive to the polished Chief as the very Teutonic accent of his French. At the same time, a confused noise of yelling and shouting assailed the ears of the company, and they turned with one accord to the window—all but the Second, who still hung on Sainte-Aldegonde's lips with a show of grieved interest. The natives within the precincts of Mozimba Station, and those in the adjoining village, had already descried the steamer, and were greeting it with a prolonged howl of “Sail oh!”

Sainte-Aldegonde sat up in his chair, and began to make inquiries. The latter reappeared before the Dutchman, who was welcomed by a “*daalders?*” as soon as he showed his

and ruddy as a harvest moon, in spite of the climate—inside the door.

His report was quickly made. He had been sent on the steam-launch *Ibis* to announce the arrival of the *Reine Hortense*, with the commandant of Charlotteville, who, accompanied by his wife, was making an official tour on the upper river. The *Ibis* had been detained by an accident to her machinery, which forced her to steam slowly—otherwise she would have arrived that morning. The larger vessel was not far behind, and would probably reach Mozimba in an hour or two.

Then a great silence fell upon the mess-room—a silence none the less eloquent because of the very diverse feelings which produced it.

To say that Sainte-Aldegonde's countenance fell is to put it mildly. The Second's jaw dropped, and he looked blank. Eschenbach grinned a silent but expressive grin, and furtively rubbed his hands together. And Rawlings appeared to be struggling with a kind of agonised mirth, and drew his foot up quickly—for Hemingway, the Yankee agent from Slick & Wilbur's trading-station, had kicked him under the table, and then winked with one eye, while the rest of his features preserved a lugubrious immobility. Captain Duyzendaalders observed and wondered, but said nothing; and, in a few minutes, the spasm, whatever it was, which seemed to have seized upon the whole *personnel* of the station, passed away, and the Chief began giving orders right and left with a fiery vigour which was truly admirable. Then bustle and confusion reigned all around, in the midst of which Sainte-Aldegonde vanished, and was seen no more for some time. When he reappeared he was arrayed in a marvel of frilled shirt-front, got up regardless of climate, and seemed to have had his locks freshly crimped.

By the time everything was ready, and the garrison drawn up on the landing-stage, in clean white uniforms and shining rifle-barrels, the *Reine Hortense* came in sight, steaming slowly up the reach, with a prolonged howl from her whistles, which was not without its effect on Sainte-Aldegonde's sensitive nerves.

Bang! went the two howitzers—crack! crack! spit! the Haoussas' rifles; and when the smoke cleared off they saw a group of people standing on her upper deck. The captain was there, and a big, fair, square-shouldered man in uniform, and beside him a little lady in white, with a tall coloured woman in a crimson turban, standing behind her.

The big fair man was General Van Heemskerk, Commandant of Charlotteville and Governor of the Colony, and the lady was his wife—the first white woman ever seen in Mozimba.

Not a pretty woman, but—sometimes almost plain, and sometimes beautiful. Sainte-Aldegonde looked at her critically, as he handed her across the gangway plank with much officious politeness, and suspended his judgment for the present. She stepped ashore—a slight, graceful figure, whose upright carriage made her seem taller than she really was, and looked round with a half-pleased, half-shy light in bird-like, brown eyes, and the softest of pink colour in her cheeks, and the flash of white teeth in a strangely winning smile—and bowed in pretty recognition of the honest, admiring homage of black and white alike.

She was French—of that rare, best French type which is unique of its kind, and no more to be described than other unique things. She had charm rather than beauty—the charm that belongs to delicate and perfect finish; and everything about her was *finished*, from the cut of lip and nostril to the fit of her dainty shoe. She was dressed simply enough, and with due regard to the climate, but *Paris* seemed to be stamped on every soft, white fold of her gown, and every bow of crimson ribbon which relieved it with a touch of colour. Something deeper, too, underlay the charm of her face and manner—something that puzzled a superficial observer. She had taste, and tact, and wit; she had intellect too, an intellect many men envied—and, more than that, a great fiery heart, whose depths of love and compassion had never yet been sounded. She was the sort of Frenchwoman to make you understand Joan of Arc and Madame Roland; she might well have been descended from that Dominic de Gourgues, who went mad when he heard of the cruelties of the Spaniards, and forthwith set sail for the Spanish main to avenge the helpless Indians. Perhaps she was—for there was old Huguenot blood in her veins.

Her father had been governor of an African colony, where her childhood was passed; then, after a few years at school, and under the care of her mother's relatives, she had reigned, for a brief, bright season, as queen of a Paris *salon*, with poets, politicians, and men of science at her feet, and finally had astonished her family and everyone else by marrying "*un Hollandais absolument impossible.*"

But those dark eyes could see very clearly. They had never been habituated to spectacles of any kind; and they looked right into the soul of Mauritius Van Heemskerk, and knew that he was good. He might not be brilliant, according to the standard of literary and fashionable society, and his view of ethical questions was, perhaps, sadly *bourgeois* and *borné*; but he was just, and strong, and wise, with the tough, canny, patient wisdom of the North and the sea;

and she trusted him with her whole soul, and turned her back on Paris and "society," sailed for Africa with him, and was happy.

So she stepped ashore at Mozimba, amid much cheering and waving of hats and helmets, and Sainte-Aldegonde's most elaborate bow. And the latter wondered, in his despicable little soul, why the smile seemed to fade from her face as her eyes met his, and did not see that Rawlings, standing near, looked at him for a moment as though he longed to kick him.

He was a handsome fellow. Sainte-Aldegonde, after the conventional lady-killer pattern, with large eyes, long eyelashes, straight nose, and a beautiful black moustache, drooping over a mouth which, perhaps, gained by concealment.

He offered his arm to Madame Van Heemskerk—after the usual introduction and general speechification had been gone through—and conducted her up to the house, the rest of the party following.

"What a dude the fellow is!" remarked Hemingway aside to Rawlings: the two were standing somewhat apart.

"He's a *beast*!" said Rawlings, shortly and sharply.

Hemingway looked at him inquiringly.

"If you can stand seeing him touch the hand of a woman like that, it's more than I can!"

"Oh!" said Hemingway, and began to whistle.

The main building of the new station had lately been finished, and was the pride of Sainte-Aldegonde's heart. Indeed, it presented quite a new and civilised appearance, with its walls of red and white brick arched windows, and verandah in front, roofed with corrugated iron.

Under the verandah, leaning against one of the pillars, sat, or rather lolled, a native girl of twelve or thirteen—slight, prettily-formed, and not ill-featured, and arrayed in an abbreviated cotton skirt, a bright silk handkerchief tied round her waist, and an astonishing quantity of bead necklaces and cheap Birmingham jewellery. She was staring open-mouthed at the arrivals. Sainte-Aldegonde had been too much occupied with his guests to notice her till he was close upon her; then his face changed suddenly, and he said something in her own language which had the effect of making her cringe and cower, and slink away humbly, like a beaten dog. Madame Van Heemskerk did not understand the words; but she felt instinctively that, but for her presence, he would have kicked the girl, and involuntarily dropped his arm. He knew it, though he affected not to see; and there was an evil flash in his eyes for a moment—the next, he was urbane and smiling as ever.

The girl passed Hemingway and Rawlings, sobbing softly; she

would, in the natural course of things, have screamed and howled aloud, but fear was too strong for even savage nature—at least till she got out of sight and hearing. The American looked at his companion, and slightly raised his eyebrows. Rawlings nodded gloomily.

“Reckoned so!” said Hemingway.

“Oh, *that* isn't all!” said Rawlings, in a low voice, as the two sauntered slowly up and down the landing-stage. “I said he was a beast, and so he is; but I think he's a devil as well—and that's worse, if anything. I've known men do nasty things sometimes, but he's the only one I ever saw that enjoyed giving pain for its own sake—you know what I mean? But aren't you going up to the house? Coffee and yarns in the verandah. You've been presented in due form, you know—I haven't.”

“Then it *was* done on purpose? What in thunder for?”

“Don't know,” said Rawlings with a laugh. “Perhaps he's got a down on me about that owl—or something else!”

“What owl?”

“I'll tell you. Have another weed to drive away the mosquitoes? It's not so bad as some things, but, somehow, it *feels* worse. . . . It's one of those things you can't get over—that make me think, sometimes, he must be a devil and not a man. . . . About a month ago, there was a canoe-full of Bayansi traders came down from the Langa-Langa country, and stopped here. Some of them were up at the house, with curios and things to sell, and one had two or three of those little owls—I dare say you've seen them—you only get them near Upoto——”

“I know—jolly little fellows—only about as big as your fist.”

“Well, Verhaeghe—the Second, you know——”

“The one who did all the listening to the Chief's yarns at dinner?”

“Yes. He bought one of them, and had it in a cage in his room. Next day, after lunch—a regular blazing day it was, too—he and the Chief were both lying in hammocks in the verandah, smoking. I hadn't time to be in a hammock, bless you!—heat or no heat. I had to make out lists of stores, and all sorts of things that, for some reason or other, Sainte-Aldegonde wanted by that night. Well—I was passing through the verandah, when I heard the Chief ask Verhaeghe to send his boy for the bird, and they'd have some fun. I wondered what fun he could get out of it—especially as the poor little thing seemed stupid and mopy when it came—as was quite natural in broad daylight. They made the boy let it out on the floor, and laughed like a couple of idiots to see it scrambling about and trying

... I heard the ... you know— ... see him blink!" ... The boy, Maria, is a pretty ... and he hesitated ... I was so disgusted, I asked ... just as he was. He ... to do it ... he picked up ... it was two ... and struggled about for ... The Chief and ... Eyembo—the ... the Chief's ... she was ... and there's been ...

... I don't know whether they've done it yet!"

The stars were out now, and the cool night air softly stirred the tops of the fan-palms on the river front. Rawlings and Hemingway walked up and down under them for some time longer, smoking and talking about everything in heaven and earth. They had not

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The stars were out now, and the cool night air softly stirred the tops of the fan-palms on the river front. Rawlings and Hemingway walked up and down under them for some time longer, smoking and talking about everything in heaven and earth. They had not

known each other long, and met but seldom ; but they were the only Anglo-Saxons within an area of five hundred miles, and set a proportionate value on each other's society.

From the verandah came the sound of voices and laughter. Sainte-Aldegonde was in great force, and had produced the last case of champagne sent out from Europe. His soul misgave him somewhat he looked forward, not exactly with pleasure, to the morrow's official inspection. Therefore he exerted himself to please, but not without a painful sense of uncertainty as to the result. He was uncomfortable under the slow scrutiny of the Dutchman's grey eyes. He had said to himself that there should be no difficulty in dealing with a stolid Netherlands ox like that. But a slow, stolid man, with that kind of massive forehead and square jaw, is apt to be an awkward customer ; and if Sainte-Aldegonde had been in the habit of reading history, he might have known that William the Silent was just such another Netherlands ox as Mauritius van Heemskerck.

Healths were drunk, and speeches made, and Verhaeghe laughed immoderately at his commanding officer's witticisms and the Governor said little, and thought much, and his eyebrows drew closer together as the evening wore on.

Madame had retired some time ago to the best room in the station, hastily prepared for her reception, where Justine awaited her. Justine had been Mam'selle Denise's playmate in childhood, as she was now Madame's maid, and at all times her faithful friend and confidante—a *café-au-lait* Sénégalaise, with big eyes and aquiline features, tall and majestic in her sweeping cotton draperies.

"Put out the light, Justine," said madame. "The night is so beautiful, I want to sit here a little while and look out at the river. And you can see enough to brush my hair."

Before her lay the silver reaches of the Great River, broken by one or two low black islands, with the graceful crowns of fan-palms rising high above the shapeless masses of scrub. The full moon was high in the sky, dimming the lustre of the stars, and making a chequer-work of inky-black shadows under the palms where Hemingway and Rawlings were walking up and down, their cigars glowing like fireflies in the darkness. From the village came the boom and roll of drums, and the wild chant—unmelodious indeed, but with a certain rude, stirring rhythm—of the Bakoro dance, mingled with the shouts of the *massanga* drinkers—"late at even ower the wine." And while she looked a great blot of blackness would appear on the silver surface of the river, and move slowly along, sending great ripples in all directions—and she asked, "What is that, Justine?"

"Popotame, madame."

'Ah, so it is !' The black spot disappeared, with a splash and a surging of waters that reached them above the other noises of the night. "But—there—*that* is not a hippo, Justine !"

Justine went nearer to the window, and swept the glittering surface with her keen eyes. "No, madame—it is a boat—a white man's boat."

It came nearer—it vanished under the shadow of an island—it glided out again into the light. Clearly a white man's boat—though it was impossible as yet to see who was navigating it. The sentry on the look-out post had already seen it, and the crack of his rifle rang out on the night—the Place was filled with black figures hurrying to and fro, and soon half the station was gathered at the landing-stage.

The two women, leaning out as far as they could from the window, noticed that the drums had suddenly ceased, and that, in the verandah below them, there was deep stillness as of expectation. Then a confused din from the river seemed to tell that the boat had arrived, and presently a group approached the house—a black soldier of the garrison, two or three naked Bayansi, and Rawlings and Hemingway.

"What does it mean, Justine ?" And, naturally, Justine did not "savvy."

They waited in silence and suspense. Denise Van Heemskerk did not know why those minutes should seem like hours, and she should feel a sickness as if her heart had ceased to beat. All that she had seen and heard were ordinary occurrences enough. Afterwards she thought the shadow of what was coming must have fallen on her that night.

There were heavy steps outside, and a knock at the door.

"Denise, *ma mie* ! May I come in ?"

In another moment she was at his side.

"*Chérie*—there is trouble up the river. There is war between two villages, and they have burnt down the American factory at Yarukombe, and, it is believed, killed the trader living there. Some natives who have escaped have come to bring the news. They say also—and, if true, this is very serious—that the Langa-Langa tribes are joining together for a great raid, and collecting all their war-canoes for an attack on the Bakoro—the people round here."

"What will you do, Maurice ?"

"I have given orders for the steam-launch of the station to be got ready at once. I will leave with Duyzendaalders and all the men we can take. The *Reine Hortense* must follow to-morrow. We

may be able to save poor Wilcox—for it is by no means certain that he is dead. What do you think, Denise?"

"I think you are doing right. Do you know how the war arose?"

"No. I fear—I greatly fear there was provocation on the American's side, or they would not have attacked him. Anyhow, the matter must be looked into, and I will do it myself." He caught a pleading look in her eyes, as she lifted them to his. "You can trust me, Denise, can't you? to see fair play—at least, to do my best. A man can do no more!"

The only answer was to clasp her arms round his neck and bury her face on his shoulder. "Can't I come with you?" she whispered fervently.

"Not very well. We want every inch of space for fighting men and ammunition. Yes, I know what I promised, but there is no particular danger this time. I must say I had rather not leave you here, but I cannot send you down to Charlotteville; the *Ibis*——"

"Oh! no, no! If I cannot come with you, I will wait for you here. . . . But I cannot tell why I cannot bear letting you go alone, Maurice. Give me a boy's clothes and a rifle, and let me come!"

"Denise, if we were in desperate danger I should not refuse you. But surely you are over-tired and fanciful, little wife! Why, I shall be back again in a few days. Don't be foolish!"

"I am foolish," she said, smiling up at him. "It is a shame to worry you, and time presses. I will wait for you here."

"There's one thing!" The big, blunt soldier caught her close, and held her tightly in his arms, while he bent down and whispered, "Denise, I know you, and we know and trust each other. It would be insulting you to suppose you couldn't take care of yourself; but—but—I don't like that Sainte-Aldegonde!"

"I detest him," she whispered.

"There—there—take care, but don't worry yourself. Now, there is no time to be lost."

The station was all alive by this time with the bustle of preparations. The little *Princesse Marie* lay puffing off the landing-stage, the red gleam from her open furnace-doors reflected in the moonlit river. Rawlings was superintending the loading, when Hemingway, followed by his boy carrying a rifle, sauntered down from the station.

"Wa-al," he remarked, "I'm going up to see the fun—ain't you?"

"No, worse luck. Do you think Wilcox is dead?"

"I don't see it. I don't see it. But I've got to go and see what there is left of the station anyway. I want to know what happened to the station and to get it burned down."

"Hemingway"—Rawlings turned on him quickly, and spoke in a surprised voice. Hemingway ordered his boy on board the steamer and returned to the shore.

"I don't know," said Rawlings, "and, confound it all, I don't know."

"What?—The station? What about?"

"Hemingway—you know as well as I do, how that Bukumbi fellow came here. You know as well as I do that, whatever has happened to the station, your station was not to blame in the first instance."

"I don't know that I do. There was something about two Bukumbi girls that were there?—and your precious Chief's in it—that I know."

"That's it. He bought them from the Yankombe people. At least he picked a quarrel with them, and kept some of them as hostages till they kidnapped these girls from Bukumbi for him—and they're here now. One of them's Eyembo, that you saw yesterday; the other one they say—God help the poor thing!—is like a little wild cat and won't let him come near her. But you see now why they burnt down Yankombe, and your factory with it."

"Never you worry, Rawlings—I'll tell him—and everything else I know. About his shelling Yankonde, and digging up Lusalla's maize patches. He's a man with a head on his shoulders, and—and—I hope there are better times coming for good fellows like you."

"I never thought it could be a comfort to believe in hell—but I find it so when I think of that fellow," said Rawlings.

"She'll find him out," said Hemingway, reflectively—"or I'm very much mistaken in those eyes of hers. And she'll tell the Governor—bet your life—and then I wouldn't give much for Sainte-Aldegondé's chances of promotion. What was that?"

"Where?"

"Over here, behind this heap of cases." They went and looked, but could find nothing.

"May be it was one of those Bakoro rascals, come to see what he could sneak. They're like snakes, the way they come and can't catch him—never mind. Here, get on, you fellows."

The loading went on afresh with renewed vigour, for "John Brown's body," and before another hour was

Marie was steaming away into the forest-shadows, carrying with her the Proconsul of Ethiopia and his fortunes.

The *Reine Hortense* did not, as originally arranged, start next day. Something was found to have happened to her machinery which necessitated extensive repairs; and these repairs, strangely enough, were not entrusted to Rawlings, who understood machinery pretty well, though not an engineer by profession, but to certain black British subjects from Cape Coast, who knew very little about it, superintended by Verhaeghe, who knew nothing. Rawlings's services, it appeared, were urgently required by the *Ibis*. He had his own thoughts about the matter, but could not quite understand it.

The third day there arrived a native canoe bearing despatches for Sainte-Aldegonde from the Governor. He said that all was well so far—he had met with no unfriendly natives, and did not foresee any very grave difficulties. They were not to hurry about despatching the *Reine Hortense*, but to be very careful about her loading, and, especially, to supply a stock of trade goods of the very best quality.

Denise was somewhat reassured by these tidings. Indeed, the strange foreboding anxiety she had felt had not lasted. She was not much given to worrying herself about her husband in his absence—whether owing to her splendid confidence in him, or her firm faith in Providence, it would be hard to say. Apart from this, the time passed not unpleasantly. She liked and trusted both Eschenbach and Rawlings, won golden opinions from the Zanzibaris and Haoussas, and attempted to cultivate the acquaintance of Mozimba and his subjects—which had the effect, first, of frightening them out of their senses and then of obliging her to hold *levées* so numerous attended that they were slightly trying. Of Sainte-Aldegonde she saw but little during the first two or three days; and on those occasions he contrived to be less intolerable than usual.

Bukumbi is supposed to be, under favourable circumstances, about a week's steam from Mozimba. The Governor could not expect to be back much under a fortnight; but news of him reached the station pretty frequently through passing canoes—mostly in the shape of hasty letters to his wife—letters which John Churchill of Marlborough might have written. Why borrow trouble? There was no need to be afraid—and before her lay a whole new world of interest and a few of the *désagrémens* inevitable in life.

Her own instincts, as well as her husband's warning, made her very distantly possible, when she could not avoid meeting him, that she had much to fear the insane assurance to

raise his eyes to the Governor's wife, unless he received some distinct encouragement, and that he could have no excuse for imagining. But how could she know?—the mind of such a man is thin. His ideas of womanhood were gathered from the experiences of a degrading past, supplemented by the worst French theories and the worst French novels. He knew that Madame Van Heemskerk was a Parisienne, and had moved in fashionable society. He affected to think, moreover—it is difficult to imagine that even he could really have believed it, after once seeing her—that the reasons for her quitting the said society were of a kind not to be made public. He thought all Parisiennes were like her, more or less like the Comtesse de Restaud and her sisters. Yet, though Falan, in the whole, was too great a tax upon his intellect, he had read "Le Terciumaire." And the man's colossal vanity was such that he believed no one could resist him. Her coldness he attributed to pruderie—to affectation—to anything but the true cause.

She soon found out that she was being laid siege to, in the old approved fashion. She felt no fear—only utter disgust, and longed for Maurinus's return, taking refuge, meanwhile, in the society of honest, cheery Fischerbach, who instructed her in botany—which he had at his fingers' ends, as well as most other sciences—and escorted her to small evening parties in the bush. She missed Rawlings, who never appeared at the Comptoir de la Paix—and remembered that, one day when he and Fischerbach were seated with her under the veranda, Sainte-Aldegonde had come in and ordered the Englishman off rudely enough to go and inspect the manioc plantations. When she explained that Rawlings was there by her invitation, and that she had hoped his work was over for the day, the Chief simply bowed, and informed her, with his most ravishing smile, that discipline was inexorable. She put these two facts together, and then gained further information from Justine. Justine looked as demure as a well-bred pussy-cat—but she was a famous hand at collecting station gossip, in spite of the fact that she could speak little Swahili and no English. She told Madame of many things—among others, of the girl Eyemba and four or five like unto her, who had been expelled from the house at the Governor's arrival, but could not be effectually suppressed, and hung about forlornly in odd corners. Madame listened, and was sick at heart.

Van Heemskerk had been gone ten days. The *Reine Hortense* had left at last—after a week's delay. Sainte-Aldegonde was becoming more and more unmistakable. Rawlings knew it,

ground his teeth in secret. Eschenbach saw it, and looked at her with a mixture of reverent admiration and pitying anxiety, and once took occasion to say to her apart—in the accent which was so exasperating to the Chief's refined ear: "*Madame, si vous avez besoin de moi*—" And Justine overheard a conversation between the Chief and Verhaeghe, which she did not report to madame, but which made her belie her civilised Christian training by longing to kill those two with slow tortures.

Well and then Eschenbach had an idea. How he got his way, in the teeth of Sainte Aldegonde, no man knows to this day; but get it he did, and it consisted of the whale-boat, and of the necessary crew, and Rawlings, who by some rare favour was allowed a day's leave. And those two were to take madame and Justine out for a picnic on the river—and they were going to land on a certain island, where they should dine, and find lilies and orchids, and see rare sport in the way of fishing. They were to start at dawn and come back in the evening.

After the sick oppression of the last few days, Denise felt like a child in view of a promised holiday. She laughed at herself for being so eager and impatient, and was filled with a quite disproportionate dread lest something should happen to prevent the excursion. The preparations went briskly forward, and at last the final evening came.

At midnight she was awakened by a noise outside. Justine, looking from the window, saw blazing torches, and a number of men and women rushing to and fro, and then Sainte-Aldegonde's voice seemed to be heard from the verandah, but she could not make out what had happened. After a time all was still, and she lay down again and fell asleep.

What had happened was that the Bukumbi girl—not Eyembo, but the other—the "little wild cat"—had run away, and escaped to the bush.

They came back in the evening, with an indescribable red and gold sunset reflected in the river. It had been a perfect day—one of those days it is good to look back to, which look brighter to memory by contrast with the darkness which follows them; and each of those four honest hearts had enjoyed it to the full. Only at the last they hurried back somewhat sooner than they had intended, because the Zanzibaris thought there was a tornado brewing.

They arrived at Mozumba landing
Madame Van Heemskerk on shore,

up to the house, they thought the Place looked strangely deserted; but from some unseen quarter rose a tumult of voices, dominated now and then by piercing screams.

“Captain Eschenbach—what is that? It is a woman’s voice.”

Eschenbach turned red and confused. He did not know—but he guessed.

“Come here,” said Rawlings to a passing Zanzibari. “What is the matter?”

“Lenji-Lenji has been caught,” said the fellow, “and the great master is ‘chicotting’ her.”

Denise knew enough Swahili to catch the sense of the words.

“Who is Lenji-Lenji?” she asked.

Both men turned redder than before, and looked foolishly at each other. But Justine bent forward and whispered in her ear.

“Come!” she said, taking Justine by the arm, and leading the way round to the back of the house.

“But, madame,” stammered Eschenbach, “you must not—it is not fit——”

She looked at him gently, but her eyes were keen as a sword.

“Hush!” she said, “I must.”

And they followed her.

In the open space outside the powder magazine a crowd was gathered, so dense that it was impossible to see the object that had drawn them together. Whatever it was, it was sending forth those fearful, agonised shrieks, which Denise Van Heemskerk says she hears, and will hear, in dreams, to the day of her death.

She approached the edge of the crowd.

“Madame!” whispered Rawlings, “don’t—for the love of God, don’t. You *must* not see it.”

She turned, and took the young fellow’s hand.

“I am a woman,” she said softly, “and *that* is a woman. Do not try to stand in my way.”

She dropped his hand and went straight forward, with the fire of old Dominic de Gourgues flashing in her eyes. “Let me pass,” she said quietly—and they made way for her, till she saw what those true hearts had tried to save her from seeing.

She saw Louis-Valentin de Sainte-Aldegonde lazily stretched in his canvas chair, with Eyembo to fan him, and his boy on the other side to hand him brandy and soda-water. And she saw four Haoussa soldiers, kneeling on the ground and holding down, by the hands and feet, something that, twenty-four hours before, had been lithe, comely, bronze statue of a Bakumu girl. Now it was a bleed

and quivering mass of flesh; and two men stood beside it, wielding their long hippopotamus-hide lashes in practised hands, and cutting deep through skin and muscle at every blow.

"Lieutenant Sainte-Aldegonde, what is the meaning of this?"

He rose, and bowed, as he replied with lazy insolence:

"Madame does not understand the discipline of the station, I see."

"Will you have this stopped at once? My husband, I know, would never allow it."

"Madame must perceive that the presence of a lady is scarcely desirable here."

"I will not have such scenes enacted before me!"

"I repeat, madame has only to relieve us of her presence."

"I will not move from this spot until this brutality is stopped."

He leaned forward, till his lips almost touched her cheek, and spoke in a whisper:

"Madame knows very well on what terms she may command the station and all in it."

There was silence all round—silence that might be felt. Everyone was aghast with utter amazement. She had struck him in the face.

The shock was too great for any words. It was as if the earth had opened under his feet. Perhaps the best way was—seeing no one had said anything—to make believe to himself and others that it had never happened.

She never gave him a second look, but turned to the Haoussas.

"Let that girl go at once!"

"Go on!" shouted Sainte-Aldegonde, as his senses began to come back to him. "If you don't, you shall have five hundred apiece."

They had begun to obey, when she flung herself before them.

"No, you shall not!" She had thrown herself down over the girl and was lying half across her, her white dress rolled in blood. "Go on now, if you dare! You dare not touch me!"

They hesitated. Eschenbach and Rawlings had forced their way through the crowd, and were standing, one on either side. Rawlings had his hand on the derringer in his trousers' pocket. Denise Van Heemskerk rose to her knees.

"Come and help me, Justine!" she said—for Justine had followed, and was standing beside her; and between them they lifted the girl up—she was just able to stand and supported her between them. Rawlings came to her side, but she shook her head, and said in a low tone, "No—your part may come later. Come, Justine!"

They turned and led her towards the house. Sainte-Aldegonde stopped in their way, but she gave him one look that seemed to burn right through him, and, as it were, waved him aside with a scarcely perceptible motion of her head ; and, shameless as he was, he shrank back like a whipped cur and let her pass.

They went indoors, and laid Lenji-Lenji down on madame's own bed, where her hurts were ministered to by tender hands, and she heard words spoken which she knew were kind, though she could not understand them, and wondered if she were in a dream. Madame did not appear at dinner, but remained in her room for the rest of the evening. The Chief, torn asunder by dread and uncertainty, in view of the General's possible return—for, after all, things might have gone well, and the *Reine Hortense* have come up with him in time—took counsel with himself, and sent a humble message asking madame to grant him an interview and let him explain. She returned a curt refusal.

So passed three sickening days of waiting. No news of the General—but then he must be on the way, and would be at Mozimba before his couriers could reach it. She left her apartment as little as possible, quartered Lenji-Lenji in a little room opening off it—and only once met Sainte-Aldegonde. He came up to her on the causeway through the rice fields, where she had gone to walk with Justine, under Eschenbach's escort, and in a jaunty manner, overpowered at intervals by a sort of hang-dog sheepishness—began his "explanation."

"He regretted what had occurred—but madame was sensitive and new to the country—and she did not know what miserable wretches these women were——"

"Monsieur," she said, "any one of those poor creatures is as good a wife as you deserve—and *that* one is far too good for you."

And with that she turned and left him, grinding his teeth and clenching his fists in impotent rage.

That night the *Princesse Marie* came in. She arrived at midnight, when all was still in the station—they had steamed night and day to get back. They had missed the *Reine Hortense* altogether; and Van Heemskerk was not with them.

"Rawlings ! Rawlings !" said Hemingway as he stepped ashore, and grasped his friend's arm, "you must tell her. Don't, for God's sake, let *him* ! There's been awful foul play somewhere !"

Rawlings had half heard, but did not know clearly—or *would* not know—what had happened.

"What is it ? Where is the Governor ?"

"Dead!" said the Yankee. "Gone home! Got a spear clean through him, and fell overboard in mid-stream—and we couldn't save him—couldn't even pick up his body. Don't lose tune—he'll be there first, and he'll kill her! You were right, old man—he's a devil!"

No need to tell Rawlings to hasten. They forced their way through the clamouring group on the landing-stage, and ran up to the house. Half-way up the stairs to her room, they knew they were too late.

"Have you got your six-shooter, Hemingway?" whispered Rawlings. "Hit him if I miss!"

Her door was wide open. She was standing up in her white dressing gown, with her hair falling over her shoulders, her eyes blazing defiance. Justine knelt at her feet, holding one small cold hand in hers, fondling and kissing it, and calling on her in passionate words.

"Madame!—chère madame!—don't mind him! Mademoiselle Denise!—my own sweet life!—do not listen to him, the lying devil! Madame, it is not true!"

The man before her laughed out loud.

"We shall soon see! Do you understand *now*?"

But with that an Englishman's fist struck him between the eyes and down he went like a pole-axed ox.

"Get out of this, unless you want to be shot like a dog! Look out for his pistol, Hemingway!"

They seized his hands before he could fire, but it went off in the struggle, and the bullet lodged in Hemingway's shoulder. He held on, however, and the two dragged him to the door, yelling foul curses and blasphemies, but powerless in their hands.

"Shut up, or we'll pitch you down the stairs!" said the Yankee, so sternly that the man's craven soul sank in him, and he was silent. They got him out, and barred the door, drawing a heavy packing-case in front of it. Then they turned to her.

She was sitting on the bed, white as a sheet and vacant-eyed—staring straight before her.

"Good God!" whispered Hemingway. "Speak to her, Rawlings! Make her cry if you can, or she'll go mad!"

Rawlings went over to her, and bent down, speaking very gently.

"Madame, won't you tell us what that fellow has been saying to you?"

"Oh!"—she looked at him vaguely, as if trying to remember.

he was—"I know I am dreaming, and I shall wake ; but it is so stupid not to be able to wake when one likes. He was saying—yes—— Justine ! what was he saying ?"

"Oh, madame !—oh, Mam'selle Denise !" sobbed Justine, rocking to and fro.

"Madame," said poor, honest Rawlings, feeling as if he would choke—"can't you tell us ? Did he say anything about—about General Van Heemskerk ?"

"M. le Général Van Heemskerk, Commandant de Charlotteville, Gouverneur-Général de——" she ran on in a low, monotonous tone.

"Ah, madame, listen ! These gentlemen have come to tell you the truth ! See now, messieurs—that lying scoundrel—may God curse him !—has been telling madame that Monsieur le Général is dead—killed by those accursed pagans up the river. Say now it is not true."

"Ah, yes !" Her whole body worked convulsively, and she burst into wild laughter, and then into tears. "He said they killed him—tortured him to death. *N'est-ce pas que c'est ridicule, Fustine ?*"

Hemingway came nearer, and spoke very low. He saw a gleam of hope now.

"That is not true, madame. God has taken him, but he died in battle like a brave man—suddenly, without any suffering. I saw him die, madame, and I know."

Rawlings turned away and hid his face. Hemingway told her all, very slowly and quietly ; and she sat with head bowed down, and loose black hair streaming over her knees, while Justine knelt beside her, and stroked her hands caressingly.

And at the end she lifted her head, and looked him right through with her clear eyes, and said :

"Tell me, Mr. Hemingway, *was there treachery ?*"

And, with those eyes upon him, he could not tell her less than the truth : how the machinery had broken down at a critical moment, just when the little vessel was aground on a sand-bank, and the Langa-Langa canoes were swarming up on every side ; and how the *Reine Hortense* had never come up with them at all. And then he shuddered to see how white and terrible her face had grown.

"I know it now," she said—"oh, I know ! Mr. Rawlings, you have seen, I think—I do not want to have to *say* it—how he has behaved to me. He knew—*hoped*—that Maurice would never come back. Oh, my God ! whom can one trust, when men can be like that ?"

"Madame, you can trust us!" said both those true men in one breath; and she smiled, and held out a hand to each, and said, "I know it. May God bless you both!" Will Rawlings kissed the hand he held—it was the left, with her wedding-ring upon it—and sobbed aloud. Do what he would he could not help it.

"You may think it strange," she said, in an odd, dreamy tone, "that I do not weep. I cannot think he is gone—yet. That will come afterwards, I suppose."

"You must get away from here, madame," said Hemingway. In his heart he thought: "This is an awkward business to be reported home—and nothing would be easier than to give out that she had died of a fever. . . . A bullet apiece for Rawlings and Eschenbach, and who's going to listen to me?"

"That is true. Will one of you send Captain Duyzendaalders here. But stay, it may not be safe."

"Perfectly safe, madame. He *dare* not face me. He knows I can shoot."

"Let me come with you," whispered Rawlings, following him to the door. "Old man, you're hurt."

"No! Don't you think of leaving her for a moment! I'm not hurt worth a cent. . . . It's all right, he'll never touch me."

She wanted Duyzendaalders to take her up the river, that she might find his body and bury it; and it went to their hearts to tell her it was hopelessly impossible—but she was convinced at last. She wanted, too, to restore poor Lenji-Lenji to her own people at Bukumbi, and had to be persuaded that this also could not be done. In the end, she left for Charlotteville in the *Princesse Marie*, in the grey of the following morning, taking Lenji-Lenji with her. Hemingway went too, and tried hard to make Rawlings do likewise.

"No, thank you," replied that worthy. "My three years are nearly up, and I don't care to lose my screw just at last for breach of contract. *She* wants me to—yes—but there's no danger. Eschenbach will stand by me—the blackguards are afraid of him, somehow or other. I do believe my Zanzibaris would mutiny—bless them!—if anything happened to me. Good-bye, old chap, and mind you stand by her!"

"All Europe shall hear it!" were her last words to Verhaeghe, who came, with fawning obsequiousness, and careful renunciation of any part or lot in the Chief's actions, to see her on board. And Europe would have heard, had it depended on her. But "untoward events" always get hushed up somehow—and home officialism has never chosen to know how Mauritius Van Heemskerk died.

STELLAR EVOLUTION.

AN interesting work on this subject was published by the late Dr. Croll, the eminent geologist, a short time before his decease. Adopting Laplace's nebular theory of the origin of the solar system, which has been either developed, criticised, or rejected by other astronomers, Dr. Croll goes a step further back in time and proceeds to consider the probable origin of the nebulous mass from which the planetary system was originally evolved. This nebulous mass he supposes to have been formed by the collision of two dark bodies moving directly towards each other in space with a high velocity. A large proportion of the energy of motion thus arrested would, of course, be instantly converted into heat, which would be sufficient to transform into the gaseous state—at least on their surface—the broken fragments of the colliding bodies. We have a familiar example of motion thus converted into heat in the case of a bullet striking an iron target, the heat caused by the concussion being sufficient to raise the temperature of the bullet to a considerable degree. In this case, however, the target being of so much greater mass than the bullet, absorbs most of the developed heat, and being at rest, the amount of heat generated in the bullet is not so great as if it met another bullet moving in the opposite direction.

The first thing which strikes us in considering Dr. Croll's theory is the enormous velocity assumed—476 miles per second! The greatest velocity we know of among the stars having large "proper motions" is that of Arcturus, which, according to a somewhat doubtful parallax, is speeding through space with the amazing velocity of 368 miles a second, and μ Cassiopeiæ, for which a minute parallax indicates a motion of 315 miles per second! The small star known as 1830 Groombridge, aptly termed by Professor Newcomb "a runaway star," is—if the small parallax found for it (about one-tenth of a second of arc) can be relied upon—moving with a velocity of over 200 miles per second. These are velocities at right angles to the line of sight. The stars may have also a motion *in* the line of sight, which would of course increase the above velocities. Since

however, the apparent proper motion of 1830 Groombridge is the maximum known to astronomers, we must look on Dr. Croll's assumed velocity as somewhat excessive. The bodies coming into collision are assumed by Dr. Croll to be *dark* bodies, but of the existence of these dark bodies we have of course no *positive* evidence. He objects to the nebular hypothesis that it "begins in the middle of a process," but the assumption of two dark bodies coming into collision leaves unexplained the origin of these bodies, and not alone the origin of their existence, but the origin of their motions still remains a mystery. Dr. Croll, however, says, "The changes that now occur arose out of preceding changes, and these preceding changes out of changes still prior, and so on indefinitely back into the unknown past. This chain of causation—this succession of change, of consequent and antecedent—could not in this manner have extended back to infinity, or else the present stage of the universe's evolution ought to have been reached infinite ages ago. The evolution of things must therefore have had a beginning in time," evidently admitting the possibility of a creation *a nihilo*.

Assuming, however, the velocity adopted by Dr. Croll, he finds that for two bodies "each one half of the mass of the sun, moving directly towards each other," the result of the collision would be the development of an amount of heat which would satisfactorily account for the "present rate of the sun's radiation" for a period of fifty millions of years. He computes that the gas developed would have a temperature of about 300 million degrees of the Centigrade thermometer, or more than 140,000 times that of the voltaic arc!" The first result of this collision would be the shattering of both bodies into a number of fragments, which, by their subsequent collisions *inter se*, would be reduced to smaller fragments, and these again, by the same process, into smaller fragments still, which, being acted on by the enormous heat of the generated gas, would gradually become gaseous also, so that "in the course of time the whole would assume the gaseous condition, and we should then have a perfect nebula—intensely hot, but not very luminous," occupying a space equal in volume to that of our solar system. "As the temperature diminished, the nebulous mass would begin to condense, and ultimately, according to the well-known nebular hypothesis, pass through all the different phases of rings, planets, and satellites into our solar system as it now exists." To this hypothesis Dr. Croll gives the name of the "Impact Theory," to distinguish it from the nebular theory on the one hand, and from the meteoritic and all other gravitation theories on the other.

With reference to the fragments produced by the supposed collision, Dr. Croll considers that it would be "highly improbable, if not impossible, that the whole of the fragments projected outwards with such velocity should be converted into the gaseous condition." Many of the smaller fragments would pass away into outer space, thus forming meteorites, which on this theory must be looked upon as "the offspring of sidereal masses, and not their parents, as Mr. Lockyer concludes." Comets also he considers to have had a similar origin. He admits, however, that some meteorites may have come from other systems.

A necessary assumption of Dr. Croll's theory is that the stars are moving in all directions with various velocities "in perfectly straight lines, and not in definite orbits of any kind." He says, "So far as observation has yet determined, all these conditions seem to be fulfilled." But are we justified in assuming that the stars are moving in straight lines? It is true certainly that the observed proper motion of stars is *apparently* in a straight line, except in a few cases, like Sirius and Procyon, in which irregularities exist, the cause of which has only been partially explained. But should we therefore assume that the motion is really rectilinear? The small arc described in the comparatively limited number of years during which observations of this kind have been made leaves it, I think, an open question whether the motion is really in a straight line, or whether the short line of motion hitherto observed is really the small arc of a gigantic orbit described round some, as yet unknown, centre.

To the stars mentioned by Dr. Croll as having large proper motions, may be added Lacaille 9352, a Southern star, which, with a proper motion of nearly 7 seconds of arc per annum, stands next in order of rapid motion to 1830 Groombridge, Gould 32416, which has an annual motion of 6.1 seconds, and the triple star 40 Eridani, of which the proper motion is 4.07 seconds. As Professor Asaph Hall says, "Although the parallax of the star introduces considerable uncertainty" into the computed velocities, "yet we already know enough to be sure that these velocities are very great. Some of them are comparable to that of a comet in close proximity to our sun. But in most cases there is no visible object near the one in motion to which we can ascribe an attractive force, acting according to the Newtonian law, which would produce the velocity observed, unless we assume enormous velocities."

Dr. Croll lays stress on "the enormous *space* occupied by nebulae." Some of these wonderful objects are certainly of vast proportions. The large "planetary" nebula in Ursa Major, known

as "The Owl Nebula," has an apparent diameter which, if placed at the distance of the nearest fixed star, would imply a real diameter of about 200 times the sun's distance from the earth. As the distance of this nebula is, however, probably much greater than that of α Centauri, its dimensions may be even still larger. Dr. Huggins finds the spectrum gaseous. It is possibly a solar system in its nebulous stage.

Dr. Croll derives some evidence in favour of his hypothesis from the relative densities of the planets composing the solar system, the interior planets being the heaviest, and the exterior the lightest. This is, however, only true in a general way, for though Mercury is the heaviest planet of the solar system, the lightest is not Neptune, but Saturn. In speaking of the satellites, Dr. Croll falls into a serious error. He says, "The satellites of Jupiter, for example, have a density of about only one-fifth of that of the planet, or about one-twenty-fifth of that of the earth; showing that when the planet was rotating as a nebulous mass, the more dense elements were in the central parts, and the less dense at the outer rim, where the satellites were being formed." As a matter of fact, however, the density of Jupiter's first satellite (that nearest to the planet) is only a little less than that of Jupiter itself; that of satellite IV. (the exterior one) is about equal in density to its primary, while the densities of satellites II. and III. are actually greater than that of the planet. This is a very different state of affairs to that supposed by Dr. Croll, the *nearest* being actually the *lightest*, and the heaviest next in order.

According to Mr. Lockyer, the temperature of the original solar nebula was as high as that of the sun at present. Dr. Croll, however, considers that "in some of its stages the nebulae had a very much higher temperature than that now possessed by the sun." This seems very probable, for the cooling process which is now going on in the sun has, in all probability, been in action since the planets solidified, or possibly from an earlier date, so that whatever temperature we may at present assign to our central luminary, we must consider it to have been at a much higher temperature, say, twenty millions of years ago. As Dr. Croll points out, it is impossible that hydrogen or carbon could exist in the cold of stellar space in the gaseous state unless possessed of considerable heat; and we know, from the evidence of the spectroscope, that hydrogen *does* exist in some of the gaseous nebulae, notably in the great nebula in Orion. The feeble light emitted by these objects is well accounted for by the fact that incandescent hydrogen, although possessing intense heat, has very little luminosity. Dr. Croll, however, ascribes :

light of the nebulæ as chiefly due to the enormous space occupied by these bodies, and computes that their density does not probably exceed $\frac{1}{16,949,100}$, "that of hydrogen at ordinary temperature and pressure," a calculation which I find to be correct. The *quantity*, therefore, of light would be very small, "resembling very much the electric light in a vacuum tube."

Dr. Croll considers that the phenomena of temporary stars, such as those of 1572, 1604, and 1876, are due to the collision of a star with one of the dark bodies, or with a swarm of meteorites. The continuance of visibility was, however, of varying duration in the recorded examples of these wonderful objects; those of 1572 and 1604 remaining bright for over a year, while the maximum brilliancy of those of 1866 and 1876 was only sustained for a few days, or probably hours. His theory will also have to account for the remarkable fact noted by Sir John Herschel, "that all stars of this kind on record, of which the places are distinctly indicated, have occurred, *without exception*, in or close upon the borders of the Milky Way, and that only within the *following* semicircle, the *preceding* having offered no example of the kind." Since this was written, however, a notable exception to this rule occurred in the case of the temporary star of 1866, which so suddenly blazed out in Corona Borealis on May 12 of that year. But this star is itself an exception to the general rule, inasmuch as it was an outburst of a small star previously *known* to astronomers. The temporary star of 1876, however, conformed to Herschel's rule, as it appeared in the Milky Way near ρ Cygni. The fact of this star having apparently faded into a small planetary nebula seems in favour of Dr. Croll's hypothesis.

Star clusters are explained by Dr. Croll on the supposition that, in some cases, the fragments resulting from the collision would be so "widely distributed through space" as to "prevent a nebula condensing into a single mass." The separate fragments would "gradually condense into separate stars, which would finally assume the conditions of a cluster." I presume that Dr. Croll refers more especially to the "globular clusters" rather than to those in which the components are more widely scattered, and certainly a satisfactory theory of the origin of these wonderful "balls of stars" is a desideratum in sidereal astronomy.

Sir W. Thomson's conclusion that twelve millions of years is the maximum period which can be allowed on the gravitation theory for the duration of the sun's heat in past time, and the apparent inadequacy of this period to meet the views of geologists as to the duration of life on the earth, seems also in favour of Dr. Croll's theory.

It is objected, however, by Professor Kirkwood that even if we admit that the solar system originated in the collision, 800 millions of years ago, of two cold opaque bodies approaching each other in the same straight line, with a velocity of 1,700 miles per second, we must consider that only a *portion* of this period is represented by geological time. For after the collision ages must have elapsed before the planets had separated from the parent mass, and had sufficiently cooled down to commence their geological history. When, however, the heated planet had cooled down to a temperature low enough to admit of the formation of an outer crust, its development into a life-bearing world would then be comparatively rapid. For Sir William Thomson has shown that the internal heat would have no appreciable effect upon the temperature of the earth's surface 10,000 years after the formation of a definite crust. This follows from the fact that the heat-conducting power of the igneous rocks is very small. An illustration of this may be observed in lava recently ejected from a volcano, which may be walked over without danger, while a few feet below its surface it still remains in the molten state. Trowbridge has shown that, were the temperature of the sun's surface "twice its present intensity, the solar atmosphere would be expanded beyond the earth's orbit." Under these conditions all forms of life would, of course, be impossible on the surface of our globe. If, therefore, Trowbridge's result be correct, it would follow that the shrinkage of the sun's mass from the diameter of the earth's orbit to its present size must have taken many millions of years.

Professor Kirkwood is disposed to believe it more probable "that in former ages the stratification of the earth's crust proceeded more rapidly than at present." Geologists of the uniformitarian school do not, however, seem willing to admit this hypothesis as probable, and a short account of the evidence adduced by Dr. Croll as to the probable duration of geological time—a subject on which he was a well-known authority—may prove of interest to those of my readers who, like myself, take an interest in geological science.

Dr. Croll considers that any attempt "to compress the geological history of our globe into the narrow space allotted by the physicist is hopeless, as well as injurious to geological science." He proceeds to obtain "an accurate measure of absolute geological time" by a consideration of the results of sub-aerial denudation, and the method he adopts to ascertain the amount of this denudation is by an estimate of the quantity of sediment annually carried down to the sea by the great river systems. From a number of rivers on which
in this direction have been made, he selects

draining a country "which may be regarded as in every way resembling the average condition of the earth's surface" ; and from experiments made by Messrs. Humphreys and Abbott on the amount of sediment annually carried down to the sea by this river, he arrives at the conclusion that one foot in 6,000 years may "be safely taken as the average rate of denudation of the whole surface of the globe." As, however, the area of the water surface is three times that of the land, this amount would be equivalent to a layer, three inches thick, spread over the whole globe.

Assuming then, that the average rate of denudation in past geological ages did not materially differ from what it is at present, and that the total quantity of stratified rock would, if uniformly spread over the whole globe, form a layer 1,000 feet in thickness, we have a total period of 1,000 multiplied by 6,000 multiplied by four, or 24 millions of years. This, however, only represents the time necessary to deposit the rocks which have been formed by denudation from older rocks, and these again from rocks of still greater antiquity. Assuming that the existing stratified rocks have thus passed three times through denudation and deposition, we have a period of 72 million years.

Dr. Haughton, calculating from the observed thickness of the rocks down to the Miocene Tertiary, and assuming a period of 8616 years for each foot deposited on the ocean bed, finds, for the age of the stratified rocks, a period of 1,526,750,000 years ! Assuming the rate of denudation, however, as ten times greater in ancient times than at present, and adding one-third for the period since the Miocene Tertiary, he arrives at a final result of 200 millions of years ! Dr. Croll doubts the validity of Professor Haughton's assumptions, especially the total thickness he assumes, namely, 177,200 feet, or over 33 miles.

Mr. A. R. Wallace, adopting Dr. Haughton's thickness, but assuming the sediment to be deposited along a belt of 30 miles wide round the whole coast-line of the globe, finds, with an assumed denudation of one foot in 3,000 years, a period of 28 million years. This, however, on Dr. Croll's assumption of re-formation and denudation repeated several times, would be merely a fraction of the time required.

Dr. Croll further shows from the evidence of remarkable "faults" in various parts of the world, with "downthrows" ranging from 3,000 to 20,000 feet, the enormous amount of solid rock which must have been denuded off the surface of the earth during the progress of geological history. He estimates that three miles of rock have been

removed since the beginning of the Old Red Sandstone. This would indicate a period of forty-five millions of years. Assuming that the period *before* the Old Red Sandstone was equally long, we have 90 millions of years as the "minimum duration of geological time."

These enormous periods of time do not, however, seem to satisfy the demands of the biologists and the supporters of the Darwinian theory. Judging "from the fact that almost the whole of the Tertiary period has been required to convert the ancestral *Orohippus* into the true horse," Professor Huxley believes "that in order to have time for the much greater change of the ancestral ungulata into the two great odd-toed and even-toed divisions (of which change there is no trace even among the earliest Eocene mammals) we should require a larger portion, if not the whole, of the Mesozoic or Secondary period," and still longer periods are demanded for the evolution of other animals, "so that, on the lowest estimate, we must place the origin of the mammalia very far back in Palæozoic times." Mr. Wallace speaks of possible periods of 200 and even 500 millions of years! To account for the existence of the solar heat during these vast æons of time, it would be necessary to increase Dr. Croll's original assumption of a velocity of 476 miles per second very considerably. Astronomers do not, of course, deny the mathematical accuracy of Dr. Croll's conclusions, but they consider that such enormous velocities are highly improbable, and the collisions themselves equally so. Without the aid of such collisions physicists will not admit that the sun's life history can be extended backwards beyond a limited number of millions of years. The evidence afforded by geology seems to require a much longer period. Biologists and evolutionists demand still more, and hence has arisen a scientific conflict, which at present—unless we accept Dr. Croll's hypothesis—there seems to be no hope of bringing to a satisfactory conclusion.

J. ELLARD GORE.

THE INNS OF COURT.

THE Norman Conquest brought to this country a swarm of adventurers, amongst whom the most notable were lawyers, from the other side of the English Channel. These were for the most part Norman clergy and members of religious confraternities, whose numbers comprised the best educated men of the time, or, at any rate, the men who had the greatest opportunities of improving their minds in all matters of science and learning. The English laity must have regarded these new-comers, of foreign language, foreign manners, and foreign customs, with the same mixture of wonder and contempt as did the rustics the voluble Cheap Jack at the country fair—beings, in fact, whom they could not understand, but who they felt certain were trying to outwit them. In course of time these alien clerics elbowed their way into all the best posts in the English monasteries, universities, and courts of justice, and used their very best endeavours to crush out of existence the common law of England—that ancient collection of unwritten traditions and customs which none but a native could appreciate, and for which they naturally had no sympathy—and strove to introduce in its place the civil code of the old Roman Empire, and its offspring, the canon law of the Catholic Church. This was the beginning of a long struggle between the promoters of the two systems of jurisprudence. On one side was ranged the powerfully organised body of ecclesiastics, on the other the laity, nobles and commons, and a sprinkling of Churchmen.

In the reign of Henry III., however, the clergy were forbidden by authority of the Church to act as advocates in the secular courts, unless as representing their own private interests or those of the destitute. Very unwillingly, we may be sure, the clerics retired from a practice that had gotten them much gain, and not a few whose consciences were sufficiently elastic took advantage of the obvious loophole of escape from the ecclesiastical prohibition, and continued to appear to plead the cause of “the destitute” in *foro seculari*. To cut a long story short, the tonsured practitioner gradually became a

rara avis, and at last as extinct as the *dinornis* and the dodo. A statute passed in the thirty-sixth year of Edward III. enacted that all pleas in the courts of the King should be pleaded and judged in the English tongue instead of the French, a knowledge of which had hitherto been indispensable to the professional pleader. The removal of this restriction must have attracted an increased number of students to the legal profession.

In the meantime the lay practitioners, who were thus left in sole possession of the field, had formed themselves into associations, resembling in some respects the guilds of merchants and traders formerly so numerous in this country, with a view to protecting their own interests, and excluding from the practice of the law all who had not served a term of probation, and thereby become initiated into the mysteries and art of the profession. Thus we find the students of law referred to in the old books as apprentices (*apprenticii ad legem*). Apprentices they were, in truth, for in those days a long and steep road had to be climbed by the aspirant to legal honours, and many weary years had to be passed by him in the study of the law before he could appear as an advocate in the courts. The period of probation seems at first sight to be one of inordinate length, but it must be remembered that the attainment of a knowledge of the common law was then a very different matter from what it is nowadays, when a multitude of judicial decisions and learned text-books have rendered the study of the old *lex non scripta* a comparatively easy one. Besides, the student could not then, as he can now, obtain a preliminary insight into its principles at the universities, for its study was discouraged in those seats of learning while they remained under the influence of the clerical professors of the civil law.

It would seem that all members of the associations we have mentioned were sometimes comprised in the general term "apprentice," and it was not until the lawyer had attained the high dignity of serjeant-at-law (*servens ad legem*), that he dropped the former appellation. We accordingly find in Richard II.'s reign a reference to three grades of apprentices—greater apprentices, apprentices who practised the law, and apprentices of less estate—who are classed with, and probably were often in fact, attorneys-at-law.

In order that the reader's mind may not become confused by these conflicting meanings of the word "apprentice," it must be stated that in these pages it is generally used as applicable to the junior members of the Societies in question.

About the time of Edward III., it has been

guilds or associations of lawyers found it desirable to obtain leases of houses in which they could board and lodge their apprentices. A similar practice formerly prevailed in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where students were lodged in inns and hostels, in which they were more amenable to discipline and less liable to be imposed upon and taken advantage of by unscrupulous persons. As time went on and numbers increased, halls were built, in which members of the Societies could meet and dine together, for amongst the English dinner has always been the great event of the day. These halls are so intimately connected with the history of the Inns that a short description of them appears necessary. Across the middle of the building ran a railing or barrier of wood—the bar, as it was usually called—and within it, at the lower end of the hall, was a space reserved for the apprentices or students of the Society, who are sometimes referred to as “inner barristers,” though they were not barristers in the modern sense of the word. The upper end of the hall was occupied by a *daïs*, where sat the “Ancients” of the guild on benches of honour, from which, presumably, they obtained the name of “*Benchers*.” From time to time the ancients were in the habit of summoning to the bar of the hall those of the apprentices who had served the necessary period of probation and attained to a certain standard of knowledge in their profession. Members of this superior grade of apprentices were designated *apprenticii ad barros*—apprentices at the bar—and were thenceforth entitled to take their seats in hall on the outer side (with reference to the common herd of apprentices) of the hall barrier, and hence in future their more usual designation came to be outer, or utter barristers. After dinner (or supper as it was more properly called), “moots” were held in the hall for the instruction of the apprentices. They were a sort of imaginary cause or mock trial, argued out in solemn form, the ancients on the bench representing the judges, and the apprentices, standing at the bar of the hall, the advocates.

In their origin the Inns were no doubt independent associations, but in course of time, as we shall presently see, four of them—Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn—took a prominent and leading place among them, and were specially distinguished as Inns of Court, while the lesser Societies, or Inns of Chancery, became subsidiary to and dependent upon the former, and, according to some accounts, formed a sort of “preparatory school for young gentlemen” intending to proceed to admission at one of the Inns of Court.

The Inns of Court, of course, derive their name from their inti-

imate connection with the courts of justice. Of the origin of the term Inns of Chancery no very satisfactory explanation is given, but it is said that the students there learnt what were properly the duties of the "cursitors" in Chancery, and hence the name.

During the Wars of the Roses, Margaret of Anjou, queen of Henry VI., had been driven into exile, with her son, the young Prince Edward. Sir John Fortescue, who had been Chief Justice of the King's Bench, accompanied them in the capacity of Chancellor and tutor to the Prince of Wales. The latter, as he grew to man's estate, devoted himself entirely to martial exercises, and, "being often mounted on fiery and wild horses," amused himself by attacking his companions with lance and sword, perceiving which, "a certain grave old knight," to wit, the Chancellor, approached and accosted the prince, exhorting him to the study of the law. The Chancellor has preserved for us his remarks on the occasion in question in a Latin tome, intituled, "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ," and as we peruse its long-winded sentences, calculated to turn rather than to cool the mind of the prince, we picture to ourselves the latter shrinking from his tutor as did the Wedding Guest from the Ancient Mariner—

He holds him with his glittering eye,
He cannot choose but hear.

This learned discourse contains, however, what is of great interest to antiquaries of the nineteenth century—the earliest detailed description of the schools of law in London. The translation, which was made in the year 1775, is very quaint:—

"There are, my Prince," says the Chancellor, "ten lesser Inns, and sometimes more, which are called the Inns of Chancery (*hospitia Cancellariæ*), in each of which there are an hundred students at the least, and in some of them a far greater number, though not constantly residing. The students are for the most part young men. Here they study the nature of original and judicial writs, which are the very first principles of the law. After they have made some progress here, and are more advanced in years, they are admitted into the Inns of Court (*hospitia Curie*) properly so called. Of these there are four in number. In that which is the least frequented there are about two hundred students. In these greater Inns a student cannot well be maintained under eight-and-twenty pounds a year, and if he have a servant to wait on him, as for the most part they have, the expense is proportionably more. For this reason, the students are sons to persons of quality, those of inferior rank not being able to bear the expences of maintaining and educating their children in this way. As to the merchants, they seldom care to lessen their stock-in-trade by being at such large yearly expences, so that there is scarce to be found throughout the kingdom, an eminent lawyer, who is not a gentleman by birth and fortune. There is both in the Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery a sort of an academy or gymnasium, fit for persons of their station, where they learn singing and all kinds of musick, dancing and

such other accomplishments and diversions (which are called *Revels*) as are suitable to their quality, and such as are usually practised at Court. At other times out of term, the greater part apply themselves to the study of the law. Upon festival days, and after the offices of the Church are over, they employ themselves in the study of sacred and prophane history. Here everything which is good and virtuous is to be learned, all vice is discouraged and banished, so that knights, barons, and the greatest nobility of the kingdom, often place their children in those Inns of Court, not so much to make the laws their study, much less to live by the profession (having large patrimonies of their own), but to form their manners and to preserve them from the contagion of vice. The discipline is so excellent, that there is scarce ever known to be any picques or differences, any bickerings or disturbances amongst them. The only way they have of punishing delinquents, is by expelling them from the Society, which punishment they dread more than criminals do imprisonment and irons, for he who is expelled out of one Society is never taken in by any of the others. . . . The laws are studied in a place situated near the King's Palace at Westminster, where the courts of law are held. Here in Term time the students of the law attend in great numbers as it were to public schools, and are there instructed in all sorts of law learning and in the practice of the Courts. The situation of the place where they study (*studium*) is between Westminster and the City of London. The place of study is not in the heart of the city itself, where the great confluence and multitude of the inhabitants might disturb them in their studies, but in a private place, separate and distinct by itself, in the suburbs near to the Courts of Justice aforesaid, that the students at their lieusure may daily and duly attend with the greatest ease and convenience."

The "grave old knight" was evidently an "old soldier," and determined that his story should not be spoilt for want of a little exaggeration. The fulsome and highly-coloured description of the discipline and virtues of the students must be taken *cum grano salis*, for we learn from other sources that, both before and after this account, these pious young gentlemen, like students in other parts of the country, often came to blows with the citizens, and these collisions generally ended in broken heads and occasional loss of life.

Mr. Serjeant Pulling, in his amusing and learned work, "The Order of the Coif," throws great doubts on the genuineness of that chapter of the "De Laudibus" which describes the Inns of Court, and sees in the picture there drawn the touches of a later hand than Fortescue's. But his strictures, if I may venture to say so, seem unnecessarily severe. For instance, his objection that there could not have been 1,800 students in Fortescue's time, because there were not so many in Coke's, is not a fatal one; and his further objection, that such large numbers could not possibly have been accommodated in the Inns, does not take into account the statement that they were not all in residence. Besides, the discrepancy which he alleges to exist between one statement that there were fourteen Inns, and another that there was but *one place of study*, admits of explanation.

But more interesting still than Fortescue's panegyric are some graphic contemporary paintings, which show us the dress and appearance of members of the Inns at the same period. They consist of four beautiful illuminations on vellum, fragments of an old law treatise, and representing the four superior courts at Westminster in Henry VI.'s reign, the robes and costume of the Lord Chancellor, judges, serjeants, apprentices-at-law, and officers of the court being delineated with minute attention to colour and detail. These paintings are reproduced in vol. xxxix of the "Archæologia," and will well repay a reference to that work. In the picture representing the Court of Chancery we see the serjeants-at-law standing at the bar of the court (for there were apparently no seats for counsel in those days), wearing the *coif*, a close fitting cap of white silk (which looks for all the world like a modern barrister's wig), and party-coloured robes with tippets, one side blue and the other green. Beside them stand apprentices-at-law with their heads uncovered, attired in cassock-like robes with black collars, and girdles round the waist, but no tippets. Their robes, too, are party-coloured; in one case green and light blue, in the other dark blue and yellow. The scarlet robes of the judges and brightly-coloured costumes of the advocates and officers of the court form a vivid contrast to the sombre appearance of our modern tribunals.

Mr. Corner, in his observations on these pictures ("Archæologia," vol. xxxix), refers to the custom of giving liveries by great lords to their retainers, who were glad to accept the same for the sake of the former's patronage, and arrives at the conclusion that the party-coloured robes of the lawyers were livery gowns given to them by their clients of high rank along with their retaining fees.

But surely the advocate, who, by a fiction of law, and in analogy to a well known custom among the ancient Romans, was himself the patron, would not place himself under the patronage of his own client. Is it not rather probable that the party-coloured robes were liveries given by the benchers of the various Inns to their respective members? in fact, a uniform, like the gowns worn by the undergraduates of the different colleges of the University of Cambridge. A comparison of the four pictures suggests a uniform. The motley gowns of the counsellors were not peculiar to the date in question. Chaucer's serjeant-at-law, it will be remembered,

Roof but boomy in a *medled* coat,

and they formed part of the wardrobe of a brother of the *coif* until the reign of Henry VIII.

The ancient Order of Serjeants has nearly become extinct. Their place, as "leaders" in court, has been taken by the Queen's Counsel, a class of comparatively recent creation. The "Q.C." when called "within the bar" (which here means the bar of the court of justice, not the bar of the Society's dining-hall, to which he has been previously called as a junior), is said to "take silk," because he thenceforth wears a robe of black silk instead of the stuff gown of the junior barrister.

It was during the period of the Reformation that the dress of junior counsel assumed the sober hues which it retains at present. A writer of the year 1602 tells us that in former times the counsellors were in the habit of wearing long gowns (probably black) faced with satin and yellow cotton, while the benchers of the Inns of Court wore robes trimmed with genet fur. "But now," he says, "they are come to such pride and fantastickness that everyone must have a velvet face, and fur tricked with lace." This does not sound very extravagant, but we little know what Puritanism was in those days. He goes on to tell a story of a learned judge of Elizabeth's reign who, seeing an "odd counsellor" come into court with one of these new-fangled gowns, addressed the astonished wearer in these words, "Quomodo intrasti, domine, non habens vestem nupcialem?"—"Get you from the bar, or I will put you from the bar for your foolish pride!"

About the time of the Restoration, the abominable and savage custom of wearing long hair became very prevalent. Then came powdered wigs, and the *perruquiers* vied with one another in producing hideous caricatures of head-dress, and some wonderful specimens of their art continue to adorn the crania of counsel to this day.

We have heard what old Fortescue has to tell us. If we would follow the student further in his legal career, we must turn to the works of Sir Edward Coke and John Stow, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's reign, a century and a quarter later than the period we have just been considering. The students of the Inns of Court were then, as we learn, called "mootmen," from the fact of their arguing moots and readers' cases, the meaning of which terms will be presently explained. After eight years' study, during which they frequented readings, meetings (?mootings), boltings, and other learned exercises, they were called by the benchers of their Inn to the degree of "utter barrister," after which they could practise as "common counsellors" at the bar of the courts or in chambers. Utter barristers of twelve to fifteen years' standing were elected by

the ancients, or benchers, to fill the vacancies in their own body. One of these ancients, "that was of the puisne sort," was annually selected to give readings for the instruction of the students, one in Lent and the other at the beginning of the Long Vacation, and was known as "Single Reader." After an interval of nine or ten years the Single Reader was again eligible to the post, and on re-election was termed "Double Reader," and further dignified with the title "Apprentice at-law," which, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, meant one who had ceased to be an apprentice, in the sense in which we have been using the term, and had become *learned* in the law.

The King was wont to choose from among these Double Readers his Attorney-General and Solicitor-General. From the Double Readers, too, were drawn those who by the King's writ were called to the status and degree of Serjeants at-law, one or two of whom were expressly appointed "King's Serjeants."

Lastly, from the ranks of the serjeants were chosen the judges of the superior courts. But as soon as the counsellor was advanced to the degree of serjeant he ceased, *ipso facto*, to be a member of his old Inn of Court, and was translated to one of the serjeants' Inns - the lawyers' heaven, "where none but the serjeants and judges do converse!"

Some of the terms used in the above account require explanation. Readings were learned disquisitions delivered in hall by the Reader of the Inn. They were prepared with great care, and were consequently regarded in the profession as valuable opinions and authorities on doubtful questions.

He usually took as his text an Act of Parliament, and this he analysed and expounded with much learning. The debate was continued by the utter barristers, each of whom gave an opinion on the various points raised in the reading. Then the Reader replied, after which the benchers, or the judges and serjeants, if any were present by invitation of the benchers, delivered judgment in solemn form. This occupied several hours for several days during the Lent and summer vacations. On the occasion of these readings the Reader was expected to give a banquet, to which the King, nobility, and judges were sometimes invited. These "Readers' feasts," as they were called, involved the holder of the office in very great expense. He enjoyed the privilege of calling students to the Bar independently of the other Masters of the Bench.

"Mootings," or "moots," as we have already seen, were another species of legal exercise, and were held during vacation time after dinner in hall. The Reader and one or two of the other benchers took

seats on "the bench" at the upper end of the hall. Facing them sat two utter barristers and two inner barristers (students), on a form placed at "the bar" in the middle of the building.

One of the inner barristers then opened an imaginary case, addressing the benchers in law French on behalf of the plaintiff. He had previously learnt his speech by heart. The other student then addressed them on behalf of the imaginary defendant. The two utter barristers followed on either side, and the benchers finally gave their decision.

Readers' cases, or putting of cases, were similar proceedings on the same occasions, a doubtful question being propounded by the Reader and argued in due form.

"Boltings" were less formal arguments than moots, but of the same nature, and conducted in private. Hence probably the name, though several learned but wild derivations have been given.

Stow, in his "Survey of London," gives the following list of the Inns in the days of "Good Queen Bess":

WITHIN THE LIBERTIES OF THE CITY.

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| (1) Serjeants' Inn in Fleet Street. | } | For judges and serjeants only. |
| (2) Serjeants' Inn in Chancery Lane. | | |
| (3) The Inner Temple. | } | In Fleet Street, houses of Court. |
| (4) The Middle Temple. | | |
| (5) Clifford's Inn in Fleet Street. | } | Houses of Chancery. |
| (6) Thavies' Inn in Oldborne. | | |
| (7) Furnival's Inn in Oldborne. | | |
| (8) Barnard's Inn in Oldborne. | | |
| (9) Staple Inn in Oldborne. | | |

WITHOUT THE LIBERTIES OF THE CITY.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| (10) Gray's Inn in Oldborne. | } | Houses of Court. |
| (11) Lincoln's Inn in Chancery Lane, by the Old Temple in Oldborne. | | |
| (12) Clement's Inn. | } | Houses of Chancery without Temple Bar, in the Liberty of Westminster. |
| (13) New Inn. | | |
| (14) Lyon's Inn. | | |
| (15) There was sometime an Inn of serjeants in Oldborne, as you may read of Scrop's Inn over against St. Andrew's Church. | | |
| (16) There was also one other Inn of Chancery called "Chester's Inn," for the nearness to the Bishop of Chester's house, but more commonly termed "Strand Inn," for that it stood in Strand Street and near unto Strand Bridge, without Temple Bar, in the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster. This Inn of Chancery, with other houses near adjoining, were pulled down in the reign of Edward VI., by Edward, Duke of Somerset, who, in place thereof, raised that large and beautiful house, but yet unfinished, called Somerset House. | | |
| (17) There was, moreover, a tenth house of Chancery, mentioned by Justice Fortescue in his book of the laws of England, but where it stood, or whether abandoned, I cannot find. | | |

Most of these names are familiar enough to the Londoner of to-day. The site of Lyon's Inn is now occupied by the Opéra Comique. When the Inns of Court Commission made their report in the year 1855 that Society consisted of two "ancients" only.

Even at the period when Stow wrote, the lesser houses were chiefly composed of officers, attorneys, solicitors, and clerks who followed the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, although there were still a few students who continued as of old to come there from the grammar schools and universities, and study the elements of the law and perform exercises in order to qualify for admission to the Inns of Court. The "Readers" appointed by the Inns of Chancery were not ancients or benchers, as in the Inns of Court, but utter barristers of ten or twelve years' standing. From the above statement of Stow it would appear that the students of the lesser Inns instead of proceeding to call at the bar of the Inns of Court, and so qualifying for the position of counsellors, were from an early period in the habit of remaining in the Inns of Chancery and practising as attorneys. The latter Societies have long since ceased to be connected in any way with the education of the student for the Bar.

The Inns of Court and Chancery, viewed collectively, are compared by some of the old writers to a university of learning conferring degrees in common law, but the facts hardly warrant the comparison. The constitution of the greater Societies, however, with their halls, libraries, and chapels, bears considerable resemblance to that of the colleges at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The management of their internal affairs was, as it still is, vested in the Masters of the Bench and their annually elected president, the Treasurer. They were the sole judges of what was right and wrong in all matters affecting the Society, *sicut dei, scientes bonum et malum*. Here are some specimens of orders made by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn :

In Henry VIII.'s reign—

No gentleman being a fellow (i. e. member) of the house is to wear "any cut or pansyed hose or bryches, or pansyed doublet" [whatever they may be] on pain of being "put out of the house."

Members may now wear pansyed waistcoats without incurring the wrath of the benchers, but when they dine in hall they are required to wear black gowns.

In Queen Mary's reign—

Those of the fellows who
while they continue to wear

—cal

In Queen Elizabeth's reign—

No fellow is to wear any sword or buckler [fancy a barrister carrying a buckler !], or to cause the same to be borne after him into the town.

No one is to wear a beard of more than a fortnight's growth. For a third offence against this order he is to be expelled from the Society.

Any fellow who wears a hat in hall or chapel, or who goes abroad without his gown, or wears long hair, or great ruffs, is to be put out of commons. [That is, he must dine by himself.] And any commoner or repaster appearing in the precincts of the Inn in cloak, boots, spurs, or long hair, is to be fined five shillings and put out of commons.

The sportings, late watchings, and exercises, annually performed on "hunting night," are to be discontinued, and the custom of the members to repair on a certain day to Kentish Town, and there to dine and indulge in sports, is in future to cease.

The Puritanical spirit of the foreign Protestants seems to have infected the Masters of the Bench at this period. Kentish Town was then a rural village on the road to Highgate.

In James I.'s reign—

The under barristers are to be put out of commons, by decimation, for refusing to dance in hall on Candlemas Day, when the judges were present, and if it occurs again they are to be disbarred.

That was going to the other extreme. There appears to have been a strike amongst the junior members of the Inn.

Much dramatic talent seems to have existed amongst "the gentlemen of the long robe," and among other amusements in vogue were *Masques*, or plays, composed and acted by the members of the various Inns. These private theatricals were sometimes performed in the presence of royalty, and occasionally several of the Inns combined in order to increase the splendour of the representations.

In 1525 one of these plays, written by a certain Serjeant Roo, and acted at Gray's Inn "with rich and costly apparel, and strange devises and maskes and morrishes," gave great offence to Cardinal Wolsey, who saw in it an attempt to bring him into ridicule. So, sending in great wrath for the learned author, he deprived him of his coif, and sent him, together with one of the young gentlemen who acted in the play, to prison at the Fleet.

"The Tragedie of Ferrex and Porrex," one of the earliest English tragedies in existence, was written by two barristers of the Inner Temple, and played, on January 13, 1561, before Queen Elizabeth at Westminster Hall, by members of the last-mentioned Society. The acts are preceded by dumb shows and close with choruses.

Some years later "The Inner Temple Masque," composed by a member, was played in the hall, when scenery was used representing sea-cliffs, on which syrens reposed.

The diary of a member of the Middle Temple records: "At our feast (Candlemas Day, 1601), we had a play, 'Twelve Night,' like to that in Italian called 'Ingauni.' This must have been one of the earliest representations of the Shakespearian play.

A splendid masque was performed at the palace of Whitehall on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth (February 15, 1613), by the two Societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, who for some reason or another have always been specially friends and allies. This entertainment cost £1,100.

The members of Gray's Inn played "The Masque of Flowers" before James I. on Twelfth Night of the same year.

But one of the most magnificent and gorgeous spectacles of this nature was exhibited on Candlemas Night, 1633, when the four Inns of Court combined to produce "a royal masque." The masquers assembled at Ely House, and then marched in procession down Chancery Lane to the Royal palace at Whitehall. First came the Marshal's men, to clear a passage through the dense crowds which filled the streets; then twenty footmen in liveries of scarlet and silver lace, carrying a bâton in one hand and a torch in the other; next the Marshal (Mr. Darrel, of Lincoln's Inn) on horseback, in rich costume, surrounded by his Marshal's men and attendants bearing torches. Then followed 100 gentlemen of the four honourable Societies, mounted on horses which had been sent from the Royal stables and those of various noblemen in London. Next appeared the chariot of the Grand Masquers of Gray's Inn, carved, and painted silver and crimson, drawn by four horses harnessed abreast, and covered to the heels with silver and crimson "cloth of tissue," and with huge plumes of crimson and white on their heads. In the chariot sat the four Grand Masquers, in costumes of rich cloth of tissue covered as thickly as possible with silver spangles. By their side walked footmen in gorgeous liveries and with torches in their hands. Chariots of similar pattern, and differing only in the colour of their trappings and furniture, followed, bearing the Grand Masquers of the other three Inns, lots having been drawn to decide which of them should have precedence in the order of procession. In the intervals between these gilded cars marched bands of musicians and torchbearers. After wending its way slowly to the palace, the procession passed twice before the King and Queen. The masque was then acted with great magnificence, and the remainder of the night was spent in dancing. The procession cost the Societies the sum of £21,000.

Other ^d

indulged in

at all the Inns of Court and Chancery, were "Revels," which were held in the halls in the presence of the benchers, and sometimes the judges. A "Master of the Revels" (*magister jocorum*), nicknamed "Lord of Misrule," presided over the sports of the year. At Lincoln's Inn, in Henry VI.'s time, they were ordered to be held four times a year, on the feasts of All-Hallows, St. Erkenwald, the Purification of our Lady, and Midsummer Day.

At the same Inn (*temp.* Henry VIII.) it was further ordered that "whoever was chosen king on Christmas Day should be in his place, and that the King of the Cockneys, elected on Childermas Day, should sit and have due service, but he and his officers were not to meddle with the buttery!"

Grand revels were held at the Inner Temple early in Queen Elizabeth's reign. One of the students, Robert Dudley (afterwards Earl of Leicester), was appointed Marshal, with the titles of "Pallaphilos," "Patron of the Honourable Order of Pegasus" (in reference to the arms of the Inn), &c. Christopher Hatton (afterwards Lord Chancellor), who has given its name to Hatton Garden, was *magister jocorum*. The sports, feasting, and dancing occupied several days, amid the beating of drums, braying of trumpets, and firing of guns.

These revels appear from all accounts to have been very childish affairs. But the old lawyers were blessed with a greater stock of animal spirits, took their pleasure less sadly, and enjoyed life more thoroughly than their successors of to-day. The club and the theatre supply counter-attractions to dinner in hall, masque, and revel in these degenerate days.

It is not likely, for the present at all events, that the Inns of Court will perish for lack of members. A glance at the formidable and ever-increasing array of counsel in the Law List should be enough to convince the most optimistic young man that there is hardly room to stand at the Bar, and certainly not enough briefs to go round, for "what are they among so many?" The courts are thronged with barristers who cannot attend to their clients because their clients will not attend to them. But, with all these dreadful warnings staring them in the face, students continue to crowd the avenues which lead to Bar and Bench, and resemble nothing so much as those "bold fish," the perch, which old Izaak Walton, a quondam denizen of Chancery Lane, compares to "the wicked of the earth, who are not afraid though their fellows and companions perish in their sight!"

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

INVISIBLE PATHS.

An Extract from Nature's Commonplace-Book, with Notes by an Unscientific Naturalist.

“ καὶ στίβου γ’ οὐδεὶς τύπος ” (“ Nor of his footstep is there any trace.”)

ΣΟΦΗ. *Philoxetes*, 1. 29.

THE habit common to many birds, fishes, and insects, of travelling by one and the same route, is well known to observant sportsmen. It seems, however, to have escaped the serious notice of most writers on natural history, and I am not aware of any theory attempting to explain the origin or cause of this habit. With beasts, the reason why the same path should be pursued is often conceivable, even where it is not at first sight apparent.

Take the case of a hare—the beaten track, technically called the *run*, of a hare, is scarcely ever in a straight line. Notice the dark green paths like narrow sheep-tracks on the side of a chalk down. You will see they wind in many a curve. You might think the object of these curves was to obtain an easier gradient, but examine more closely and you will see that the line has been badly chosen from an engineering point of view. The run often leads over steep and broken ground, where a slight deviation or even a nearer cut would have rendered it less precipitous. And yet watch pussy ascending or descending; unless she stops to feed on the road, she will keep strictly to the *run*, deviating neither right nor left—a “single hare’s breadth,” I had almost said. When the run lies through corn or long grass, the reason of its winding course is intelligible. There may have been thistles, tangled undergrowth, or some such impediment to be avoided, and although these may have been removed when the crop has been cut, the beaten track is still adhered to, as being softer to the feet. But, on the smooth side of a down, who can say why a hare should (unless startled) always elect to travel that path? So far the paths are visible; but now we come to the flight of birds.

In fine, still weather, when neither the

desire for shelter disturbs the even tenor of their way, many birds habitually travel by aerial paths as circuitous and almost as narrow in limits as is the run of a hare. A covey of partridges, when called together by the old birds and bidden to go to bed, will night after night fly over exactly the same part of a hedge, and then take exactly the same swerve to the right and left before "juggling down" to roost. Wood-pigeons, flying home after their evening drink of water, will, unless shot at or otherwise disturbed, always take the same curve in the air and pass over the same trees. And in their flight not only is the same lateral curve adhered to, but the variations in altitude at different points are regularly preserved. It is probable that these deviations from the straight course, both horizontal and vertical, are dictated by fear of surprise. A pigeon is an exceedingly cautious bird, and likes to know that no gunner is on the far side of a hedge before he flies over it. If the hedge be a low one, he can ascertain this at a safe distance while flying at no great elevation. If, however, the hedge be high, the pigeon cannot see what may be behind it until he is almost over the hedge, and therefore, to avoid surprise, he must fly at a greater altitude. In the same way he allows a wide margin laterally in turning the corner of a wood or hill. This circuitous flight is in strong contrast with that of a bird equally suspicious and cautious—the carrion-crow. The expression "as the crow flies" has become a proverbial equivalent to "in a straight line." It must, however, be remembered that the *habitat* of the crow is in wild and unfrequented places, and that, when on his marauding expeditions he passes over more populous parts, he travels at a height from which he can laugh at gunners. A rock-pigeon, flying from one mountain-top to another, usually flies nearly parallel to the ground, dipping with the valley and rising again with the slope of the mountain for whose summit he is bound. At first impression this would seem to be a waste of labour. Why should the bird (so to speak) go down hill only to go up again? A little consideration will, however, at once suggest the reason. The air at great altitudes is sensibly rarefied. The ratio of the specific gravity of the bird to that of the air is therefore much increased at high elevations. At the same time the rarefied air yields less resistance to the stroke of the wings. It is probable, therefore, that the effort required for a short flight at a great altitude exceeds that required to cover a much longer distance at a lower level. So far we have been able to give a conjectural reason for the apparent vagaries in the flight of birds.

But why do rooks before going to bed always dance a wild quad-

rille in one and the same section of the sky? Why do woodcocks, when flushed at some favourite haunt, pursue the same tortuous path through the covert that has been winged by their predecessors from time immemorial? And why do wild ducks flying up a stream always follow the same course? This last question is the more perplexing as their path does not seem to be determined by fear of ambush. They will take a short cut over a withy plantation or or rod eyot, as it is called, which might conceal a dozen guns, and then follow the windings of the stream amongst the trees and bushes, when they might take a shorter and safer course over open meadows. Again, why should ducks that have flown for miles in the pattern of a letter V, at a certain spot suddenly fall into single file, and having travelled some little distance in that order, no less suddenly resume their wedge shaped formation, and this at a height that excludes the possibility either of insufficient room for their evolutions or of the risk of exposure to a raking fire from the fowler's barrel?

And now, passing to fish, a change of formation very similar to that performed by the ducks is often to be observed in the movements of the former.

Watch a number of roach finning their way up a river. For some distance they travel leisurely in an irregular mob or shoal—suddenly, without apparent reason, in a broad and weedless part of the stream may be, they will fall into single file and follow each other, hurrying along as if there were not room enough for more than one to pass at a time and they were anxious to gain more open water. I have observed this manœuvre many times at the same place, but under circumstances so varied with regard to current and depth of water, that I can make no conjecture as to its cause. Trout do not often congregate in shoals, but nevertheless it would seem they travel by a common path. I use the word "travel" in a restricted sense, as I am not speaking of the migratory species, but of the common brown trout (*Salmo fario*); nor do I intend it to include roaming in search of food, in which case the course is determined by conditions not now under consideration, such as the direction of the wind, the set of the current, the depth of the water, the position of weeds and of overhanging trees, &c. My meaning will be made more clear if I relate the circumstances under which I first became aware that trout travel by the same path.

Some years ago I was anxious to get some trout from the Darent, that I might compare them with those from the Wandle. I had no friends on the Darent, but a gentleman since dead, on learning my wish, courteously gave me a letter

the latter

to procure such specimens as I might desire to have. The keeper, on reading the letter, said that there was no fly up, and that he feared he should be unable to get the fish until a quarter or twenty minutes past six that evening. Fixing a precise time for the capture of the trout awakened my curiosity, which was still further excited by the evident reluctance on the keeper's part to allow me to accompany him. A little "palm oil," however, eased the friction, and we parted—I lighter in spirits, the keeper heavier in pocket, and both agreed to meet again at six o'clock sharp.

On leisurely approaching the keeper's cottage at a quarter to six, I was surprised to see a red pocket-handkerchief fluttering in the breeze. It was fastened to the top ring of a long bamboo fishing-rod that leant against the porch of the door. I quickened my steps, thinking the fish must have advanced their dinner-hour, and that the flag had been hoisted as a signal for the immediate attack. By the rod stood a large landing-net with a long handle. In the porch sat the keeper, smoking a long clay pipe. On my arrival he partly rose, and motioning me to take a seat beside him on the bench, remarked that the mill had not yet stopped working. Apparently satisfied that this explanation was all that could be reasonably expected, he continued to smoke in silence. At last the murmur of the distant mill ceased. The ashes of the pipe were deliberately tapped out ; the rod and landing-net were shouldered, and the march began. Following the downward course of the river, we came to a small tributary. We proceeded some little way up the bank of this stream till we came to a sharp curve. Here the keeper gave me the rod and my instructions. I was to go inland, keeping out of sight of any fish in the water, till I again met the stream fifty yards higher up. There I was to extend the rod horizontally over the water, and following the course of the stream, to walk slowly down towards him. Having given me these directions, he knelt down and extended the net as far as he could reach, dipping it under the surface of the water close to a bed of weeds on the farther side of the stream, the mouth of the net facing up stream. I followed my instructions, wondering what was to be the result.

The net could not have measured more than eighteen inches in diameter. The width of the stream at the point where the keeper knelt was at least nine feet. Allowing two or even three feet for the weeds, there still remained a passage of four and a half feet unobstructed by either weeds or net.

Was it probable that so sharp-sighted, active a fish as a trout would swim into the net when there was plenty of room to pass

beside it? True, the water was shallower on the keeper's side of the stream, but there was depth enough everywhere—there was even depth enough for a fish to swim under the net if hard pressed.

However, I extended my flag over the water and walked down stream. The mill having ceased working on the main river below the tributary, the water above the mill was tanked up and rising. A rising water often tempts trout to enter small ditches and tributary streams in the hope of finding insects surprised and carried away by the rising flood. This was the case then, and many a trout, slowly finning its way up the stream in search of food, turned tail and darted down towards the main river on the approach of the red flag. When I came to the keeper, he had landed two brace of fine fish; he said that they always followed the same road and shot straight into the net, the largest fish leading the way. Hence he had taken no under-sized fish, although a number of small ones had passed after he had netted the large ones. He had missed landing two fish only; these had shot into the net together with such force that his grasp on the handle had for the moment relaxed and they had escaped. I have since tried the same plan with success when fishing a Hertfordshire stream. I did so merely as an experiment in the presence of the owner's water-bailiff, who seemed much astonished at the result. I, of course, returned the fish to the water, and mention the incident only in confirmation of my proposition that trout travel by a common path, for I have some doubt whether the water-bailiff would approve of my publishing this tip to poachers. So much for fish.

These notes have already far exceeded the limits I had proposed I shall therefore refer to one or two instances only in which insects would seem to follow the same law.

During twelve months spent in the Australian Colonies, in the years 1870-71, I had more opportunities than were pleasant of studying the habits of ants. These insects, as is well known, are not only a nuisance but an absolute pest in hot countries. They march in myriads and destroy everything in their road. I have heard it seriously stated that they consume everything except bottled beer—and that even this is safe only when the bottles are fitted with glass screw-stoppers! Cork, it seems, is not excluded from the formic bill of fare, and would no doubt be more succulent and appetising when soused in Bass or Allsopp. In justice to the ants, I am bound, however, to admit that I have found them useful in more ways than one. For instance, I bought an opossum-skin rug from a nati became painfully aware of the fact that it literally is and other vermin. In vain did I exhaust my stock

turpentine seemed to have no effect beyond increasing the restless activity of these irritating settlers. At last in despair I threw my rug down on an ant-hill. In less than half an hour every flea and objectionable parasite was eaten, but the rug was full of ants. I therefore hung it on a mimosa bush, and as soon as the ants found they were suspended they hastened to leave the rug, and descended by the bush as best they could.

Again, I had killed a snake in Tasmania, and wished to clean and bleach the skeleton, which I intended to have mounted as a necklace. I left the body near an ants' nest. In a few hours there was not a vestige of flesh on the bones. The sun soon did the rest.

But I am digressing ; to return to our paths. Ants I found usually left their nests by one and the same road. In some cases this road was distinctly marked—the [herbage having been bitten or trodden down. In other cases its course could not be distinguished from the surrounding ground, but yet this course was, as far as my observation went, invariably followed.

When the ants issued forth in large numbers on some hunting or hostile expedition, they would advance in a compact body for a certain distance, and then break into two separate divisions. These divisions would diverge for a few feet and then march on parallel lines for some distance, when they would again converge and resume the march in a compact body. I had the opportunity of watching this manœuvre performed by the same tribe of ants on several occasions, and as nearly as I could tell the change of formation took place each time at exactly the same spot.

We shall not have to go so far from home to find the second and last insect to whose tactics I shall call attention.

This is none other than the mason-bee (*Osmia bicornis*), whose aerial path, it will be seen, differs entirely from the well-known direct course pursued by the common honey-bee (*Apis mellifica*), whence we get the expression a "bee-line."

I fear the value of my observations will be depreciated if I confess (as the fact is) that I at first took this bee for a solitary wasp. Its flight, however, I marked carefully. On leaving the nest it was engaged in constructing, it flew in a straight line to a clay bank some twenty yards off. On returning with its load of cement it proceeded by a circuitous route, which I can best describe by saying it suggested a figure of 8 placed at right angles to a corkscrew, the point of the latter terminating in a hole between the stones of an old wall which formed the entrance to the nest.

I watched this insect come and go many times, and I could

distinguish no variation in its course. Probably this circuitous flight was intended to deceive the ichneumon-fly or some other insect pirate, or perhaps the bee was aware of my presence and suspicious of my intentions. If so, I must confess the insect had good reason for its suspicions. I had, as I have already said in the first instance, mistaken it for a wasp, and my intention had been to catch it and impale it on a hook as a bait for chubb.

And now I must conclude these notes with the hope that some naturalist will furnish a clue to the labyrinth of "invisible paths" into which I have wandered.

BASIL FIELD.

BEFORE EMANCIPATION IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES.

“THE poet,” said somebody recently, “is more than man; the gipsy, less.” The world outlives both, so it’s hard to say which has the advantage. The laws anent vagabondism are daily being more strictly enforced in both hemispheres; and we elder Bohemians look back somewhat regretfully on the old days when we roamed pretty well at our own sweet will over certain parts of the newer continent; when we did *not* do the herring-pond in six days; when alien legislation was as yet unborn; and when the British public still consumed sugar which was not conjured out of rags and bones and all their next-of-kin. We did things perhaps more lethargically then; or, at least, a little less electrically. The “Ocean Sea” that chilled the hearts of the little Huelvan expedition in the sixteenth century, had a few terrors still for us. We traversed it in six weeks. But I think we had our compensations. We had time to look upon the ever-marvellous sea; one day sweet, and calm, and gently blue, like the eye of an English child; the next green, deep and strong, panting with heaving bosom, or moaning like a colossal soul in sorrow; or, in the grey moonlight, rocking itself to and fro in the clear starlit air, keeping time with faultless, unmerciful beat to the death-chant of its victims. Seeing day by day this mighty ocean, the feverish earnestness of its upheavings, the pure dispassion of its calm, one felt strength come unto one from that almighty symbol of the Strong. One was, I think, prepared to wend on the worldly way, not unconscious of the mystery nor of the holiness of living.

I was a very young fellow when I first went out to Surinam. I have not been what I call “a very young fellow” for, anyhow, fifty years now, so that the survey I am taking is a fairly comprehensive one. Plantation life did not then hold out anything very seductive to my imagination. I considered cotton one of the planet’s least romantic necessities. But it had been decided in family council, firstly, that someone ought to go out and work the place; secondly, that this someone ought to be myself. So I shipped from Hull to Rotterdam, and thence, per *Hollander*, to Paramaribo.

Though I had left home with much the air of a new Alexander I believe I had a frightful "Heimweh." But that had time to wear off on board, so that only a violent curiosity was in the ascendant when, after about a day and a half's "pea-soup," we sighted the monotonous shores of Dutch Guiana. Paramaribo in those days was rather different from now. The wharves were in appearance much the same as at present ; and the smoothly-sanded streets, with their rows of orange and lime trees, were grateful then as now. But, except that Gray Straat was adorned with some large and not un-tasteful wooden mansions, very few of the modern private streets of the capital were in existence fifty years ago. In my early days planters lived more on the plantations than they do now. One feature of the Paramaribo of half a century ago has almost disappeared from the scene—the stores, which used to fringe the plain for a considerable distance. Of course we had to have big supplies on hand on plantation, both for the gang and for the house ; and all our wants were supplied from those stores. They were "Universal Providers." As the wife of a long-dead Governor told me when I was new to it, they sent out "everything from a ball gown to a coffin." All the tools, requisites for machinery, and medicines ; all our provisions—kegs of salt beef and dried fish, barrels of biscuit, casks of brandy, flour, tobacco, and cigars ; our gunpowder and our Canadian ice ; our white drill and flannels, and Panama hats, and the regulation strips of coloured calico, of which the gang's rather scrimp "get up" consisted, came to us through these stores. (Parenthetically let it be understood that our house-servants were completely and gaily attired, although the field-hands were very nearly "in puris naturalibus.") Nowadays big planters get such supplies as they want direct from the States and Europe ; the ladies' millinery comes out from Amsterdam and Paris ; and the few stores are but relics of the past. Government House, one of the first conspicuous objects that meets the eye from the river, is little changed. It is a fine structure of the kind, with, perhaps, more of an English than a Dutch look. A pleasant, airy ballroom has been added to it. The other houses in the neighbourhood were and are mostly owned by planters down river, and by official people.

I can remember wondering, as we neared, which roof it was that should have the honour of sheltering me for the time I should be in town before going down coast. Presently, our manager, Fles, boarded, and greeted me in atrocious English. Possibly guessing that my Dutch would have been more atrocious still had I been obliged to attempt it, the Dutch friends of my people had consider-

ately sent along with him a clerk from the lawyer's office, whose business had necessitated his picking up a slight knowledge of the British tongue. This knowledge appeared to me to be of the school-girl French type, which is generally found impossible on reaching Calais. With them was the mulatto boy, George, who was to be my servant. While Fles, the clerk, and I aired our linguistic attainments, George did interpreter every now and then in Negro-English, until I found I understood him better than anybody, and that he and I got along beautifully. At home I had picked up a smattering of several languages, and this Negro-English, so simple in its delicious jumble of all tongues under the sun—Spanish, English, Dutch, French, African, and Tamil, all beautifully grammarless and inflectionless—charmed me as the very language of vagabondism. To the end of my connection with the colony, people who could not talk English or French with me had just to put up with Negro-English, which was understood by everybody, black and white. Even the Governor's wife, whose eyes and diamonds rivalled each other, did me that gracious condescension. She had forgotten her French verbs and had never learnt English ones, and Dutch—that language of the pig-sty—I neither could nor would talk.

This George, of whom I speak, had a history and an uncommonly fine figure. By some chance or other his father was a white man who had been captain of a coaster between Cayenne and the Essequibo. This person had several times seen his son, and was industriously saving enough to buy him of our manager, when his ship went down one dark night on the reefs at the mouth of the Saramaca. In accordance with the Dutch West Indian custom with regard to mulattoes, George was not put in the field, but trained as a house-servant. A more perfect valet and waiter was not to be found in Europe. It is a pleasant feeling to me now to remember that George had not to wait for emancipation to get his free papers.

One of the many things that surprised me a good deal that first week in Paramaribo happened one evening after dinner. My host and I were smoking in the gallery, when up rushed three or four young men, pushed unceremoniously aside the glass swings, helped themselves liberally to cigars and tobacco, and laughingly decamped. These, I was informed, were the patrols—gentlemen of Paramaribo who, in relays, guarded the streets a certain number of hours in the night. I began to see that a slave colony had its drawbacks. Precaution of that sort is troublesome. A few days later I had another surprise—a more revolting one. I had gathered from stray gossip an inkling of what I guessed to be a sort of tragedy coming off. But

my bad Dutch misled me. Early one morning, however, an appalling din of drums, tom-toms, and kettles awoke me and my curiosity together. My boy informed me: "One ningere be raati, masra." After a deal of misunderstanding I arrived at the fact that a negress was about to be burnt alive. For a minute or two I was horror-struck. The din grew apace. From the quarter whence came the frightful row, I concluded that the miserable creature was to be immolated on the Savannah. George, with a more than usually extended grin, announced that, "if masra no wantec him, him courree see and daree (tell) masra." "Oh! go and be hanged, you brute," I shouted, pitching at his handsome head the first thing within reach. He was outside like a lightning-flash. A minute later a large smile irradiated the threshold of the apartment, and with a "gran tangee, mi masra," he vanished. Thereafter, from my window I could see him and some of the house-servants escorting with much gallantry three or four of my hostess's dusky, turbaned handmaids to the scene of entertainment. Shortly before breakfast George reappeared in my room. His grins were most persuasive, but I would not be wheedled into open inquisitiveness. At last, putting a few deftly finishing touches to the smoothing out of a pair of white unmentionables, he ejaculated with a frenzied roll of the eyes: "Her raati, masra, done raati. Her todo (killed) one pekin ningere and madee brafo"—then disappeared, probably in anticipation of a collision with the book I held in my hand. I afterwards learned that the woman had been a plantation slave a little way down river. She was a pure African, of a tribe addicted to cannibalism. This tendency had so far overcome the wretch, that she decoyed the infant of another negress a little way into the bush, killed it, and brought home and cooked the little body. She invited the mother, among others of the women, to share the soup, and it was asserted that the poor mother was the first to suspect. The infamous woman was brought up to town, tried, and condemned to be burnt alive.

The Dutch Government was formerly very severe in its sentences. These are now, of course, very much moderated, Emancipation having put an end to much of the necessity for the old condition of things. Shortly before my arrival in the colony, three men were condemned to be burnt in presence of the Governor and suite. They were the ringleaders of a band of coloured conspirators who had attempted to set fire to some stores on the plain with the object of putting Paramaribo in conflagration, and had thus earned the penalty imposed by the Dutch law against incendiaries. With the last movement of their swollen tongues they mingled their

curses on the white men with the rattling tattoo of the government drums.

I was not sorry to find myself, after a considerable stay in town, in a tent-boat on the Saramaca, en route for plantation. The country watered by the Saramaca is generally flat, and the landscape possesses few objects of interest. But the glory of the scene is supplied by the gorgeous vegetation. All along the river-course its shores are lined with brilliant labyrinths of cacti and algaroba, while high above their masses of glowing colour floats the delicious green shade of the palm-branches, whose graceful shafts shoot up, glistening and straight, amid the huge trunks of a multitude of forest giants. Every here and there a vista of canal opens up a fresh avenue of floral magnificence and variety of foliage. Through the tropical haze of the lime-perfumed atmosphere the brilliant bodies of the scarlet flamingoes rock and sway in the marshy shallows amid the blinding sunshine, for in the distance their legs are indiscernible. In the radiance of the shafts of golden light that penetrate the green forest fastnesses, myriads of birds, great and small, dart and gyrate their dazzling forms in the scintillating ray-stream. Only now and then the rippling trail of a water-snake is cast alongside the boat, or the lily-laden surface of the river is disfigured by the hideous jaw-bone that belongs to nothing in the world but the alligator.

We were about half a day's journey down river, when, suddenly and with great alacrity, the negro boatmen put about and backed into the nearest creek. This, I found, was to avoid the passing of the leprosy-boat—with its heavily-flapping white sails and black awnings—on its way from town to the leprosy-grounds. On a future occasion I was to have the privilege of visiting that beautiful abode of loathsomeness, and receiving the hospitality of the devoted fathers who had retired there. The work of the priest-in-charge of this Dutch leper asylum was hardly such as that of Father Damien at Molokai, for here the clergyman had his own residence, apart in a certain degree from contagion, although within the grounds. Cure of a disease, then universally supposed to be incurable, was never attempted. But the comfort of the unhappy creatures was carefully and kindly ministered to, and the pastor preached to them from the flower-enwreathed terrace. Direct contact with his afflicted flock was not desired—nor even sanctioned—by his authorities. Yet I have heard of many cases of true heroism on the part of those brave sons of the Church who have voluntarily chosen such a pastorate. We had more than once our own contribution of

putrefying living humanity to send to that lovely garden land. On one occasion I noticed one of the women of the gang lounging about the quarters with her hand wrapped in raw cotton, and remarked upon it to one of the overseers. He nodded gravely; feared she'd have to go, and so in a day or two she did. I was really grieved at the loss in the same way of a bright little mulatto of fourteen, who used to be in the cookery. He was such a funny little chap; had taught my monkeys and parrots enough tricks to have made my fortune had I turned showman, and with his inimitable mimicry used to keep in fits the men who came down from town to see me. I noticed the lobes of his ears begin to swell; presently other symptoms followed, and Chicory had to go.

Strangely enough, however, I never felt the loathing of this disease—possibly because I am unacquainted with it in the advanced stage—that I did of that horrible elephantiasis. This is peculiar to mulattoes; pure blacks rarely get it. Surinam people insisted that it was commoner in Demerara than anywhere else. As to that I cannot positively say. Certainly the worst case I ever saw was in Demerara; and it is associated in my memory with the biggest act of cowardice I have ever committed. I had been out about three years when business took me to Curaçoa and to a place on the Venezuelan coast. The ship by which I returned had Georgetown for her destination. As I could do business there also, that suited me well enough; and I trusted to finding an early vessel going down coast. When we put in at Georgetown, the place looked as if everybody was dead. Closed *jalousies*, silent streets, hardly a soul, black or white, to be seen. I went to the hotel I always had put up at when there. My hostess, a mulatto woman (freed mulatto women used to be great at hotel-keeping in the three Guianas) at once let me know the reason. There was a plague of small-pox in the town. People had it by hundreds and were dying by scores. I ruminated a little while in the shade of the hotel gallery. Presently the clinking of a glass or something drew my attention to the verandah opposite. There, seated at one of the small tables, rum besotted and repulsive, was the most fearful case of elephantiasis I ever saw. The limbs were of an awfulness beyond description; the trunk a bloated mass. A scare took hold of me. Remember, these were the days before the very strict enforcement of vaccination; and I had seen a victim or two in England. My common sense told me I was not an Adonis upon whom even the climate effect, and—well, I had

I remember. In the depressing state of things, she had forgotten she lived in a British colony, had struck a saucy negress, and was now herself smarting under the consequent five-dollar fine. However, she was able to tell me of the captain of a little coaster who might be persuaded to drop me down at our creek as fast as could be, and next afternoon saw me on Santa Sarita. Months after I looked rather ruefully at the detailed item chronicled in the plantation books.

While on the subject of mulatto hostesses—we had a treasure in our Miss Susie at Paramaribo. The most surprising dinners in the most surprisingly short time could that talented manageress send you in. Her house was perfect. The polished floors were an invitation to vanity. The huge beds, with their multitudinous down-pillows and ample mosquito-net, were castles of indolence. No doctor could surpass Miss Susie in the knowledge and treatment of diseases peculiar to the colony. The coloured women used to be vastly learned in simples. I have known many of them who, as herbalists, deserved diplomas. Rare was the case of snake-poisoning, sun-stroke, or fever, to which Miss Susie was unequal. I myself owe much to her of a magnificent recovery from an attack of that fiend of the Guiana coast—Yellow Jack. Still my case retires before the experience of a young Englishman fresh out from Dorsetshire some forty-five years ago. His people owned an estate in the colony, and, like myself, on him had fallen the lot of representing his family among the Hollanders. He had only been a week or two in Paramaribo when he took malignant fever. We were then atrociously off for doctors—not so much as to number—for I can recollect two or three impecunious Dutchmen, and a clever but coca-eating Spaniard. An American, however, Sladen by name—about the coarsest piece of human nature you can imagine, and of heathenish ignorance—had contrived to secure the practice of the town. He was called in to see young Fielding, whose fever by this time had reached, as is not uncommon in the tropics, the coma stage. Sladen tramped up to the bed, looked at the poor young fellow lying there far from a loving home, and interjected, amid the frequent results of tobacco-chewing—“There’s a gone coon! I’ll jest tell them to send up ’is box fur ye, Miss Susie.” The box, *alias* coffin, soon arrived: they keep such things on hand in lands where Yellow Jack unfurls his flag. But, meanwhile, Miss Susie and a couple of negro women had shut themselves into that chamber which Sladen had thought the chamber of death. Three hours after they came out, but radiant, and in a few days more Fielding sent back to the store. What the remedial measures were we

Fielding could only recollect drops being forced between his teeth, and submitting dreamily to a vigorous massage. But I do know that the next time Fielding and I came home we hunted through Regent Street and Bond Street, and found no finery too good for Miss Susie's black but comely face and figure.

When I got settled on the plantation I found several arrangements which occupied my attention considerably and which were very different from the present order of things—though plantation life is a stagnant enough form of existence under any government or code. In these pre emancipation days we had no coolies to deal with, and no petty courts to hold us in awe if we were tempted to slap an insolent nigger. In justice to the Dutch one must add that wanton cruelty on the part of a slave-owner was promptly punished whenever it came to the ears of government. Apart from all reasons of humanity, I never could understand a man's deliberately damaging his own property. Certainly the annals of slavery prove that brutality could reach that insensate degree. Personally, I met with very little occasion for severity. When I went down I found a contented, well-fed gang of over 200 in the fields, and a better set of house-servants than I have ever been served by at home. In addition to those there were a few superannuated negroes who eked out their days in the capacity of huntsman, fisherman, poultryman, sick-houseman, and such like—for we never sold our aged hands on Santa Sarita. There were also some half-score watchmen, whose duty it was to attend to the sluice-gates which regulated the irrigation of the cotton fields and held in check the stealthy waters of the vast mud-flats of the Surinam coast; those slow, hungry waters that creep onward and onward, and rise ever higher and higher with the incoming tide, longing to lave all vegetation with their brackish, weedy waves.

And then the babies! an army of them. Yellow, sandy babies all over the quarters; fluffy babies in the cotton-drying houses; slimy babies in the duck pond; sticky babies, all over molasses, in the cookery; shrieking, laughing babies in the verandahs and galleries; babies everywhere, sable studies of the nude, fattened up and Nixey-polished and slippery-bodied like eels. To a youngster like I was then, their little crops of curls, not unlike the wool of a black highland lamb, were the queerest things to finger. Perhaps it was that the place had been so long without a resident master, or perhaps that other masters did not find the fascination I did in these infantile African heads, but they appreciated my attention to the "pekininnies."

one sight I never did get used to—three poor black wretches in chains; great, heavy iron chains, riveted solidly on ankles and wrists: two men and one woman. About a year before my going out a very cleverly-laid scheme of flight had been put in practice by nine negroes along shore—three of ours, four of the neighbouring plantation gang, and two from a cocoa estate further southward. The runaways had neither compass to guide them nor any geographical instinct as to the "lay" of the land. They made their bold effort with the intention of making for "Freeman's Ground," Demerara; but took just the opposite direction, got caught at Cayenne, and handed over to the Dutch Government, who restored them, chained for life, to their owners. Now, these chains I dared not, by the law under which I lived, strike off. How I hated the sight of the mute misery of these unhappy slaves as they toiled up and down the long rows of the cotton-field, under a Surinam sun, mind, and did day after day the same work that their unshackled companions found heavy enough. Many a time have I shirked the morning ride round the fields, and sorely tried Fles's patience, by insisting instead on going over mechanically some details in the books that weeks before I had mastered. Or I would try to delude myself into the belief that a Dutch paper must be revised before being despatched for town, although I knew that I wrote Dutch intelligibly enough, notwithstanding my conversational escapades. At last a charming visitor I had down from town helped me. She was a lovely girl, of Spanish family settled in Cayenne, and she had just married my particular chum in Paramaribo—an Englishman holding official position under Dutch government, and a *persona grata* with both the Governor and his delightful wife. They had come to pass a little time with me. I could not prevent her seeing the unfortunates. She was a brilliant, energetic girl, bent on seeing everything, very different from the heavy Dutch women who were my neighbours. As I had expected, she was horror-struck. She vowed to help me devotedly—notwithstanding that her husband would only see the legal side of the thing. The Landrost, or Deputy-governor, of our district lived just up coast a bit. He and I were on friendly enough terms. He was still garçon, and nothing if not gabant. My fair visitor and I joined our diplomatic heads in blackest conspiracy. We called upon the Landrost, and had him down at dinner and to breakfast, on which occasions I took my solemnest oath to George to suspend him instantly from the tallest cocoa-nut tree if everything was not fit for Epicurus himself. When we considered that the Dutchman had arrived at a sufficiently advanced state of infatuation,

my sweet abettor approached business. What was even a Dutchman to do? He could not refuse the lady to unfetter at least the woman; and before my Vivien unloosed him from her spell, he had been lured into promising his intercession with the Governor with regard to the men. One month thereafter I had the magnificent pleasure of standing within the torrid zone of the sooty plantation smithy, and seeing filed asunder the manacles those three human beings had worn day and night for nearly six years. As the horrid gyves fell with resonant clanking on the floor, the tears flowed in torrents down the negroes' dusky cheeks; their lips trembled so that articulate words could not come. I told them I could never have done it for them; and when Mrs. Palgrave next came down, the whole gang gave her such an ovation we feared the military would turn out from the nearest outpost thinking we had an *émeute*.

Once we ourselves had a runaway to shelter. Old Tonio, our huntsman, found him half dead on the edge of the bush, and with the help of some of the others got him up to the sick house. He was in a fearful condition; but we had him sed up a bit, and, when better, he told me that he had run away from a bad overseer in Cayenne, but that his strength had failed him and he had only managed to reach us on his way to British Guiana. Slave owner though I was myself, it did make a man feel proud to think that his was the country under whose flag every human creature was free. I was thinking how I should tell this luckless negro that, by the laws under which I held my land, I was bound to give him up to the authorities, when George appeared, looking savage enough, and wanting to speak to masra. Three Government servants had come to take our refugee to town. Negroes going and coming from neighbouring properties must have carried the news of his being with us until it reached the ears of some official. Discretion is the last virtue of the black man. I saw the men, freed mulattoes, and enjoined merciful treatment of the fugitive, who was most grateful for the kindness he had received. He told me that when he got back to his place he would be very shamefully entreated. Starvation used, I believe, to be a feature of the French system of slave-punishment. But it had not been such a good year with us, and I could not accede to his request to buy him, for I was still much under supervision financially.

That the negro loves a dance is to everyone a fact of ancient history. Our people were given a grand one to celebrate arrival on plantation; and that dance so delighted n heart with its juggernaut music of fiddles, banjos,

and ear-splitting drum (improvised out of the hollow stump of a tree with a sheepskin stretched across) that I hardly ever had friends down from town without treating them to a gang dance. The scene was not without its own beauty as, in the clear tropical night we sat in the galleries, fanned by a soft breeze from the shore, and watched the not ungraceful evolutions of the sable bodies, treading, torch in hand, their, to us, bewildering mazes. A bonfire of the torches and a dole of rum finished off the treat—always before it became too prolonged. I don't think we ever caused anyone trouble through these little festivities—although, regarding them, a surly neighbour who was notorious for his difficulties with his gang, used to remonstrate more forcibly than politely with me. On one occasion we narrowly escaped getting ourselves into a mess. I had a good many people, nearly all English, visiting me, when, just before dinner, somebody remembered that it was the birthday of our good and gracious, and then youthful queen. In accordance with plantation law a couple of big guns stood mounted on carriages outside the portico, ready in case of an insurrection of the slaves. It was proposed to fire three salvos in our Sovereign Lady's honour. No sooner said than done. Amid much effervescence of British loyalty the three volleys resounded far and wide through the still air of the quickly fading West Indian twilight. In another moment George was at my side. "Masra, three guns a signal; quick, massa, another!" A minute more, and another shot was echoing along the coast, assuring the soldiers of the barracks some miles up that there was no rising on Santa Sarita.

It was not until some four years after this that the famous Wyaba revel took place. A rich and grabbing old cocoa-planter further in the interior died, leaving all the property of which he was possessed to three nephews at home in "Ould Ireland"—all cousins—whom he had never seen. After some time the three heirs—O'Hara, Grady, and Hannan—came out to view their inheritance, resolved on having a rattling good time. I met them first in town, where they had got to know everybody; went to the ball at Government House on the King of Holland's birthday, and by the fascination of their dare-devil "go," had sent all the nicest girls in Paramaribo off their heads. When they had done about enough outré things there, they got tired of town and came down to formally take over their estate. It was quite in accordance with colonial custom, seeing that they had received so much hospitality, for them to have a big gathering on this occasion, and invite all the jolliest people they had met. And I will say the Irishmen entertained us

royally. Theirs was a very big plantation, working a gang nearly double ours—but a dull, underfed, scurvy lot. It was part of the programme that these people were to have a dance. Such a thing had never been heard of in "Old Masra's" time, and I don't believe a single pair of legs in that black company knew how to set about kicking out—nigger legs though they were. Poor souls! their days, as long as they could remember, had been passed from earliest morn till latest eve, dragging everlastingly across and across these monotonous cocoa-grounds, in constant dread of the cut of the overseer's whip. It was plain the dance would have to be set going for them. Meanwhile Hannan shouts from the gallery—"I say, haven't you blacks ever had a dance before?" Chorus: "No, masra." "Wasn't the sainted old party good to you?" Fortissimo chorus: "No, masra." "Did he often have you lashed?" Chorus, *con fuoco*: "Yes, masra." O'Hara steps forward: "Here you niggers, wouldn't it do you good to have a dance over the old fellow's grave—just to have it out? Isn't he buried here somewhere?" Sensation; and Wagnerian chorus, *ad libitum*, and incapable of interpretation. Here was a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of us slave-owners. One white man—slave-owner, too, jointly, to the tune of some five hundred souls, proposing a negro dance over the grave of another white man; not to mention relationship and obligation. There was a stampede to the quiet green spot beyond the quarters, where, within the tall, thick lime-hedge, lay the bones of the former master of the place. In the rush none of the excited Irishmen took note of who went or who stayed; and several of us quietly left our apologies with a frightened-looking elderly negress, who was serving at the buffet. But for the intercession of good-natured acquaintances our Hibernian friends would have had a *mauvais quart d'heure* with the Government. As it was, O'Hara and Hannan got forty-eight hours in which to quit the colony for ever. Grady, against whom there was not the charge of active incitement (simply because he hadn't a chance) on payment of a fine was allowed to remain to conclude the legal formalities; a concession which—on his speedy marriage with a Dutch lady—was extended to permission to take up residence.

Being on an early occasion after that up in town I got a friendly hint from officialdom that perhaps, for a time, it might be better to discontinue small negro festivities. Some of my Dutch neighbours had preferred growling to speaking frankly to me. For a year or two thereafter I worked very hard, carried out various improvements and extensions, and introduced some newer machinery, so that entertain-

ing was less in my head. At home in England many years after, a lady, also on furlough, told me she had not forgotten the shock she had received once at my table in the earlier days, when in reply to my question, "How many wives have you, George?" the grave reply came prompt from behind my chair, "Seven, sah." George had, of course, been always quite above the gang dances. But when, in later years, I used to come to town periodically, he set me up in quite an establishment, bringing along some dozen male and female servants under his command; and they did have high times. After a liberal appropriation of my garments—including my freshest tie and pair of gloves—and equipped with my calling cards and best cigarette-case, George was really far more irresistible than I could ever dream of becoming. With all the heroism of mute resignation, I used to watch him set off to a coloured party, escorting the ladies of our family—for in town the whole household owned my patronymic. I once broached the subject of matrimony to George, but he assured me that his good breeding would not permit of anything in such bad form as his taking precedence of me in entering the holy estate. So I could only be silent—and sorry for a pretty little mulatto girl up street.

A few years before Emancipation was really declared, when, as yet, the States-General at the Hague held it over our heads like the sword of Damocles, inasmuch as they did not seem to assure us of anything like adequate compensation, the faint tones of the not far-distant jubilee were wafted on the breeze into the quarters of every plantation in Surinam. We had very little trouble indeed. A weaker head got frenzied in anticipation now and then. But after the great day had come and gone, the majority of our people stayed with us as trusted servants. Very occasionally, while emancipation was yet ahead, evil communications from the negroes of other plantations would corrupt the good manners of one or two of the gang. Once, on my way from the canal jetty to the house, after a few days' absence, I encountered a much bedizened big toad, a very loudly got-up creature, indeed, gay in old ribbon and many hued calico rags. From very early times this has been a danger signal amongst the negroes, generally a warning that your life was to be attempted. As I had returned some days before I was expected, I could not be sure whether the thing had been laid in my path, or in that of Fies. However, Fies would not be so likely to be coming from the jetty. I passed by the object and went straight to the manager's rooms. He and I were the only white men on the place. He told me he had recently, without thinking, committed an indiscretion rare for him. About the

grounds near the quarters he had one day come upon a tub turned up; it was an untidy object, and he told the mulatto overseer who was with him to have it removed. Next day he found it had not been touched, and he commanded one of the negroes, under threat of the lash, to take it away. The boy, trembling, turned the thing over, and thence began slowly to uncoil itself a huge aboma, which, luckily for Fles and the boy, was half asleep, and glided away listlessly into the guava-grove. The serpent was, of course, a fetish, and the gang were no doubt furious against Fles. I, too, recollected that I had been wanting in consideration for the religious opinions of my people. One sultry evening, a week or two before the occurrence of the toad episode, I was riding up coast and had one of the boys with me, with bow and arrow, to bring down some birds whose wings I wanted. We passed a magnificent cocoa-nut palm, and I told the boy, who was an unrivalled marksman, to shoot me down some of the refreshing fruit. He entreated me not to ask him, became very nervous and excited, and finally said he should "get masra some much finer ones further on." Insubordination had for some time been very general on plantations throughout the colony. I had determined to put down with an iron hand the first signs of it on our place. I compelled the boy to get me down the fruit. Only when he had shot down as much as we could take along did the idea of a fetish dawn upon me; and as nothing then followed I had thought no more of the matter. Fles and I were both very vigilant during the following days, but nothing unpleasant occurred. The Indians, too, were about us much during that spring. They were staunch friends of the Government, and I think Fles must have given a hint to old Pedro, the leader of the tribe, for groups of them seemed to be constantly squatting on the verge of the bush, or paddling up our canals with canoes full of basket-work, and their often not inartistic pottery, for me to inspect. Old Pedro, terra-cotta as to skin, black and lank as to hair, and possessed of broad but intelligent features lit up by marvellous eyes, was a sleuth hound where a runaway negro was concerned. When he could not bring the fugitive back alive, he did not fail to bring his scalp to the Governor, for which he received a stipulated sum. To see these Indians, with their firmly-knit but most agile figures, walk along the streets of Paramaribo, you would have imagined them the lords of the place. Not so much as by a glance, not even by the shadow of a consciousness of their existence, would an Indian acknowledge a negro. In the calm imperturbability of his loathing, to the red man the black man was as if he were not. These children of the forest, unconquered, untamed, are the

of the white man, and can be deferential to the dominant race. But the slave the Indian spurns and contemns, holding him infinitely less than the worm wriggling in the clay out of which he moulds his water-bottles and melon-plates.

Perhaps it was because of small incidents of the sort mentioned that I remained so very apathetic after listening to a tale related to me by one of the watchmen. He had been on some errand a considerable way into the interior ; and he came to me, hot and elated, immediately on his return, and with gleaming eyes told me that he had seen gold—real, glistening, yellow gold—“over dar by ria” (river). His geography was most elementary, but, from what I could gather, his “find” lay some little way within the bush, between a tributary of the Surinam river and the coast. I cannot very well, at this remote time, define or even exactly recall my feelings on receiving his information. Possibly I was much pre-occupied. At any rate I must have felt exceedingly little interest ; may have been suspicious, or have utterly disbelieved the story ; or supposed that the negro had seen, as is not infrequent in the interior, some gold-dust in the river-bed. I may have had doubts whether it was not a decoy. Certainly I might have organised an equipped expedition ; but I troubled no more about the matter. It is at least a coincidence that the Surinam gold-field—of which people connected with the colony have heard so much talk and seen so little result—lies in the exact neighbourhood my negro described to me as the scene of his discovery. It might be worth the while of either the colonial government or an influential company to turn its attention to those mines. Until now, through a bad working system and lack of capital, they have not had a fair chance. Possibly something more gratifying might result than the tiny nuggets, which do certainly make pretty lace-pins for the wives and daughters of subscribers, but do as certainly not induce a rush of shareholders.

Echoes of the sea-depths of that familiar South American coast are borne in upon me as I write. The accents of ocean's eternal tongue play through the banana-forests, and, traversing the zones, resound dimly in my ears ; and with them come memories of the dull avalanche-roar of a tropical thunderstorm, and of the quivering gleam of a West Indian moon amid the tamarinds. I go down to the beach by my northern home. Instead of the weedy surf drifting slowly over the oozy cotton-fields, I see the great green and white waves fling themselves high and higher upon the mighty quartz rocks ; but it is everywhere the same cadence, beneath the English cliffs or upon tropical flats. It is the same refrain that Sophocles heard on

the *Ægean*, that sad Hero heard by the Hellespont, that Byron heard everywhere nigh or on ocean, the same that age after age hears as the waves of human life flow and ebb "down the vast edges drear and naked shingles of the world." Ever and always they "bring the eternal note of sadness in." The last time I saw Santa Sarita it had become a wilderness whercon the foot of man never trod. The estate had been abandoned some years previously, the hands being wanted for a more money-bringing cocoa plantation; a new acquisition, and an undertaking not so subject to the serious delays caused by excessive rains or overflow of bottom-lands, and not involving the frequent necessary replanting. And so nature had been left sole ruler of the old place. At the touch of her sceptre had sprung up all the pomp and splendour of the tropics. From out the brine that gloated over all, the golden and crimson, and bronzen and empurpled orchids broke forth in wanton luxuriousness. Great gold-dusted sun-flowers, water-lilies that shone afar in their pearly radiance; the white gleaming of the lotus and the glistening eau-de-nil of the trembling pitcher-plant; the great scarlet cacti and the star-like blossoms of the myrtle, the sweet, delicate purple or conch-shell pink of the passion-flower, the sheeny green of the huge dracænas and castor-plants and deeper hued masses of ferny undergrowth—all mingled and repeated themselves in brilliant carnival, while over everything lingered the fragrance of the young limes. Gorgeous butterflies coquetted in their prettiness with those regal floral beauties swaying in the salt surf. A million birds wheeled and flittered and plunged, screaming their shrill, vexed cries as they hovered and grouped and darted again across the dream-landscape that quivered through the shimmer of the hot, vaporious haze. To me it was as the border-tract that lay without the hedge which guarded the enchanted land of Sleeping Beauty. Only, I no more, but the tossing, trembling sea-waves from beyond, were to penetrate this mystic garden of sleep.

It felt chill. The awakening night wind began to moan softly I turned my face towards the quickly setting sun, and retraced my steps riverwards to where my boat was slowly rocking in the shallow, with muffled gurgle and rippling monotone.

LOUIS PHILIP.

HAIR AND HAIR FASHIONS.

THE geographical distribution of the hair over the habitable world is, as regards the colour, very precisely definable. The xantho-comic or light-haired races are to be found north of lat. 48°, which cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of Northern Germany, and a great portion of Russia. Between this parallel and lat. 45°—including Northern France, Switzerland, and part of Piedmont, and passing through Bohemia and Austria—there is a sort of debateable land of more or less dark brown hair; and below this line we come gradually upon the Melanic races, who occupy with hardly an exception (save where we have colonised) the rest of the globe. The peoples of Europe, therefore, present in the colour of their hair an almost perfect gradation—the light flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening imperceptibly into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores.

There are a few exceptions to this rule—exceptions attributable to a variety of causes. Take the case of England, for instance. Here in our country no one colour stands out pre-eminently before all others as characteristic of the nation. You find the black alternating with the light, and more frequently you meet with a kind of cross between the two extremes. The last has probably been produced by frequent intermarriages, and the others have retained their original hue by virtue of closer racial unions—the first being the natural colour of the hair of the Celts, and their predecessors, the Iberians, whose dolicocephalic skulls have been found in such numbers in the barrows of Denbighshire by Mr. Boyd Dawkins; and the second is the national colour of the hair of the Scandinavian races, in whose domain the rule is practically absolute in its application. In Brittany, again, where we would expect to meet with light or very light brown hair, we find it of the glossiest black colour, and why? Because the inhabitants of this out-of-the-way corner of France have more Celtic than Norman blood in their veins. Venice, on the other hand, has always been famous for the golden beauty of its hair, perhaps because that republic was originally

peopled from the north, and in the day of her power was exceedingly jealous of admitting foreigners into the ranks of her citizens. These are only isolated cases, however, and only prove that race mainly determines, among other ethnographical peculiarities, the colour and texture of the hair. How does the difference arise? It is beyond the province of this paper to go minutely into the question, but it may be stated that Laebig, after examining the pigment cells of fair, brown, and black hair, showed that the first owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen, with a deficiency of carbon, and the last its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. How the various proportions came in the beginning to be fixed is a matter concerning which we need not trouble ourselves, because it would lead us too far astray from our subject proper.

A *Saturday Reviewer* somewhat flippantly suggested once that Adam was the first dandy, and adjusted his fig leaves with an aim at effect. If he did this, then the inference is that he looked after his curly locks as well. A *Quarterly Reviewer*, however, of forty years ago, awarded the palm for the honour of having invented the art of hairdressing to Adam's partner in the garden of Eden. The question is involved in much obscurity, like many more, but it is remarkable that these two eminent authorities, vaticinating backwards, should agree as to the time and place, if not altogether as to the person; and there can be no doubt that, so far as they go, they are right. The beginnings of the art of hairdressing are to be found (if you have faith!) among the earliest dwellers on this wearisome old planet of ours. Perhaps the man first thought of running his hand through his hair and of parting it in order to "fetch" Eve (the only woman before whom he could parade himself) when she was coy or wanton; more probably it was Eve herself, who was a woman, and who, desiring, perhaps, to fool her spouse into giving her something he did not want to give her, put on her most fascinating smile, and, by the aid of the glassy brook, very carefully arranged her flowing hair in a very careless manner; knowing, intuitively, that such a thing was far more effective than the most elaborate *coiffure*. From this early time man has shown due regard for his hair. Did not those very antique dandies, of whom the palæontologists tell us, deck themselves with rude ornaments, and put pieces of flint through their ears and noses, and "do" their hair with artistic skewers? And they lived near enough, in all conscience, to the time of the first man. Coming down to more strictly historical times, we find all the nations of antiquity, so called—the A

Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans—as far advanced almost in the study of the *coiffure* as we of this enlightened age are. Mr. Layard has shown us what the remote Assyrians were capable of in this direction—how they plaited the hair and parted it over the forehead, letting it fall from behind the ears on to the shoulders in a large bunch of ringlets. They treated the beard in a much similar manner; it was allowed to grow to its full length, and, descending low on the breast, was divided into two or three rows of curls. “The moustache,” the same authority adds, “was also carefully trimmed and curled at the ends.” The art of dyeing all three was known and much practised; and it is probable (though direct evidence in confirmation is wanting) that artificial hair, done up in the regulation mode, was extensively worn. Whether or not *they* were acquainted with this refinement, there is no doubt that the Egyptians were; for indisputable proof is to be found in the British Museum, where there is an elaborate wig, taken from the temple of Isis at Thebes, and sufficiently modern-looking to pass for an eighteenth century article. In fact, perukes were universal in Egypt. Every free man shaved his head, and, from the king downwards, took to an artificial head-gear. It may seem strange and unnatural that in such a warm country these lumbering things should be adopted in preference to the natural hair, but the people of the Nile were wise in their generation. The reticulated texture of the groundwork, on which the hair of the wig was fastened, allowed the heat of the head to escape, and the hair itself effectually protected the cranium from the sun’s rays. The covering was warm within doors and without; a priest was even allowed to officiate at certain ceremonies in his wig; and it was only on the death of a relative that the beard and the hair of the head were allowed to grow.

In Greece, during the heroic ages, men wore their hair and beards long, which so disgusted the cleanly and clean-faced Egyptians that, if we are to credit Herodotus, no one of either sex of the latter nationality would on any account kiss the lips of a Greek, make use of his knife, his spit and cauldron, or taste the meat of an animal which had been slaughtered by his hand. It must not be inferred from this that the Greeks, in the early days of their being, were altogether barbarians; but they were certainly not so civilised—not so well acquainted with the arts of peace and war—as the Egyptians until long after they had made their mark in history. The love of the beautiful was there, no doubt; but it had not yet manifested itself and raised the social character of the people. It required the softening and humanising influence and intercourse with more liberal

ances, such as the Egyptians and the Phœnicians, to one or other of whom they were indebted for much that they possessed. It would seem that, in the matter of personal adornment, they derived the beginnings from the Egyptians, and that they improved upon these beginnings as their own sense of the fitness of things developed into a passion for the beautiful. Their arrangement of the hair they and their women carried eventually to the highest point of artistic excellence; and the nations of Christendom have acknowledged their appreciation of this perfection by discarding their own hideous devices, and returning with more or less scrupulousness to the models bequeathed by them. It is worthy of note, though, that the artistic care of the beard did not progress *pari passu* with the care of the head. In reality the beard retrograded, and after Alexander the Great's time was never seen in any profusion on a Greek face, unless the face happened to be a very venerable one, in which event a long *barba* was a most befitting object part and parcel of a patriarch's station, its outward sign and symbol. Alexander inaugurated the custom of shaving among his Macedonians, so that their beards should not afford a handle to their enemies. The conqueror himself was smooth-faced, and his innovation was seized upon as a good thing by the young Greek "swells," who carried the day, and shaved on in spite of all opposition from the philosophers and the magistrates.

Into Rome shaving appears to have been introduced from Sicily about the year 454 A. D. or 299 B. C. and Scipio Africanus is credited with being the first noble Roman who submitted his face daily to the lather and the razor and the tender mercies of P. TICINUS Mena, or whomsoever it was he patronised. About this period, too, the people, growing powerful and luxurious, discarded the long flowing locks of their fathers, and went in for close crops, crisp and curled, after the manner of Mark Antony, in whose day a short beard was a tolerable thing, but nothing more. The women started by imitating Greek modes, but soon improved upon their simple and severe beauty, piled upon their heads imitations of castles and crowns, like so many sea Cybeles; hoisted their hair in intricate wreaths, which had the questionable distinction of being copied by some of our grandmothers and great grandmothers; and knotted it with a tiresome elaborateness. They also placed coins sporadically about, and in the decline of the Empire followed the example of Commodus (who got his idea from the Jews), and powdered their hair with gold. Slaves inside the Eternal City were known infallibly by their dress and by other signs; but in the provinces, where it was not always an easy matter to tell a freeman offhand, slaves wore their hair c^o .

something after the manner of our "workhouse crop," perhaps—and the freemen wore theirs pretty long. When a province was conquered, off went the hair of all the population; and when, in the decline, any of these provinces revolted, the insurgent captains directed the people to grow their hair long again, as a sign of recovered freedom. Then the Romans would come again, reconquer the country, and order a universal hair-cut; and so the hair crops of whole races were alternately mowed and allowed to grow again, like so many fields at the command of the husbandman, the most important of facts political being indicated (the pun is not ours) by the state of the *poll*.

In our own country we have traversed over and over again, in some instances, the whole range of possibilities in the matter of our head and head-dress fashions. The Saxons wore their hair long, and Fairholt, in his "Costume in England," gives some striking examples of the care they bestowed upon its adornment. The Normans, at Senlac, were mistaken by them for an army of priests, so close-cropped and clean-shaven were they. They conquered the people in war, but the people conquered them in many of the arts of peace—that is, they taught the austere followers of the "magnanimous" William (as Sir Walter calls him) some customs, such as hard drinking, eating, and swearing, which we of this age, like Hamlet, consider to be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." Among other things, the Normans learnt to let their hair grow to an extraordinary length and thickness: the ladies plaiting it in several plaits, and confining it within silken cases which bear some analogy to modern umbrella covers; and the men sometimes doing the same, but more frequently allowing that on the back of the head to spread over the shoulders and that of the sides to fall down over the ears and pull up, so to speak, at the neck with a graceful curl on either side. In fact, the men we meet in the illuminated manuscripts remind one of a very amateur actor—only, if anything, they are a little more so, as an American reporter would say. The priests were just as bad as the laity, until they received instructions to cut off their luxuriant locks in order to look more ascetic. Then, as they were not permitted the indulgence, they awoke, and found that long hair was a sin. They fulminated against it, issued special canons denouncing it; and there was one peculiar mode which was styled the "Malice of the Devil." Says one French bishop, in his charge (altogether modernised) against it:—

"Prenant un soin paternel de punir, autant qu'il est à propos, eux qui portent des cheveux frisés et bouclés par artifice, pour faire

tomber dans le piège les personnes qui les voient, nous les exhortons et leur enjoignons de vivre plus modestement, en sorte qu'on ne remarque plus en eux aucuns restes de la malice du diable. Si quelqu'un pèche contre ce canon, qu'il soit excommunié !”

The English clergy did not confine themselves to anathematizing the fashion, but acted as well as talked ; and Serlo, preaching before Henry II. and his court, brought the whole party to such a state of repentance by his eloquent denunciations that one and all consented to give it up, whereupon the crafty churchman pulled a pair of shears from out his sleeve, and secured his victory by clearing the royal head in a twinkling. With the king's hair gone, the courtiers submitted to the same operation, out of compliment mainly to their master, and not because they had promised to do away with the “profligacy” ; and once the court set the fashion, there was nothing left for the nation but to follow suit sooner or later. The step was very reluctantly taken, however, and the fashion came in again on each occasion surpassing previous records in the way of length and fantastic treatment—under Henry IV. and under Henry VII. In the mean time many other modes came and went, the chief of which we propose to enumerate. The style of Henry II.'s time gave place to one in which the men resembled the amateur dramatics of to-day (only more so again) in so far as the sides of the head with their curls were concerned ; the back was cut somewhat short, and left plain ; while, as for the ladies, their curls extended all round on a level with the neck, or were confined in a caul of gold network, or, again, were secured in proper shape and place by articles of jewellery. Short hair came into vogue by an accident which occurred to Francis I. in a tournament. That superb monarch was wounded in the head, and thus compelled to have his hair cut close. His courtiers did the same, and all fashionable Europe caught the infection. Everybody must be familiar with the close cropped bullet head and the thick substantial beard of that much married king, Henry VIII. He imitated his brother of France, and his loyal subjects imitated him—the women as well as the men, and there can be no doubt that much of the hard expression of features which especially marked the female heads of Holbein was owing to the withdrawal of the softening influence of the hair. The ladies had their revenge when Elizabeth came to the throne and inaugurated the golden age of head-dressing. She adopted ^{some} remarkable coiffures, and the ladies of her circle, who of the men, put their whole fortune on their bac

initiative, and even went the length of dyeing their hair to make it approximate to the decidedly "sandy" hue of her Majesty's. The men also had their turn, but in the matter of the beard and moustache, not in that of the head. They cut and twisted their precious appendages into all manners of shapes. "The barbers," says Stubbs, "have invented such strange fashions of monstrous manners of cuttings, trimmings, shavings, and washings, that you would wonder to see. They have one manner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut ; one the Dutch cut, another the Italian ; one the new cut, another the old ; one the gentleman's cut, another the common cut ; one cut of the Court, another of the country ; with infinite the like vanities, which I overpass. They have also other kinds of cuts innumerable ; and therefore, when you come to be trimmed, they will ask you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enemy, or amiable to your friend ; grim and stern in countenance, or pleasant and demure ; for they have divers kinds of cuts for all these purposes." One of the most curious—perhaps *the* most curious—of these was the screw beard, which dropped from the under lip in a spiral form, and which was worn by (among others) Taylor, the water poet, who has left us a curious description of the variety of beards worn in his day. It occurs in his "Superbiæ Flagellum," and runs thus :—

Some like a spade, some like a fork, some square,
 Some round, some mow'd like stubble, some stark bare,
 Some sharp, stiletto fashion, dagger like,
 That may, with whispering, a man's eyes outpike ;
 Some with the hammer cut or Roman T,
 Their beards extravagant reformed must be,
 Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion,
 Some circular, some oval in translation,
 Some perpendicular in longitude,
 Some like a thicket for their crassitude.
 That heights, depths, breadths, triform, oval, round,
 And rules geometrical in beards are found.

A pet vanity of the time was to brush one's moustache upwards from the lips in a series of small locks. An elegant moustache was a *sine quâ non* to a cavalier, who, however, paid considerable attention to his hair, and sometimes allowed a long lock, tied at the end with ribbon, to fall down on to his breast on either side of his face. Under Charles I. long wavy hair came into vogue among men ; and as for the women, their *coiffure* during the whole of the Stuart period was eminently pleasing : clustering glossy curls, which were sometimes made soft and semi-transparent by a peculiar frizz, gave

life and movement to the face ; whilst a pretty arrangement of loops hung like a fringe across the forehead, and added an air of quaintness to the whole expression.

We step over the long years of depression during which the Puritans were in the ascendant in England, and reach the epoch of the peruke. It came to us from France, where, it seems, it had been re-invented to enable those who were not blessed with a superabundance of locks, to imitate His Majesty Louis XIII.—a monarch whose hair had never been cut from childhood's hour, as Mr. Guppy would say. The partisans of the exiled Stuarts had learned to appreciate it while waiting in France for the people at home to return to their first love, and brought it with them over the Channel when this event occurred. Its introduction and novelty are well indicated by two passages in Pepys' Diary. Under date November 3, 1663, we read:—

Home, and by and bye comes Chapman, the periwig maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it ; but it being over and my periwig on, I paid him £3, and away went he with my own hair to make up another of, and I, by and bye, went abroad, after I had caused all my marks to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own hair, and so was Bessie.

Five days later he writes : —

Lord's Day.—To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such thing.

It may be inferred from this that the peruke, in its incipient stage, was not conspicuously unlike the prevalent mode. If it had been, Mr. Secretary Pepys would have suffered the usual penalty, and have had a crowd of vulgar boys and loafing men at his heels, howling impolite remarks after him ; and he was not the man to omit reference to such a fact (had it occurred) in his diary. In a few years after this time the wig had attained astonishing proportions—so astonishing, indeed, that the face, as a contemporary satirist put it, appeared only as "a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair." To such a length did the fashion go, that even children were forced to submit to it. The reign of the wig was universal, and all mankind, from Louis XIV. down to tender-aged boys, paid homage to it in one of its many forms *perruques grandes, perruques petites, perruques en folio, en quarto, en trente-deux ; perruques rondes, carrées, pointues ; perruques à boudins, à papillons, à deux et trois marteaux*, etc., through a long catalogue ; the hair Proteus being governed by one Binette, who looked after the coiffure of Louis XIV. and his court, and, through them, after that of all Europe into the bargain.

Men have done some ridiculous things in order to improve upon the handiwork of the universal mother ; but the fair sex might give them long odds in the same direction. It would be impossible to conceive some of the excesses to which women have gone had we not representations laid in all seriousness before us for our edification, and with a view, no doubt, to earning our admiration. It was not to be expected that they would tolerate such abominations as wigs upon their fathers', husbands', and brothers' heads, and not attempt to emulate them in their own persons. As a matter of fact, they soon came up to their men-folk, with equal promptitude passed them, and before long left them far behind. From this time the men had no chance beside them. They frizzed and piled up their own—and an immense quantity of false—hair high above their foreheads, and adorned it with a wealth of lace and ribbon that was awful to contemplate. You read frequently, in the papers of the middle of the eighteenth century, of ladies being compelled, owing to the rush upon the perruquiers, to have their hair done up some days before the ball to which they have been invited, and to sleep in a chair for the same number of nights, for fear of disarranging the tremendous mass. In order to protect it at home and in the streets, a titled lady of Bath invented a cap, which, judging from the illustration given by Fairholt, would make a very comfortable bed for a baby. It was called a caravan, and consisted of whalebone formed in large rounds, capable of being thrown over the face like “a blind of white sarcenet.” About 1750 another atrocity was *de rigueur*. It was nothing less than a carriage with wheels and equipment complete, placed on top of the pile of huge curls, feathers, and the rest. Thirty years later Montgolfier made his balloon experiments, and head-dresses *en ballon* were the consequence. In England these did not go beyond a globular or pear-like form ; but in France they developed into the Zodiac style, done by placing broad bands of blue ribbon, covered with silver stars, across the *ballon*. This was the last manifestation of the peruke mania. Men had already let it down gently and taken to *queues* ; and with the balloon, female head-gear reached its apex. Like the frog in the fable, it swelled to its utmost extension—and burst. Henceforward something more reasonable prevailed, the most notable fashions concerning themselves with the covering, and not with the hair that is covered.

LONDON BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE.

IF it were possible for us by the aid of one of Professor Teufelsdröckh's time and space annihilating felts to alight in the City of London in the year of grace 1660—ever memorable in the annals of the realm as the year which witnessed the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his fathers—we should find ourselves in a world which we should experience much difficulty in recognising as our own—quite as rich in curiosities as any of the buried cities of Italy—and of which we should know as little as we do concerning the daily life of Timbuctoo. So quickly and completely do national manners and customs become transformed. The mouldering hand of time directs the steps of men into ways that their fathers and grandfathers never trod, and the space of three or four long lives is sufficient to bridge the gulf that separates us from a state of society which would excite as much surprise within our breasts as the characters at a masquerade—a state of society that would be as different in its tastes, ideas, employments, inclinations, and customs from that to which we are accustomed as could possibly be imagined. The London of the present day no more resembles the London of the Restoration era than the inhabitants of Kamtschatka resemble those of Central Africa, and the progress which science has made in the invention of gas and innumerable other conveniences of home life, to say nothing of the various applications of steam and electricity, has not only effected a complete transformation in the topographical aspect of London, but in the public and private life of the city also, so much so, indeed, as to all but defy any attempt on the part of statisticians to appraise their scope and extent.

It is not our intention in this article to enter into any elaborate disquisition upon the memorable associations which, in the course of centuries, have clustered around the crowded highways and byways of our "murky Babel," seeing that such a task would entail researches far too extensive for our limits. What we do, however, propose to do, is to turn away from the proceedings of statesmen and parliaments, and to bring before the reader a number

of scattered facts collected mainly from contemporary literature, illustrating, from different points of view, the habits, the manners, the conditions, and the opinions of the different classes of London citizens at the time when the reins of government passed from the hands of the Protector into those of Charles II.

At the particular date to which we refer, the metropolis, which has now almost become "a province covered with houses"—although it appears to have been the most populous capital in Europe—had extended very little beyond the ancient city limits, and the houses westward of the boundary were for the most part the residences of the nobility, and stood in the midst of gardens that were bounded by open fields. At that time, of course, not one of the docks and warehouses which now line the banks of the Thames, from the Tower to Blackwall, and from Westminster to Rotherhithe, had emerged into existence, and only one bridge spanned the river. The roadway between the overhanging houses on London Bridge was so narrow that it was scarcely possible for two vehicles to pass one another in safety, and foot passengers could proceed across it in safety only by following in their miry wake. The case was much the same with all the London streets prior to the outbreak of the great fire of 1666. They all remained in blissful ignorance of commissioners of improvements and boards for lighting and paving. No London thoroughfare was lighted at night, and all the shops were distinguished by painted signboards. To the north of the city extended green fields and hills, the contour of which it would now be impossible to trace amidst the buildings by which they are overspread. Belgravia and Tyburnia—two important localities which have long since been incorporated into the voracious metropolis itself—slumbered in the womb of time; and he who had then ventured to predict the parturition of the parent would have been pronounced a rash individual indeed. Chelsea was still a rural village with little more than a thousand inhabitants. Islington was so peaceful a retreat that it was the "delight of poets," and a place where milkmaids and invalids wandered over fields and meadows resplendent with buttercups and daisies. The country lay open nearly all the way to Hampstead and Highgate from the rear of Holborn, where many private mansions of civic magistrates stood surrounded by their terraced gardens, which were planted usually with lime trees, and sometimes adorned with fountains, summer-houses, and grottoes. South of Moorfields or London Wall might then have been seen pleasure-ground adorned with trees, laid out with turf and grass paths and railings, and traversed by a broad and shady walk known

as the City Mall. Gresham House was surrounded by spacious walks and gardens which extended nearly as far as Cornhill. The Minories—so called from the fact of the lands having formerly belonged to the nunnery of St. Clair—formed a comparatively open space, and hard by it stood a farm where Stowe often bought a quart of new milk for a halfpenny. At this time, certain districts which now form densely-populated portions of the metropolis were in a semi-rural condition. Spitalfields, which had in former ages been the cemetery of Roman London, and which in after days became the property of the Hospital and Priory of St. Mary beyond Bishopsgate, were really what their name implied. From Houndsditch, a street of houses standing in their own gardens extended nearly as far as the parish church of Shoreditch, which was almost the last building in that direction. Under the elm trees in Moorfields linen was spread out to dry and books were sold. Cattle grazed and archers shot their arrows in Finsbury, and Goswell Street was a lonely road all the way to the pleasant village of Islington. Clerkenwell was chiefly occupied by the precincts of the once great Priory of the Hospitallers of St. John, and by several mansions surrounded by gardens, tenanted by the aristocracy. Spafields afforded pasturage for cows, and Sadlers Wells, Islington Spa, and Merlin's cave were daily resorted to by crowds of citizens on account of the curative powers latent in their waters. The new Tunbridge Wells at Islington was a fashionable morning lounge, the site of which is now occupied by a squalid rookery of misery and vice. At that time the Pindar of Wakefield was a roadside hostelry in Gray's Inn Road, and Aubrey mentions the yellow-flowered Neapolitan bank cresses which flourished in its vicinity. Gray's Inn Gardens were the scene of a fashionable morning promenade, and from them there was an almost uninterrupted view to the pleasant heights of Highgate and Hampstead, which had then scarcely lost the woodland scenery of the ancient forest of Middlesex. Bloomsbury and the vicinity of Bedford Square, it is hardly necessary to say, retained much of their rural character. The gardens of Montagu House (which were destined in later days to be overspread by the British Museum, and which were bounded by fields), as well as the gardens of the houses in Great Russell Street, were still fragrant and overlooked an expanse of open country which terminated in the northern heights. Chancery Lane, Fetter Lane, and Shoe Lane intersected gardens in which were straggling lines of cottages. St. Giles's still retained much of its rural character, and consisted of only a few houses amidst trees standing near the church, while northwards and westwards stretched open

country, traversed by roads with avenues of trees, and eastwards by green enclosures, from the walls of what had been the hospital to Chancery Lane, many inns standing upon the Holborn Road. Strictly speaking, St. Giles's Pound was at the threshold of London. The site of Long Acre, Seven Dials, and Soho was occupied by what were known as the "Cock and Magpie fields," so called from a celebrated house of public entertainment which bore that name. Drury House, near the Strand end of Drury Lane (where the village of St. Giles began), was the only mansion of importance which the locality could boast, and was shaded by a row of stately elm trees. The physic garden where John Gerard, citizen and surgeon, had culled his simples a hundred years previously, was still in existence when Charles II. ascended the throne.

The cities of London and Westminster were united only by a few houses in the occupation of the nobility, which occupied the line of the Strand. The space lying between Charing Cross and St. James's Palace was occupied by fields, and near at hand stood Spring Gardens, where the melodious notes of the nightingale were frequently to be heard by attentive listeners during the stillness of a summer's night. Hedgerows surrounding a few houses were to be seen in the Haymarket, and more than one hundred and forty elm trees bordered the walk in Pall Mall. The line of road which now bears the name of Piccadilly was known only as the road to Bath, was for the most part unpaved, and coaches were frequently overturned in the hollow way. The site of Bond Street was covered with green bushes, and all beyond it was open country. Building on Windmill Fields was strictly forbidden, as also on the open fields which adjoined Soho. Pimlico was almost all fields and gardens, and in the adjacent lower parts of Westminster were gardens in which people gathered their roses, their lilies, and their ruddy ripe fruit. Whitehall Palace, and the sumptuous mansions of the nobles and prelates that lined the Strand, retained their sloping gardens and their water gates. The world of Tyburnia, which has attained the most marvellous dimensions within the recollection of many who are still living, was a wide expanse of waste land over which the traveller after nightfall wended his way with many misgivings. Over what is now the Regent's Park sportsmen were often to be seen wandering with their dogs.¹

Extraordinary as these changes are, more extraordinary still are those which have passed over the face of the city, properly so called, since the Restoration. At that time all the rich merchants, all the noblemen and courtiers, resided within the city walls in stately old

¹ *Travels of Cosmo the Third through England*, p. 162; see also Sorbier's *Journey to London*.

residences, a few of which still remain in quiet courts and narrow lanes, which lie adjacent to the great highways of commercial enterprise, as mute witnesses of the age. The town residence of that rich and powerful North of England family, the Nevilles, stood in Leadenhall Street. The house of Sir John de Lumley, another Lord of the County Palatine of Durham, stood in Wood Street. Shaftesbury (originally Thanet) House was erected by Inigo Jones on the east side of Aldersgate Street, for the Tustons, Earls of Thanet. London House, originally Veter House, long continued to be the town mansion of the Bishops of London. The Earl of Berkeley's residence, with its gardens, stood in St. John's Lane, not very far from Smithfield. Wills and other contemporary documents suffice to show that people of rank and position then resided in districts of London where their successors certainly would not think of residing at the present time. Evelyn tells us that Sir Robert Clayton, Sheriff of London, possessed a palace in the Old Jewry, which contained a magnificent cedar banqueting room, wainscoted with cedar, and ornamented with frescoes representing the battles between the gods and the giants, incomparably done.¹ Sir Dudley North possessed a mansion in Basinghall Street, and on the rich furniture of his reception rooms it is recorded he spent the sum of four thousand pounds. The court quarter of London, however, was Soho, which contained many stately houses. The south side of the square was occupied by the house which was built for the Duke of Monmouth by Sir Christopher Wren. In Carlisle Street stood the palatial residence of the Dowager Lady Carlisle, who there enjoyed her "cherry orchard and flower garden." Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, possessed a house at the north east corner of Leicester Fields, and adjacent to it on the west was the residence of the Earl of Aylesbury.

The fine ancient Gothic cathedral dedicated to St. Paul, and anciently called Eastminster, covered three acres with its walls. The beautiful spire rose high above all the others in the city, and one of its aisles, familiarly known as "Paul's Walk" strange as it may seem to modern notions constituted the daily resort of traders, of newsmongers and of card sharpers. In front of the venerable pile there had stood, prior to 1641, a structure known as Paul's Cross, a pulpit constructed of wood, renowned as much for the political sermons which had been preached from it as for the nobler exertions of Bishop Latimer and other distinguished ecclesiastical reformers. This cross was demolished in 1641, by order of the Long Parliament, who, fired by what they considered to be a wholesome godly zeal, issued a commission for the destruction of pictures and other monuments

¹ Evelyn's *Diary*, ed. Bray, li. 79.

and relics of what they conceived to be idolatry. The beautiful stone cross of Queen Eleanor in West Chepe (Cheapside) shared the same fate ; and the ancient maypole, which stood on the site of the new church in the Strand, was removed by Sir Isaac Newton to Wanstead Park, there to serve as a support for his huge telescope.

Pre-eminent among the numerous sinks of iniquity in which London abounded at that era, stood Whitefriars, better known perhaps under the designation of Alsatia, a locality in which residents enjoyed the privileges of sanctuary. There, from one generation to another, beggars, cut-purses, swindlers, tavern bilks, destitute life guardsmen, foreign noblemen, footpads and highwaymen, and dozens of poor honest people who, through no fault of their own, had become the victims of a Draconic law of debtor and creditor, found a welcome refuge, and there for days and weeks soddened themselves in the numerous taverns in which the locality abounded with potations of usquebaugh and spiced Hollands, of "mad dog" and "angels' food," of "dragons' milk" and "go by the wall." Often and often the debased vagabonds who crowded these drinking shops, cut one another's throats in front of the bar, or stabbed the drawers to the heart on their refusal to serve liquor before it had been paid for. Alsatia was linked hand in glove with the court of Charles II., and was frequently the chapel of ease to the backstairs of Whitehall Palace, whence many a gallant cavalier, many a fine old English gentleman, utterly ruined by his excesses at piquet or basset with the Merry Monarch and his frail beauties, found himself transported, engaged in the task of shuffling a pack of cards on a broken chair, surrounded by companions the vilest of the vile.

He who at the particular date of which we are speaking paced the streets and thoroughfares of London would have found them as busy as perhaps they are now, infinitely noisier and dirtier, considerably smokier. There was little or no foot pavement then afforded, and long rows of posts constituted the only lines of demarcation between the footpath and the traffic way.¹ More than three hundred dirty kennels might then have been counted in the course of a single walk from Newgate to Charing Cross. It was customary, in the frequent public whippings which were inflicted upon pickpockets and other similar offenders at that time, for the delinquents to receive a hearty lash from the executioner's whip at every kennel against which the near wheel of the cart to which they were tied was heard to grate. The streets of the metropolis were infested with robbers and thieves, by whom pedestrians were

¹ Sorbière's *Journey to London*, p. 5.

constantly attacked. Even carriages were stopped in the public thoroughfares in broad daylight, and no unprotected persons were able to stir a mile from the town, even in the daytime, without danger of being waylaid and relieved of every article of value which they bore about their persons. As is now the case in all the old quarters of the French capital, the kennel ran in the centre of the street, and thence originated a desire on the part of every pedestrian to keep as closely to the wall as he possibly could. The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. These jostlings and street quarrels, technically called *rencontres*—sudden combats without premeditation—were generally settled on the spot, as may be supposed in an age when every well-dressed person wore a sword.

London at the era of the Restoration was, as it had always been, a true mirror of all the social and intellectual forces of the nation. It was a gay, rich, bustling, versatile city. It was the residence of the sovereign and the court. It was the seat of Parliament and of all the great offices of State. It was the centre of influence for the army and navy. It was the headquarters for the administration of justice. It contained the places of assemblage for most of the important societies by which science, art, and literature were cultivated. It set the fashion to all the kingdom, after being itself indebted to the fashions of Paris. It contained the most skilled of workmen in the trades that related to luxury. It was the great market that determined the price of most articles of food at a given time. It was a general house of call for those who sought employment in a thousand different occupations. It was a reservoir of charity and benevolence as displayed in a large number of hospitals, asylums, and institutions, and other means of alleviating human misery; and lastly it presented glowing but vague temptations to those who desired to wander away from the parental fireside in the rural districts intent on seeking their fortunes. To the Richard Whittingtons of that, as of our own age, the visionary streets of London were paved with gold, and to them, as to their descendants, side by side with an infinite amount of disappointment and wretchedness, the capital held out the great prizes and rewards of ambition, of industry, and of perseverance to the people of the Empire.

We will now, as far as our limits may permit, endeavour to lay before our readers some account of the different classes of society which London contained at the Restoration. We will glance, first of all, at the well-to-do shopkeeper of that time. The average tradesman

of the Restoration period was the very reverse of his most flourishing successors, so far as state pomp and outward circumstances are concerned. In this latter quarter of the nineteenth century, the tradesman who achieves affluence disposes of his stock and the goodwill of his establishment, purchases some palatial residence in Belgravia or Bayswater, or at Nice or San Remo, and having done so, seems transported into another sphere, and scorns the base degrees by which he did ascend. Far different was the case when the destinies of the country were nominally controlled by Charles II. The old London merchants, out of their establishments, were like fish out of water. They lived in the dark lanes in which their counting houses were situated, ate with their clerks a hasty meal at two o'clock, and returned to their desks to write their letters, at which they were often occupied till midnight. The shopkeepers acted no differently. Though the wealthier of them had retreats from the bustle and cares of the city, in the shape of a pretty tenement in one of the surrounding villages of Islington, Hackney, Camberwell, Knightsbridge, or Newington, where their children thrive in purer air, and welcomed their return from the city after the traffic of the week, their real home was in the dingy crowded city. Behind their warehouses, crammed from top to bottom with the most costly merchandise, sheltered by huge timber bulks, and notified to intending customers by enormous painted signboards loaded with lead and iron, they reared stately residences adorned with painted ceilings, with carved wainscoting, with the richest of tapestry and gilded leather work cunningly devised, with huge cupboards replete with the richest plate, with wide marble staircases, and with suites of furniture of velvet and brocade. It was to the entrance of these mansions that their lumbering coaches, which resembled more closely huge apple pies stuck upon wheels than anything else—drawn by two Flanders mares—came occasionally to take the family for a ride, in order to enjoy the benefit of the country air. It was in those mansions that there might often have been seen servants clad in blue liveries richly laced, like those that were worn in the households of the wealthiest noblemen. It was in those mansions that the members of the family duly observed the seasons of Christmas and Shrovetide, of Easter and of Whitsun, the anniversaries of their natal days, their wedding days, their christenings, and innumerable other events with no end of feasting and merrymaking. In those mansions in the fulness of time and trade they shuffled off the coil of mortality, and in those same mansions they lay in state, on *lits paradés*, under plumed testers with flambeaux and sconces, with blacks and weepers,

with the walls hung with sable cloth, and, final scene of all in their earthly pilgrimage, found a last resting-place in the vault of some old city church.

Gay's "Trivia" in miniature was to be witnessed almost every hour during the day in the streets of London at that epoch. The fight for the wall was of hourly occurrence. The sweeps and small coalmen played sad havoc with stockings of amber-coloured silk, and velvet coats of a sky-blue hue. Pickpockets were so very numerous that, whether in churches, or in shops, at the theatres or the masquerades, watches, purses, and snuff-boxes disappeared from the persons of their wearers with marvellous rapidity. Frequently it happened that articles which were attached more closely to the person were found to disappear, and the beau who gallantly tendered his arm to a belle in her passage across a kennel, often discovered to his dismay that a highly prized precious stone had taken its departure from the ring on his forefinger. More often it happened that men dressed in the guise of bakers passed through the crowded thoroughfares of the city bearing covered baskets on their heads. In these covered baskets was generally concealed a boy whose duty it was, when the bearer of the basket pushed heavily against a beau of the first magnitude, dexterously to seize his attractive looking periwig and to stow it away in the basket. Thimble-rigging was openly practised as a trade in the streets, and every square and open place was infested with a throng of beggars, paupers, common vagabonds, impostors and adventurers, and many who might otherwise have been considered real objects of charity, but that their detestable manners and general appearance in public places needed rather the interference of the parish beadles, and the stern discipline of Bridewell, than the countenance and encouragement of such persons as mostly congregated around common street exhibitions. It was customary for cheating beggars at that time to raise artificial sores on their bodies, and to endeavour to move the compassion of the charitably disposed by burning crowfoot, spearwort, and salt together, and clapping the concoction at once on the face. It is hardly necessary to add that this fretted the skin, and then the impostor stuck on a linen rag which adhered very closely, and when removed tore off the skin, and lastly he dressed a little powder of arsenic on the wound in order to give it an ugly and ill favoured appearance. But beggars were not the only specimens of humanity that met the eye as the stranger wended his way through the busy streets of the capital. There were bailiffs prowling about seeking whom they might devour, along with numerous ruffianly cheats and notorious card sharpers from the

innermost recesses of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. There were hawkers, too, whose occupations and mode of dealing would in these days be indicted as public nuisances. He who then entered Westminster Hall would have found it swarming with female hucksters. On one side of the building ribbons, gloves, wigs, and knick-knacks were bought and sold. On the opposite side of the building the ownership of land or property was in a very animated fashion settled or disputed. Here a shrill-tongued sempstress might have been heard rehearsing a list of the goods she had for sale ; there the voice of a deep-mouthed crier might have been heard calling upon the crowd to keep silence.¹ Very noticeable, too, were the pastrycooks' shops in important thoroughfares—establishments which were to be found chiefly in Leadenhall Street, and the toymen's shops, which were to be found chiefly in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. In connection with the former it may be said that there was a perfect mania among all classes of society at that period for toys, and that those who sold them generally succeeded in amassing competences for themselves. Toys, trinkets, and jewellery changed hands, not in the ordinary way, but by raffles, which were attended in any number by the idle and fashionable of both sexes.² Nor were toys the only articles of merchandise in which the proprietors of these establishments were accustomed to deal. Cogged dice, masks, dominoes, and vizors, assignations, and *billets-doux*—these were some of the other things for which the toymen laid themselves open to accommodate fashionable folk. Shopping in the London of that age, as in our own, was regarded by the fair sex as an excellent way in which to while away time. It was certainly attended with something more of interest and excuse than in the present day, when almost every street presents in every window all the varying productions which it is possible for the fickle goddess Fashion, or commercial enterprise, to offer. At the Restoration, English manufacturers of luxury and ornaments had not attained that high standard of excellence observable in these days. France was then, and perhaps with far greater reason than now, resorted to by the English world of fashion for every article of fine and costly apparel, and our India trade was the means of introducing a variety of Oriental productions which no imitators had yet succeeded in rivalling, and which left all others at an immeasurable distance. The silks, the chintzes, the porcelain, the lacquer ware, and the toys of China excited the deepest admiration in the minds of the English people, and so eagerly were such articles sought after, that it was nothing uncommon for fashionable beaux

¹ Thomas Brown's Works, ed. 1744, iii. p. 40.

² Gay's Eclogues.

and belles, so soon as they learned that the India ships had arrived in the Thames, to take boat for Blackwall, and make numerous purchases on board. The celebrated Madame de Mazarin, as we learn from St. Evremond, was always ready to bear her part in an expedition of this character. The India houses, to which allusion is often made in the writings of contemporary dramatists and satirists, were no other than repositories for the importation of goods of Chinese manufacture. Usually they were to be found in the east end of London, and their proprietors seem to have been the only vendors of such commodities. It may be mentioned that the use of tea, in the opening years of the reign of Charles II., was so recent and so restricted by reason of its costliness, as to occasion no very great importation of it into the country. Throughout the sway of the Merry Monarch tea was regarded merely as a fashionable luxury, and persons who desired to drink it were enabled to do so only in the India houses, where in a small back room behind the warehouse a kettle was always kept boiling on a fire for that purpose. Among the young and gay of both sexes, it was a common practice to form parties for the express purpose of attending these India houses, where raffles were often held as a means of enabling the proprietors to dispose of some of their most expensive articles, and of facilitating the purchase of others. That parties of this description, in nine cases out of every ten, served as excellent pretexts for meetings which could not have been arranged elsewhere without attracting attention, may be taken for granted. In a letter of Lord Nottingham printed in Macpherson's *Memoirs*, there is an account of Queen Mary, consort of William the Third, visiting a number of India houses, partaking of all the raffling that went on at them, and crowning all by sitting down to dine in the house of one who was nominally a millner but in reality a harlot.

Throughout the reign of Charles II., and indeed long afterwards, there were certain localities of London ever noted for particular trades and handicrafts. In Fleet Street stood the chief linendrapers' shops. Newgate Market was the chief mart for mutton. The fame of Leadenhall Market was great for beef, and not less renowned was St. James's for veal, Thames Street for cheese, Covent Garden for fruit, Moorfields for old books, and Monmouth Street for cast-off wearing apparel. The Royal Exchange and Change Alley, and the New Exchange, which was situated between Durham Yard and York Buildings, in the Strand, contained numerous milliners' shops, behind the counters of which stood numerous damsels gaudily attired, whose presence, as may be readily imagined, acted like

magnet in attracting as purchasers dozens of empty-headed fops and exquisites, who lolled and wasted the hours away with their attentions and their chattering.

What may be termed the street economy and the police of the city of London before the Fire was a libel on the name. London was a city, cleaner perhaps, and possessed of more public conveniences than any other capital of Europe at that epoch, but, nevertheless, its condition was what would now be deemed the very reverse of favourable either to health, to comfort, or to security. Every square and open place was a repository for heaps of filth and rubbish, which gathered in heaps of abomination that were removed by the dustman about once in six months. From morn till eve the streets resounded with the bawlings of ballad-singers, with the cries of higglers, and with the melancholy notes of wandering merchants of every denomination. No preventive police existed for the regulation of the professions of pickpocket and ring droppers. Crowds of apprentices and street arabs pursued their sports, and snatched a fearful joy in urging the flying ball through the most crowded thoroughfares of the city, and many an apprentice, it may be imagined, was fain to record in his petty cash book some such significant item as this: "For mending the back shop sashes broken by the football, 2s. 6d."¹

No more convenient highway existed between London and Westminster than the River Thames. There, at least, no carmen could engage in sanguinary conflict with the drivers of hackney coaches. More than four thousand watermen towed their wherries up and down its waters, bidding defiance to the keen competition which was offered by the drivers of the hackney coaches. Yet he who entrusted his person to their care found to his dismay that he had exchanged one evil only for another, since a more hateful, detestable, ruffianly crew than the Thames watermen were at that time it would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive—none more fraught with horror to the unsophisticated squire on a visit to the metropolis, or an ancient dame proceeding to Blackfriars for an airing. The very shouts that they raised of "Next oars" and "Skullers" were alone sufficient to strike terror into the breasts of intending passengers. The boat had scarcely started on its way up or down the stream than every person, no matter who, in every other boat was assailed with volleys of "water compliments," compared with which the Billingsgate dialect of the present day, and the oaths to which Hotspur's wife gave utterance, fade into utter insignificance.² Bad as were the conditions of those who walked by day, infinitely worse were they

¹ *The Complete Tradesman*, ii. p. 297.

² *Thomas Brown's Works*, ed. 1730, iii. p. 288.

after the shades of night had fallen upon the city. Then it was that the real dangers of the streets began. No greater farce can be imagined than the system of police—the watchmen who, in nine cases out of every ten, were to be found at duty's call, peacefully slumbering in their boxes. Nominally, the principal streets were lighted after a fashion, every householder who could, hung out a lamp at the door; but these served only to make darkness visible. On moonlight nights no lamps were ever lighted. In every important thoroughfare robberies, accompanied with violence, were of daily occurrence. Even the very linkmen were thieves, and never hesitated to take full advantage of the simple and the unwary, who had the misfortune to fall into their clutches. Whitefriars, the Savoy, the Mint, and the Chink afforded convenient places of refuge to innumerable bullies, cut-throats, pickpockets, and highwaymen, who, as soon as the evening shades began to prevail, emerged from their retreats to begin without delay their work of rapine and plunder. Nor were they the only bugbears, with the fear of whom before their eyes the pedestrians traversed the London streets after dark. Young men of rank, at their wits' ends to know how to kill their time, drank strong liquor to excess, and then prowled about the streets at night, subjecting all who had the misfortune to cross their path to the most brutal usage. This was the common practice of those who styled themselves the Scowlers, the Mohocks, the Hectors, the Muns, and Tityre 'Tus, and scores of others, known and unknown. It was in all probability some of these who accomplished the feat of breaking the windows of the house of John Milton in order to signalise their exultation at the restoration of monarchy. Most likely the poor blind poet had these wretches in his mind's eye when he composed the memorable lines:—

And in luxurious cities, when the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftest towers,
And injury and outrage, and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

Surely this was one of the reasonable terrors of streets guarded by decrepit old men, and during an administration of justice which was usually bribed by wealth and worked by rank.

One of the great features of the streets of London of the Restoration was the frequent processions of the twelve great companies to and from their halls, situated in Cheapside, the Poultry, and in Throgmorton Street. But these halls were remarkable for open tin roofs decorated with tapestry of the most costly description, for stores of plate bequeathed by pious donors—particularly the

cup, in which the master and wardens drank to the company at the sound of the trumpet and drum. The fair sex were never excluded from these feasts. Every new member was crowned with a garland, and occasionally pageants were performed in honour of the event. The funeral of a member of the company was always solemnized by a funeral dinner and a procession to the parish church. If the day happened to be a particularly bright one, they were to be seen apparelled in their gorgeous liveries rowing down the silvery Thames in their gilded barges, bearing the banners of their craft or profession, and accompanied by their almspeople.

Scarcely a day elapsed in that age without the quaint old London streets being enlivened by some stately procession or imposing pageant. The marriage of an alderman, the installation of a lord mayor, the visit of a foreign ambassador to the Guildhall, the spectacle of some wretched individual in the pillory, the preaching of a sermon by some distinguished dignitary in the metropolitan cathedral, the reading of a proclamation in some important thoroughfare—these and many other events which it would be tedious to enumerate, all sufficed to gratify public attention and curiosity. If some city magnate departed this life, his funeral was the theme of universal comment ; and to behold the funeral banners, the torches, the tapers, and the escutcheons, to witness the squires bearing coat, armour, and pennons, the servants in their black gowns, and the members of the guild to which the deceased had belonged when in the flesh, following in their livery and hoods, the inhabitants of the whole parish turned out. If some day arrived upon which the choice of sheriff was to be made, it was proclaimed far and near by the barges of the aldermen, gay with streamers, and vociferous with trumpeters, shooting London Bridge, by the city waits sporting their red gowns, by the liveries donning their chains and velvet, by the ladies wearing their crimson gowns and riding through the streets in gilded coaches. When the day happened to be a hanging day, a melancholy cavalcade was to be seen slowly wending its way through Holborn to the gallows at Tyburn—the ordinary place of execution—followed by a seething mass of spectators and lewd fellows of the baser sort, loud in their execrations of the miserable occupants of the executioner's cart.

At this point we must bring our survey of London before the great Fire to a termination, although we have left almost untouched the subject of the manners, customs, and general social condition of those by whom it was then inhabited. Of what nature that was—of its strange exhibitions of pomp and misery—of its habitual striking contrasts between fine linen and rags—in short, of each phase of its many-sided life—it will be the object of some future article accurately
 to tell.

ROMA VICTRIX—GRÆCIA CAPTA.

WHEN Rome was built—not in a day,
 But as you'd say, in mockery,
 On hills not all of solid clay,
 For one was broken crockery,¹

To keep herself at first alive,
 She murdered, robbed, and plundered ;
 But when she once began to thrive,
 Rome found that she had blundered.

For what is might, apart from right ?
 Or what could be absurder
 Than to let other towns delight
 In robbery and murder ?

Twelve laws then cried as softener
 To sires of toughest fibre :
 " Don't sell your children oftener
 Than twice across the Tiber." ²

But poetry with siren voice
 Allured her sons precocious,
 Nor let them any more rejoice
 In manners so ferocious.

In vain did ancient Cato scream
 In no confused farrago,
 But accents clear, his chosen theme,
 " Delenda est Carthago."

The youth, unheeding, flocked to school
 To learn the art rhetorical ;
 And listened to grammatic rule
 With awe, as to an oracle.

¹ Mons Testaceus, " so called because gradually formed of broken sherds.
² Law of XII Tables, No. IV., to repress paternal tyranny, enacted that a
 son sold by his father for the third time into a foreign country, i.e. beyond the
 Tiber, which was Rome's boundary, should be freed from paternal jurisdiction.

Victorious Rome then took the part
 Of Greece enslaved and captured ;
 And offered freedom for the art
 By which she was enraptured.

But art's a stale commodity
 By Genius when forsaken ;
 And freedom is a liberty
 Not given—only taken.

When Christian Faith threw off the sham
 Docetical and gnostic,¹
 Then sank Rome's lay to anagram,
 And even to acrostic.

Then fled the pagan muse in fright
 And terror from scholastics,
 Who hated verse, and took delight
 In logical gymnastics ;

And sought that outcast muse a place
 Of rest with monk and mystic !
 They exorcised her witching grace .
 With Bull and Ban papistic !

Abjuring then, while yet 'twas time,
 Her *scandalosa vita*,
 She took the veil at Gandersheim,
 And signed herself "Hroswita,"²

To tragedies whose fiery scenes,
 Of love's exchange and barter,
 Were played by christened heroines,
 Each married to a martyr.

But Grecian fire and faith withstood
 A pressure elephantine,
 And in her last decrepitude
 Greece ruled the Realm Byzantine.

H. FORESTER LEIGHTON.

¹ Docetes and Gnostics, sects in the early Greek Church which sank with the rise of Latin Christianity and the decline of ancient philosophy.

² Hroswita, nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, composed Latin tragedies after Terence in text and morals, but on strictly Christian catastrophes.

JOHN BRIGHT'S SCHOOL.

“A THOUSAND pounds would make me a happy man,” remarked Dr. Knight, then librarian at the British Museum, who had lost all his money through speculation. “Sayest thou so, friend? Then I will have the pleasure of making thee happy,” replied Dr. Fothergill, the benevolent Quaker physician, who thereupon wrote out a cheque for a thousand guineas, which he put into his friend’s hand, telling him to go home and set his heart at rest.

This generous man was the founder of the leading school of the Quakers, situated at Ackworth, near Pontefract, and opened in 1779 for the purpose of securing “a pious, guarded, careful education to the children of Friends not in affluence.” It was here that John Bright received some portion of his education, and the school register contains the names of William Howitt, the author; of James Wilson, who became a Right Honourable, and financial secretary for India, of Henry Ashworth, foremost in the anti-corn law agitation; Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen, the translator of Tasso’s “Jerusalem Delivered,” and the author of the “Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell”; Benjamin B. Wiffen, author of the “History of the Early Spanish Protestant Reformers”; Dr. Miller, F.R.S., author of the “Elements of Chemistry”; John Gilbert Baker, F.R.S., the well-known botanist; and Mrs. Ellis, author of the “Women of England.”

The Ackworth School estate was originally the property of the London Foundling Hospital. The site, which contained eighty-four acres, and the buildings, were bought for £6,800, or one-half their cost. In 1847 considerable additions were made to the buildings, and adjoining land has since been bought. The property now consists of 250 acres, 130 of which are let, and the remainder is farmed by the institution. Howitt gives the following graphic description of the school as it appeared in his day:—

A vast wide house, with long stone passages, large numbers of strange boys, a severe discipline, cold hard beds at night, cold rising in the dark early mornings, no hats allowed in the playground in the winter—and winters then were very sharp—no approach to the fire on holiday afternoons till after dark-hour, and, on

rainy days, our play place an immense open shed, supported in front by Tuscan pillars, where, thrusting our hands into our bosoms, we used to huddle together by scores to keep one another warm, and happy was he that got deepest into the throng. Could anything be more comfortless?

The school was open to all poor children of parents who were members of the Society of Friends. It attracted children from America, and even from Russia. The terms were only £8. 8s. a year, which included board, lodging, education, and clothing. Small as these charges seem, there were at that time several boarding schools where the terms were even lower. They were too high, however, for some of the parents, who were unable to pay the cost of conveying their children to the school. This drawback was anticipated by the committee, who offered 2*d.* for every mile exceeding fifty which the children travelled, and the same on the return journey. As a large proportion of the scholars came long distances, the value of this arrangement will be obvious. The first two inmates of the school came from Dorset, some 300 miles. How they came, the historian of the school (Mr. Henry Thompson) does not say; but there were then no public coaches from some towns, the roads were bad, "nor could a timid mother always forget the graver perils of the attacks of armed highwaymen."

A coach was occasionally chartered which picked up children at various places on the road. In the regular coaches they were not welcome passengers, because their appearance was homely and their purse light. "Quite full," growled the driver to a gentleman who wanted an inside place, "and a queer lot too, a regular rag, tag, and bobtail."

The driver did not suppose that his speech was heard by the inside passengers, and at the end of his stage came obsequiously to the door as usual. The lady in charge of the children took her revenge. Laying three sixpences in his hand one by one, she said, without a smile and unconscious of sarcasm, "that is from 'Rag,' that is from 'Tag,' and that is from 'Bobtail'!"¹

"Wanted, a schoolmaster." When Ackworth School was ready for opening, the committee sought far and wide for a schoolmaster. Dr. Fothergill at last found a young man who he hoped might

¹ The phrase was in common use two hundred years ago. Pepys thus refers to it: "After that I went to see Mrs. Jem, at whose chamber door I found a couple of ladies, but she not being there, we hunted her out, and found that she and another had hid themselves behind the door. Well, they all went down into the dining-room, where it was full of *tag, rag, and bobtail*, dancing, singing, and drinking, of which I was ashamed, and after I had staid a dance or two I went away."—*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*. Edited by Bright, 1875.

answer. But the good man wished the dominie could be a fortnight under the hands of a drill serjeant to teach him how to walk. "Schoolmasters," the doctor added, "often strut sufficiently, but they should learn sometimes to do it with a good grace, for the sake of example; but we must take him as he is."

This teacher's name was Joseph Donobavand, and his salary £20 a year; after seven years' service it was increased to £35! When he married, the committee agreed to give him £50, a house rent free, and coal. Joseph was the senior writing master, and William Howitt describes him as a tall, slender man, with a long, thin countenance, and dark hair combed backwards. "Who," asks Howitt, "does not remember his snuff box, opened with its three systematic raps, and the peculiar jerk of his elbow when he felt himself bound to refuse some petition?" He was a most perfect master of penmanship and of swimming. The latter art, he said, he had been taught by a frog, having one end of a string tied to its leg, and holding the other in his mouth, and then pursuing it and imitating its movements. It was his favourite humour to do a kind act with an air of severity.

"Get away with thee," he exclaimed with an emphatic elbow-jerk, to a very little boy sent to him to be caned, "thee be caned, why, thou art a coward; thou art afraid to go into the bath. Get away with thee."

The Quaker schoolmasters and officials were, indeed, comical fellows, judging from the graphic pictures of them drawn by one of their scholars. "There was," remarks Howitt, "William Sowerby, an old preacher, a man in a long homespun coat, buttoned to the chin, a man of whom Crabbe might have said—

And never mortal left this world of sin
More like the being that he entered in.

a creature as tender and innocent as a lamb, who wandered about the house and schools, from place to place, met us at coming out, dropped a word of advice to us, preached to us at the meeting-house of 'onions and garlic in the flesh-pots of Egypt,' and worked with us in the fields."

A little stiff man, with a round well-fed face, and a very dry and sibilant voice, is the description given of Thomas Bradshaw, the senior reading-master. "His hat was always three-cocked; his clothes always dark brown; his gaiters black. We looked upon him with awe, for he had been a naval captain, and had heard the roar of battle, as one of his legs testified, having had the calf blown away by a cannon shot. Worthy old man—in our anger we called him

Tommy Codger, and forgot the Pomfret cakes which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket, to bestow if he heard a cough—and sure enough he heard many a one as he went his evening rounds through the bedchambers.”

Hard were the rules under which Ackworth School was governed. They were quite as severe as those of a monastery. Everything, in fact, was determined by rule. There was a rule as to where the boys should leap. For sixty years the following regulation was read in public once a month :—

“The boys are desired not to leap anywhere within the bounds, except on the ground below the pump or in the shed court, and there to avoid the pebbles, flags, and channel stones.”

Along with this needless rule another was abolished against “peeping through the dining-room door, which shows bad manners; to look in with a view of knowing what victuals are for the next meal, betrays too much attention to what they eat.”

The interference with the children’s recreations by the masters went so far as to prohibit kite-flying, because a horse had taken fright at a paper kite. It was also contended that kites occasion “considerable expense of money” which may be employed more usefully, that the “diversion endangers the children’s taking cold by standing, and prevents their taking exercise which is necessary for their health,” and that “it is a temptation to children to go out of bounds,” that is, out of the school grounds.

Different methods of punishing the boys were in force. In some cases they forfeited one week’s spice ; in others, their hands were tied behind them at dinner-time. But the teachers were not allowed to inflict corporal punishment at will. The consent of all the masters had to be obtained at their weekly “courts.” A modification of this regulation was, however, made, which provided that in cases of disobedience to a master’s orders, or contempt of his authority, the master might at once call in two of his fellow-teachers, who, with himself, might jointly decide on the amount of correction adequate to the offence, and inflict it with the rod with due caution, not exceeding three strokes, to be done by one of the masters not offended. These methods, though cumbrous, were at any rate better than punishments inflicted in the heat of passion.

Another method of punishment was to compel offenders to sit at a table having no cloth upon it ; a third, that of solitary confinement, sometimes for nights and days, with a diet of bread and water. This treatment, though bad, was better than that in force at about the same time at Christ’s Hospital, in the square Bedlam cells of

which boys were locked up with a handful of straw and a blanket for a week or ten days together.

The schoolrooms were very unattractive and comfortless. Up to 1810 there was only one fire in each room. As the ordinary size of rooms was about fifty feet long by twenty wide, and some had stone floors, the condition of the children in the winter may be imagined. Steam pipes were afterwards substituted for fires, but it does not seem to have occurred to the committee, until ten years later, to warm the meeting house. In the three long, solemn, and often silent services of the week held here, the historian of the school well says that the thinly-clad and shivering little boys and girls had a good deal of leisure for reflecting on their misery.

Winter and summer alike, both boys and girls were compelled to bathe in a cold chalybeate spring bath, nearly a mile distant from the school, and at six o'clock in the morning! The bath was used three times a week by the boys, and three times by the girls, and was considered "a dreadful place." A dressing-room was provided for the girls, but the boys had to undress just outside the wall which enclosed the bath, and often had to lay their clothes on the snow. No towels were allowed. The bathers had to run round the pond to dry themselves. They were afterwards marched to the school, not for breakfast, but for an hour's spelling.

The school was managed by two committees, one of which sat in London, the other at Ackworth. As might have been expected they were frequently at loggerheads. One condemned what the other suggested.

"Is the tailor an experienced artist?" asked the London committee, who were troubled at the rise in the charges of the tailoring department. The coat of 1799 cost one-third more than that of 1782, and one-fifth more than that of 1773. Disputes in connection with the consumption of beer were frequent. At one time the children drank too much in the opinion of the London committee; at another, it having been shown that the beer was bad, they dismissed the brewer. The home committee minutely defined the duties of the servants, and even regulated the manner in which the cloth was to be laid, where the doctor should take his meals, who should sit at the head of the table, and who at the bottom. They further recommended that "the family do not retire in a hurry after dinner, but wait at least till the cloth be taken away."

The committee drew up a bill of fare for every day in the week. For breakfast, milk porridge poured on bread was the rule, for dinner some of the dishes brought to table do not appear to have been very

appetising. "The lobsouse of Fourth and Seventh Days had then, as forty years afterwards, an unpopular character, and the thick batter pudding, served in great iron dishes, with treacle sauce, which instituted the Fifth Day dinner, and which, as a second course, long afterwards exercised the masticatory muscles of Ackworth scholars, does not appear, at any time, to have been a favourite dish, as may be supposed from its sobriquet of *clatty* or *clarty vengeance*. There was, of course, always beer at table, served in little tin dishes." The use of beer was continued until 1835 ; and in 1842 the public-house on the estate was transformed into a temperance hotel.

At the centenary of the school in 1879 a correspondent reported that one of the most striking relics was a large iron pie-dish, four feet in circumference, and four inches in depth, wherein were made the gooseberry and apple pies in bygone times, which were so highly esteemed. They had a crust at the bottom, top, and sides, with the well-sweetened fruit between. One of these pies was often known to be barely sufficient for four boys who had well-advanced appetites. The dish was also used for lobsouse twice a week, and rice pudding once a week, a dish very unpopular throughout the school, and many and various were the means sometimes employed to dispose of this unpalatable dinner. By the side of the dish hung the wooden trencher, discontinued in 1830 in favour of earthenware plates. It was used at dinner as a plate by both boys and girls. After much service the wood used to crack and the gravy of the "lob" would run through on to the clothless tables. When peas were extra abundant, the boys had "pea lob" served on these trenchers, and tradition records how the breakfast spoons were pocketed in order to facilitate the despatch of this rare delicacy, so that a boy has been known to hand up his trencher nineteen times for the much-coveted "pea lob."

What did the children wear? The girls "figured in white caps, the hair turned back over them or combed straight down on the forehead, checked aprons with bibs, and white neck-handkerchiefs folded neatly over their stuff gowns in front. Their walking costume was a kind of hat and a long cloth cloak, with coloured mits reaching to the elbows."

The boys wore leather breeches, cocked hats, long-tailed coats, and buckled shoes. In 1820 leather breeches were abolished, and corduroy substituted. The former were styled "Leather Dicks"; they were so stiff and strong that the proper way of getting into them was to balance them on end and jump into them, and so tough that the boys used to cut strips off for making whip lashes. Tradition

says that one boy laid in a stock of lashes by cutting the whole of one leg away, and, as a punishment, the tailor made him a huge stocking which the boy had to wear on his dismantled leg.

"Leather Dicks" were so exceedingly uncomfortable that one pair was "long retained for temporary penal use by boys of all sizes who inked or otherwise abused their trousers." Both boys and girls wore the same clothing in winter as in summer. The boys wore no hats; it was considered effeminate to cover the head. Once a month, however, this iron rule was relaxed when the scholars had their monthly walk "out of bounds" into the country. The scene is thus described by William Howitt:—

"The bell rang; the children ran to collect in the shed; they drew up in two long lines facing each other, perhaps two yards apart. Large wicker baskets were brought forth from the store-room piled with hats of all imaginable shapes and species, for they were such as had been left by the boys from the commencement of the institution. And there they were; broad brims, narrow brims, brown, and black and white, pudding crowns, square crowns, and even sugar-loaf crowns, such as Guy Faux himself wore. Those, without ceremony, were popped upon the heads of boys at random; little ones were left sticking on the very summit of great round-headed lads ready to fall off at the first move, and great ones dropping over the noses of little ones."

When the boys left school, their parents put them in a more civilised costume, which gave great offence to the committee of the school. A resolution was passed expressing sorrow that parents had been so indiscreet as to cast aside the simple garb of the school, "thereby laying waste, as it were with a stroke, the care of the Society, so far as it relates to plainness of apparel, and opening a ready way for other deviations from a self-denying conduct." The parents of some children were unfortunately not able to supply new clothes, the consequence being that the boys suffered no little persecution for their enforced singularity. One Quaker relates that when he went out in his Ackworth garb, as an apprentice, the boys ran after him in the streets and threw dirt at him. The Quaker costume is no longer worn. With the advance of the times, many reforms have taken place in the school. A more liberal spirit prevails in the management, and a more comprehensive scheme of education has been introduced. More than 10,000 scholars have been educated within the walls of Ackworth school.

PAGES ON PLAYS.

THE principal dramatic event of the past month has been the production of "Hedda Gabler" at the Vaudeville Theatre. This is the latest of Ibsen's plays, and the most discussed. It was the cause of a quarrel between two well-known critics, each of whom wished to translate the piece. The critic who was apparently less acquainted with Norwegian secured the rights of translation, and his version was in consequence made the subject of a very severe attack by his adversary. The criticism was severe; but there seemed to be no doubt that it was justifiably severe upon many cases of mistranslation and miscomprehension, which may, however, have been due to the hurry of translation. What more immediately concerns us was that the translation was not made in a language suitable for stage expression, which gave an additional stimulus to the curiosity of those who went to the first performance. It was then obvious that the translation had been thoroughly overhauled, that the dialogue had been cast in a more dramatic mould, and the errors of the earlier issue set right. It is still to be hoped, however, that an opportunity may be afforded to Mr. Archer of including a translation of his own in his series of volumes of Ibsen's plays.

"Hedda Gabler" would appear to be the most perplexing of the plays of the Norwegian dramatist, for it has caused the expression of the widest difference of opinion, not merely as to its merits, but as to its very meaning. While the adversaries of Ibsen rage somewhat intemperately against the play and his heroine as a monster and a mad woman, the advocates of Ibsen disagree absolutely amongst themselves as to the right interpretation of Hedda Gabler's character. Mr. William Archer and Mr. George Moore—who have both written much in praise of Ibsen—have their opinions about Hedda Gabler. I can only say that their opinions are not mine. Without any attempt to impeach their judgment or to discuss their theories, I will simply say what I consider the nature of Hedda Gabler to be. She is an intensely feminine, intensely possible woman. She might not be an agreeable woman to live with; she certainly was

not the right companion for a tedious, amiable domestic pedant like Jorgen Tesman ; but it is possible, if not over-probable, that the right man might have saved her, as Otto Wangel saves Ellida in the end, and as Helmer might have saved Nora if Helmer had only been Rank. She is a creation of the over-civilisation and the imperfect education, mental and physical, of a waning age. She has a keen appreciation of the joy of life, of the delight in exquisite sensation. Mr. Pater's theory of pulsations, as expressed in the last chapter of his book on the "Renaissance," would have afforded her infinite pleasure if only, by happy chance, the writings of Mr. Pater had made their way to the North, and been translated into Norwegian by Ejlert Lovborg or Jorgen Tesman. Her own saying to Judge Brack, "It just takes me like that all of a sudden, and then I can't help doing it," is only an expression in another way of the formula of living for the moment, and just for the moment's sake. She would have rejoiced in those words which tell us that "while all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend." There you have Hedda Gabler, passionate, curious, eager for all satisfactions, longing for a life she has never known and is never likely to know, tied to the companionship of three such men—the dull husband, the debauched lover, the corrupt friend ; is there in all the range of fiction a more unhappy woman ? An Arabian bird in the frozen North, a possible Imperia in the surroundings of an Emma Bovary, a creature strangely blended of the flesh and of the spirit, of desire and dread, Hedda Gabler is a baulked woman robbed of all that could make life bearable for such a woman as she.

I was very curious to see what Miss Robins would do with this wonderful woman. Miss Robins is a very clever actress, an actress with ideas of her own, artistic, sympathetic, imaginative. She was excellent as Mrs. Linde in the performance of "A Doll's House" at Terry's theatre some weeks ago. But to play Mrs. Linde is one thing, and to play Hedda Gabler is another thing, and I did not expect that Miss Robins would succeed, and I do not honestly think that she has quite succeeded. In this I believe I stand alone among the dramatic critics, but the majority of the dramatic critics detest Ibsen, and praise Miss Robins at Ibsen's expense, without taking the trouble to see whether a very attractive performance does or does not represent what Ibsen meant. I think the performance does not represent what

Ibsen meant, and I have said so in the criticisms I have already written upon the performance. Each time that I have written I have studied the performance again—indeed, I have seen it now four times—and each study has only strengthened my conviction that Miss Robins' Hedda Gabler is not Ibsen's Hedda Gabler. But my studies have also shown me that it is indeed a very remarkable, very powerful, very picturesque piece of acting, and have also, I think, shown me that, if Miss Robins does not play Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, she does not do so, not from artistic incapacity either to understand or to create the character, but of deliberate, and, as I think, most regrettable purpose. It seems to me as if Miss Robins had recognized the difficulty that always must exist in presenting an Ibsen play to the English public, had rightly estimated the hostility that the attempt must encounter, and had played for success by lowering the artistic level of the play. The result is that her Hedda Gabler is a very melodramatic, highly effective creation, ingeniously calculated to interest, even to appeal to the sympathies of London audiences, but far too obvious, too harsh, too showy for the super-subtle "White Devil" of Ibsen's drama. To carry out her purpose, Miss Robins has defied Ibsen's stage directions, and supplemented Ibsen's text. She ends the situation in the first act about General Gabler's pistols with a peal of laughter, where Ibsen insists that Hedda goes coldly out. It is possible, if not probable, that if Miss Robins had not laughed, the oddity of her words might have amused the audience, and made them laugh. Miss Robins ingeniously avoided a difficulty; but to avoid difficulties by defying the directions of your author is not to interpret him correctly. If Ibsen is worth playing at all, he is worth playing in his own way. Again, in the beginning of the third act, where Hedda tells the despairing Thea that Ejlert Lövborg is sitting at the judge's house with vine-leaves in his hair, and reading aloud, Miss Robins inserts the words "reading his wonderful book," and says the words in a way which suggests a contempt for the book which of a surety she does not feel. These may be small points, but they are significant in helping to support my argument, that Miss Robins intended rather to be effective in Hedda Gabler than to represent the Hedda Gabler that Ibsen has given. But, taking Miss Robins' Hedda Gabler on her own terms as it were, it must be recognized as a very remarkable piece of acting. I think if I had never read "Hedda Gabler," and knew nothing about Ibsen, I should have been carried away by the general enthusiasm. But *amicus Plato*—the proverb is somewhat musty—I had read "Hedda Gabler," and I could not accept Miss Robins' very clever, but over-coloured, over-emphasised performance

as a correct and satisfactory study of Hedda. I believe that Miss Robins has very remarkable ability, and may do great things in her art; I know that she has raised her reputation, and, again taking her Hedda on her own terms, deservedly raised her reputation, but I wish that she had played Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, and not her own.

Miss Marion Lea underplayed Thea Elvsted, made her too feeble, too helpless, too hopelessly limp. This too may have been of set purpose. There was something pathetically appealing in the pretty weakness of Thea Elvsted as interpreted by Miss Marion Lea, which was undoubtedly attractive and addressed itself directly to the soft hearts of the beholders. But there was a strength of purpose, an obstinacy, even an element of power in Thea Elvsted, of which Miss Marion Lea gives no hint. She is all weakness, almost incredible weakness in any woman, quite incredible in the woman who has been able, somehow or other, to inspire, to reform, almost to regenerate Ejlert Lövborg.

The most satisfactory study in the whole cast, to the serious student of Ibsen, was the Judge Brack of Mr. Sugden. This is far and away the best thing Mr. Sugden has done; it is one of the best pieces of acting that what I suppose may be called the Ibsen movement has created. Every time that I have seen the play I have watched Mr. Sugden's acting with ever-increased interest and ever-increased admiration. He is the man to the very life—selfish, sensual, stupid, corrupt with the second-rate corruption of a small town, a kind of suburban Tigellinus, quite unscrupulous, quite lustful, quite commonplace. The secret of Mr. Sugden's conspicuous success is to be found in the actor's readiness to accept his author, in his willingness to place all his ability at his author's service, instead of endeavouring to force some novel conception of his own into the words and action of his text. He is so quiet, so self possessed, so unforced and unconventional, that it would be worth seeing "Hedda Gabler" many times for the sake of so very remarkable a piece of acting.

The other men are good, but nothing like so good. Mr. Buist gives a clever but slightly caricatured representation of the kind-hearted noodle and pedant, Jorgen Tesman, and Mr. Elwood makes a dignified but somewhat too solemn Ejlert Lovborg. He began excellently in his first meeting with Hedda. Nothing could be better than the way in which, when the others have drawn apart, he addresses her by her name, by the old name that was so dear to him, "Hedda—Hedda Gabler." If it had gone on as well as it had begun it would have been a great success. But it did not.

There were no vine-leaves in that Lövborg's hair. There were no signs about him of a wild past ; this Ejlert had never outwatched the stars with riot, or heard the chimes at midnight, or praised the painted face of Miss Diana. This Ejlert is certainly a gentleman and might well be a scholar, but he is not a reveller, and it is hard to imagine that he could be the life and soul of a lively supper-party. All the graver side of Ejlert Lövborg's character Mr. Elwood appreciated ; but he failed to give the Bacchanalian touch which is essential. A man who has "gloried and drunk deep" to such a degree that a single glass can defeat his reformation and destroy his self-respect would never be quite so respectable as the Vaudeville Lövborg.

"Hedda Gabler," whatever its defects, was an interesting, an artistic experiment. But so much cannot be said of another Ibsen performance, "The Lady from the Sea," at Terry's Theatre. A good colloquial expression says of people who harp too much upon any one theme that they have "made old shoes" of the subject. It is just a question whether in the dramatic world just now people have not "made old shoes" of Ibsen, and the whole Ibsen business. Those alike who are for Ibsen, and those who are against him, have sinned in this regard. Were Ibsen more than prophet, or less than archangel ruined, we do not want to hear of him only. His merits and defects have been so extolled, so execrated, that it is possible to feel some sympathy for those who involuntarily shiver at the mention of the Norwegian name. Very soon, if conversation is to be endurable, we shall learn to take a hint from the revolutionary friends of Rabagas, and impose a pecuniary fine for every mention of that Norwegian name. But this penalty must not come into force for a few weeks yet, for there is an Ibsen play ahead which will inevitably provoke discussion, and compel criticism. In a few weeks Miss Norreys will give her performance of Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House." In the meantime "Hedda Gabler" has been promoted from the morning to the evening bill in the place of "Money," and the curious and incredulous will watch its fortunes with interest. Terry's Theatre has been the scene of a series of *matinées* of the penultimate Ibsen play, "The Lady from the Sea." Under these conditions, Ibsen, as a subject for conversation and for criticism, must inevitably be stretched out a little longer on the rack of this rough world.

"The Lady from the Sea" is certainly a very odd play, and one which presents exceptional perils to the enterprising players. Unless it is well-nigh faultlessly interpreted, there are several situations which, thanks to Ibsen's strange lack of a sense of the ludicrous, may produce

a very different effect from the effect intended. Ellida Wangel, the "Lady from the Sea," is the wife of a Doctor Wangel who has been married before, and who has a family by his first marriage. Ellida before her marriage with the excellent doctor had had a very remarkable love experience. She had plighted her troth to a mysterious mariner, a Finn. This Finn has murdered his captain and fled the country, but his memory still haunts Ellida, who is a child of the sea herself. This haunting memory, which has had the most surprising physical effect upon Ellida as a mother, becomes a haunting reality, for the Finn turns up at a time when the relations between the doctor and his wife are eccentrically strained, and insists upon her keeping her troth and coming with him. Whenever the Finn fixes his eyes upon Ellida they have an invincible effect which may recall to the frivolous the eyes of Belvawney in Mr Gilbert's "Engaged." Under the influence of those eyes Ellida is well nigh won over by her Finn, when Dr. Wangel interposes and suggests his preference that Ellida should remain where she was. Ellida is far too emancipated to renounce her Finn merely at the bidding of her husband, and her husband, appreciating the delicate independence of her nature, plays a part which is magnanimous or ridiculous according to the spirit in which you receive it. He gives up all right to control Ellida: she shall choose between her husband and her lover of her own free will. Thus uncontrolled, Ellida does decide for her legitimate lord; the Finn leaps over the hedge, and husband and wife fall into each other's arms. Such, in a rough sketch, is the story of an amazing play. There are other characters and other events, but this is the mainspring of the action.

. If ever therefore an Ibsen play required to be especially well played, "The Lady from the Sea" is that play. Adequately rendered the poetry of the conception might be preserved, the mystery of Ellida's haunting passion for the sea made to appear possible. But in the hands of the players at Terry's Theatre the whole play fell to pieces. Mr. Leonard Outram did show that he appreciated Ibsen, and Mr. Dalton was an impressive if over-buccaneering "stranger"; but, as for the rest-- well, the rest is silence. It is really very hard upon Ibsen and upon those in this country who honestly admire him, to see him so recklessly treated by people wholly incompetent to interpret his work, and who appear to think that because Ibsen is much discussed at this moment, any representation of him is bound to be successful. I have very great hopes indeed of Miss Norreys' impersonation of Nora in "A Doll's House." She ought to be the ideal Nora, and if only she is well

supported the performance should be memorable. But after that I trust that there may be a pause in the performing of Ibsen's plays. It is no crime, as I have often pleaded, to like Ibsen ; it is no crime, as I most cordially admit, not to like Ibsen ; but it is an artistic crime to play him badly, and certain Ibsen performances have been very badly played indeed.

"Our Daughters" at the Strand was not a success, though it had the advantage of introducing Miss Alice Atherton again to the stage after a long absence, due to illness. Mr. Wilson Barrett appeared as Belphegor in a new version of the old "Paillasse," but even Mr. Barrett's ability could not carry the queer, old-fashioned, lumbering piece to a long run. A matinée at the Criterion gave two clever young authors—Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Marriott Watson—the opportunity of showing what they thought dramatic in the career of Richard Savage, and gave Mr. Bernard Gould the opportunity of adding another to his successes. There was much of good in the piece and one excellent dramatic situation. Revivalism still rages, for "Wild Oats," with Mr. Wyndhamas a delightful Rover, has usurped the throne of "The School for Scandal ;" "The Streets of London" has succeeded to "The English Rose" at the Adelphi ; "A Pair of Spectacles" has taken the place of "Lady Bountiful" at the Garrick ; and "The Corsican Brothers" has reappeared upon the Lyceum stage. But a very special interest is attached to this revival. As there was no part in the melodrama for Miss Ellen Terry, Charles Reade's little one-act piece, "Nance Oldfield," was put up for her before "The Corsican Brothers." "Nance Oldfield" is a version the other way round of the David Garrick story, and Miss Ellen Terry makes a most enchanting Nance Oldfield. London gave the warmest of warm welcomes to Mr. Toole on his return from his Australian tour. The Shaftesbury Theatre re-opened under new management with a showy melodrama of an old-fashioned type, "Handfast," by Mark Quinton and Henry Hamilton, which had originally been produced at a morning performance in 1887. The delicate beauty of Miss Winifred Emery's acting and of her appearance gave life and grace to an impossible part, and Mr. Cyril Maude won a true artistic triumph by his study of weak-minded, weak-hearted villainy. "The Late Lamented," Mr. Horner's adaptation of Bisson's "Feu Toupinel," is making the Court audiences laugh consumedly ; and to make men laugh, in these sombre days, is to accomplish much.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

TABLE TALK.

BOOKS.

THE satire constantly directed against the bibliophile that he thinks more of the outside of a book than of the inside is not without some foundation in truth. A book appeals to some of us in more than one sense. The most sensible and unassailable, if in one sense most unimaginative of book-lovers, is of course the man who simply aims at possessing in the cheapest or most convenient editions the work he desires to read. Worship of a book, as a book, is however both common and defensible. The book itself may be interesting as a work of art, and the possession of large-paper volumes with, as Sir Benjamin Backbite says in a hackneyed quotation, "a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin," is to many minds of exceeding contentment. A beautiful, costly, artistic, or historical binding is a separate attraction, the most sought after perhaps in modern days, and the most delicate and perishable. Once more there is the mania for first editions in the case of Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, and Craikshank in this country, and Balzac and the romanticists in France—the most generally diffused of all tastes. No hobbyist will dream of disputing the propriety of regarding a book in any of the lights mentioned. It is to be feared that, except in the case of the First Folio Shakespeare, the purposes of collectors of first editions are seldom critical. It may happen that a first edition contains passages that the authors think fit subsequently to suppress: a justifiable exultation is then to be found in the possession of the unexpurgated work. While copies of the badly diluted "Festus" of Philip James Bailey abound, to the detriment of a fine and an original poem, the first edition of a drama of remarkable beauty and inspiration is one of the most prized and inaccessible of modern English books.

FIRST EDITIONS.

THERE is to certain minds a distinct, if indefinable pleasure in reading the work of a great or chief author, which it first, possibly under his own

books even seem to lose their character when modernized in outward form. What man of taste could read the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney in a hot-press edition? One fancies Lamb hugging to his heart a folio Duchess of Newcastle, or Leigh Hunt felicitating himself on the acquisition of a duodecimo Carew. The amorous rhapsodies of the latter poet cause in a volume of modern shape some arching of the eyebrows, and the "World's Olio!" the "Nature's Picture, drawn by Fancie's Pencil," or the "Orations of Divers Sorts" of the Duchess, is not likely to be dragged from its obscurity. Altogether apart, however, from the sentimental pleasure of seeing a volume of seventeenth-century poets in the shape it originally wore, inaccuracies are common, even in the most elaborately got-up reprints. I have just been studying afresh the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton, one of the noblest of classical rhetorical tragedies. I have used for this purpose an edition issued in convenient form, with an introduction and elaborate notes, as one of a series of school classics. The original title-page is copied, and there is every appearance of trustworthiness. In one of the choruses I find it said of the Almighty that He

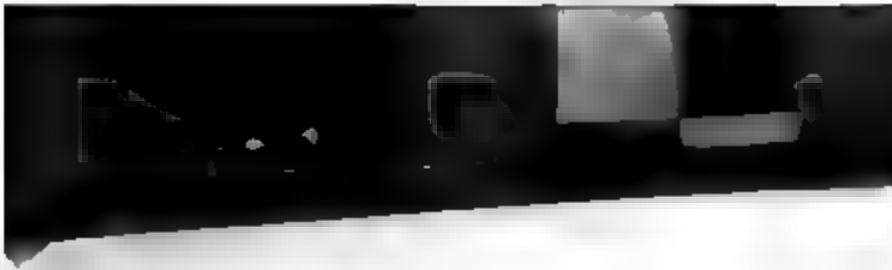
made our laws to bind us, not Himself,
And *have* full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases Him by choice, &c.

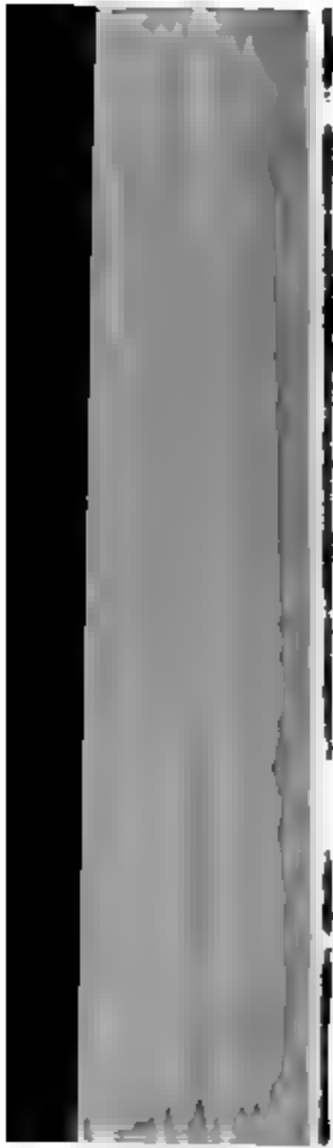
Turning to the first edition, I find that the word should be *hath*, when the meaning of an obscure and impossible sentence becomes plain. In another case both the first edition and the reprint are guilty of a curious error, due, in the first place, to Milton's blindness and inability to correct proofs. This, I think, no editor has had the courage to alter. Addressing his father, Samson says concerning his "shameful garrulity":—

To have revealed
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I God's counsel have not kept, His holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least and shamefully, &c.

Here the two words in italics have dropped out of the line previous and should be restored to its close, giving both lines the requisite metrical form. Milton is fond of experiments in versification. In this case, however, there is obviously a slip in printing.

SYLVANUS URBAN.









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